

THE
BOOK OF TABLE-TALK

Selections from the Conversations

POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, STATESMEN
DIVINES, &c.

WITH NOTES AND MEMOIRS

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P R E F A C E.

THE reader is invited to this book as to a feast at which he may sit and listen to the conversations of many great men. The Editor *vows* himself that there is not a sentence given to any speaker in this volume which is not positively recorded, on the most respectable testimonies, as having been *spoken*. Herein lies what originality the conception of the Book of Table-Talk possesses.

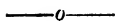
It is undeniable that many conversational remarks, witty or wise or instructive, and in a high degree characteristic of the men by whom they were uttered, lie hidden in memoirs, diaries, and letters but little read. Great promise of affording the public entertainment was suggested by the idea of extracting these remarks, and presenting them, with here and there a word of comment, digested into a volume of Table-Talk. It was then thought that there were other books of conversation by no means so well known as they deserve to be, specimens of which might be extracted and blended with the collection from diaries and memoirs. Could choice have dictated in this matter, many who are now absent would have been introduced. But every great man has not had his Boswell. Since, then, we cannot have Dryden, we must be contented with Pope: with Selden, since we cannot have Lord Bacon: and with Ben Jonson, since we cannot have Shakespeare.

This volume is meant to serve two objects: 1. Of presenting to the

public in a single work the substance of many volumes of Table-Talk, of which some are not easily procurable and some expensive to purchase. 2. Of embodying and properly classifying the wit and experiences of men and women whose spoken words lie scattered in a host of volumes.

The reader will find, at the end of the volume, a list of the books which have been used for the purpose of this compilation. It is not pretended, however, that the list is complete ; it is annexed only to serve as an indication of the quality and character of the sources whence the Editor has taken his materials.

THE BOOK OF TABLE-TALK.



MARTIN LUTHER.

1483—1546.

[Martin Luther was born at Eisleben in 1483. He was the son of a peasant, the poverty of whose condition is illustrated by the story of Martin, when a boy, being used to sing before people's houses for his daily bread. In 1501 he was entered at the University of Erfurt, in Thuringia, where he applied himself to the study of jurisprudence. In 1505, shocked by the death of one of his friends by lightning, Luther vowed to become a monk; and on the 17th of July in the same year entered the Augustine monastery at Erfurt. In 1513 he, in his "Thesis," denounced the sale of indulgences. His writings were condemned as heretical. He defended himself at Augsburg and publicly disputed at Leipsig. In 1520 he was formally excommunicated, and in the December following he was formally burnt the Pope's Bull. He vigorously and triumphantly vindicated his opinions at the Diet of Worms; but his enemies being resolved on his destruction, the Elector of Saxony secluded him in the castle of Wartburg, where he remained ten months. On his return to Wittenburg he published a translation of the New Testament, the reading of which was prohibited by the Court of Rome. In 1525 he married Catherine von Bora. In 1534 he published a complete translation of the Bible, and died in February, 1546.]

Women.

He who insults preachers of the Word and women will never meet with much success. It is from women proceed children—a continuity which keeps up families and the commonwealth. Whosoever contemns them, contemns alike God and man.

Advice.

To rise betimes and to marry young are what no man ever repents of doing.

Children.

Children do not dispute; what we tell them, they believe. With

them all is simplicity and truth. They die without pain or grief, without struggling, without temptations assailing them, without bodily suffering, just as though they were merely going to sleep.

Human Nature.

Human nature is so corrupt, that it does not even desire celestial things. It is like a newborn infant, who, although you may offer it all the wealth and pleasures of the earth, is heedless of everything save its mother's breast. So also, when the Gospel offers us the eternal life which Jesus Christ promised mankind, we remain

strength, and that we may go and hear the Word of God preached.

The Psalms.

I candidly avow my ignorance as to whether I rightly understand the Psalms in their legitimate sense. I do not, however, doubt the verisimilitude of my version of them. Among those who have rendered them, one has been in error in one part, and another has mistaken the meaning in another part. I discover meanings that were overlooked by St. Augustine; others who come after me will, I am aware, perceive much that has escaped me. Who will venture to affirm that any one has thoroughly understood a single Psalm? Our life is a beginning and a progress, not a continuation. He is best who approaches nearest to the spirit. There are degrees in life and in action; why should there not be the same in mind? The Apostle declares we are transformed from one light to a greater one.

The Fathers, &c.

Jerome may be consulted for the purposes of historical study. As to faith, and good true religion and doctrine, there is not a word about them in his writings. I have already proscribed Origen. Chrysostom possesses no authority in my estimation. Basil is but a monk, for whom I would not give the value of a hair. The Apology of

Philip Melancthon is worth all the writings of all the doctors of the Church put together, not excepting those of St. Augustine. Hilary and Theophylactus are good, as also is Ambrosius. The last is admirable when he treats upon the most essential article, that of the forgiveness of sins. Bernard is superior to all the doctors in his sermons; but when he disputes he becomes quite another man: he then allows too much to the law and to free-will. Bonaventure is the best of the school of theologians. Amongst the fathers, St. Augustine holds unquestionably the first place, Ambrose the second, Bernard the third. Tertullian is a thorough Carlstadt. Cyril contains the happiest sentences. Cyprian the Martyr is a feeble theologian. Theophylactus is the best interpreter of St. Paul.

Justification by Grace.

The Fathers said nothing decisive, during their lives, respecting justification by grace, but at their death they believed in it. This was the more prudent course for them to follow, in order neither to encourage mysticism nor discourage good works. These worthy Fathers lived better than they wrote.

Denomination.

Bonaventure was styled the seraphic doctor; Thomas (Aquinas) the angelic; Scot the subtle; Martin Luther will be denominated the arch-heretic.

St. Augustine.

St. Augustine pleases me more than all the others. He has taught a pure doctrine, and has declared with pure Christian humility his works to be subject to the Holy Scriptures. He is likewise well disposed to the marriage state. He speaks in favourable terms of the bishops who had been pastors of the Church to this time; but the period in which he lived, and the disputes with the Pelagians soured his disposition, and did him great harm. Had he lived to witness the scandals of the Papacy, he would doubtless not have suffered such things to be. Saint Augustine is the first of all the Fathers of the Church who treat of original sin.

St. Jerome.

There is not one of the Fathers to whom I am so hostile as to St. Jerome. He writes only respecting fasts, sorts of food, virginity, &c. Dr. Staupitz was wont to say, "I would like to know how Jerome can, by any possibility, be saved."

John Huss.

Huss died, not as an Anabaptist, but as a Christian. He offers an example of Christian frailty, but at the same time there was roused in his soul a power as from God, which sustained him. The struggle between the flesh and the spirit,

with Christ and with Huss, is beautiful to behold. Constance is now a poor wretched city. I believe that God has thus punished it. John Huss was burnt, and I believe that I shall, if it pleases God, be slain. Huss weeded from out of Christ's vineyard a few thorns, in attacking only the scandalous doings of the Papists; whereas I, Doctor Martin Luther, found myself upon a well-tilled and already black mould: I attacked the doctrine of the Pope and I overthrew it.

The Papacy.

I admit that I have frequently been guilty of too much violence; but never in respect to the papacy. There ought to be set aside for the special purpose of the popish battle, a tongue, every word of which is a thunderbolt.

I would give my two hands to believe as firmly in Jesus Christ as the Pope believes that Jesus Christ is naught.

Others have attacked the manners of the popes, as did Erasmus and John Huss; but I levelled the two pillars upon which popery rested—namely, vows and private masses.

Councils.

Councils have no vocation in regard to laying down articles of faith. Their proper occupation is that of regulating discipline in the Church.

Monkery.

Monkery can never be re-established, so long as the doctrine of justification is maintained in its purity.*

Language.

The wisdom of the Grecians in comparison of the wisdom of the Jews, is altogether bestial, for without God no true understanding nor wisdom can be. The wisdom of the Grecians consists in an external, virtuous, and civil conversation; but the end of the wisdom of the Jews (such as are upright and godly) is to fear God and to trust in Him. The wisdom of the world is the wisdom of the Grecians; hence Daniel names the kingdoms of the world (according to their kind) *ignorant beasts*. The Grecians have good and pleasing words, but not sentences; their language is soft and of a courteous kind, but not rich. The Hebrew tongue, above other languages, is very plain, but withal it is majestic and glorious. It contains much in few and simple words, and therein surpasses all other languages. The Hebrew tongue is the best and richest in words; it is a pure language, which neither begs nor borrows of others. She has her own proper colour. Greek, Latin, and the German tongues beg of others; they have many

composite or compounded words. The Hebrew tongue, after the Babylonian captivity, fell away, in such sort, that never since it could again be brought to perfection. For the most part they speak the Chaldean language, but corrupted, mingled and impure, as the Walloons speak Latin. Languages of themselves make not a divine, they are only helps to him: for when one intends to speak of a thing, one ought to know and understand the business before. For my part, I use the common German tongue, to the end that both high and low countypeople may understand me. I speak according to the Saxonian chancery, which is imitated in the courts of all German princes, inasmuch that it is the general German language. I learned more Hebrew when, in reading, I compared one place and sentence with another, than when I directed the same upon and towards the grammar. If I were young I would contrive a way and means for the perfect learning of the Hebrew tongue, which is both glorious and profitable, and without which the Holy Scriptures cannot be rightly understood; for although the New Testament be written in Greek, yet it is full of the Hebrew kind of speaking, from whence it is truly said, "The Hebrews drink out of the fountain, the Grecians out of the springs that flow from the fountain, the Latins out of the pond." I am no Hebraist according to the grammar rules

* That is to say, justification by faith requires neither our vows nor our renunciation of the duties of life.

for I permit not myself to be tied, but go freely through. Although one have the gift of languages and understand them, he cannot so soon bring one into another to translate them. To translate is a special gift and grace of God. The seventy Grecian interpreters that translated the Hebrew Bible into Greek were inexperienced and unpractised in the Hebrew language. Their translations are very poor, for they condemned the words, the letters, and manners of speaking, insomuch that the translation and interpretation of Jerome is to be preferred before them. I am persuaded that if Moses and the prophets should now rise again, they would not understand their own words and language as now the same are perewed about.

Government of the World.

Wisdom, understanding, learning, and the pen, these do govern the world. If God were angry, and took out of the world all the learned, then all people would become merely like wild and savage beasts.

The Tongue.

The tongue of man is a wonderful work and creation of God, which is able to show the words significantly, distinct, and apprehensively. Every country has its peculiar kind of language and speaking. The Grecians pronounce the letter R only in the throat, with an H; insomuch that it was a very difficult and hard matter for Demos-

thenes—the most eloquent speaker in the Greek tongue—to pronounce this R without rattling in the throat; yet at last practice overcame nature, so that he was able to pronounce it plainly. For the superfluity of the moistness of the brain hinders the tongue, as we see in the drunkard. Thus God gave to his creature, man, a working tool.

Logic.

Were I to write a treatise on dialectics, I would confine myself strictly to the German language, rejecting all such words as *propositio*, *syllogismus*, *exemptum*, *enthymema*, &c. Those who have introduced new terms have also brought in with them new principles, as did Scot with his *reality* and his *hucity* (this here-ness), and as also did the Anabaptists and the preachers of disturbances with their jargon. Let people be therefore cautious in respect to those who make it their study to use new and uncommon words.

Æsop's Fables.

After the Bible, I know of no better books than the Fables of Æsop and the writings of Cato. It was not one man who wrote Æsop's fables; many great minds have contributed to the stock, at every successive epoch of the world.

Music.

Music is one of the most delightful and magnificent presents that God has given us. Satan is

the inveterate enemy of music, for he knows that by its aid we drive away temptations and evil thoughts. He cannot make head against music.

Religious Shows.

• If we keep away from theatres because the pieces acted often turn upon love, we must, on the same principle, refuse to read the Bible. Our dear Joachim has asked my judgment respecting religious shows, which several of your ministers object to. Briefly, my opinion is this: it has been commanded unto all men to spread and propagate the Word of God by every possible means, not merely by speech, but by writings, paintings, sculptures, psalms, songs, musical instruments, according to the Psalmist: "Praise Him with the trumpet, praise Him with the timbrel, praise Him upon the loud and sounding cymbals." Moses says: "Ye shall lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be and serve as frontlets between your eyes; and thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates." Here Moses directs that the Word should *move* before the eyes; and how, I would ask you, can this be more effectively and manifestly done, than by representations of this kind, grave and decent, of course, and no mere coarse buffoonery, such as they used to be under popery? These spec-

tacles, properly conducted, strike the imagination of the people through their eyes, and move them often far more than public preaching. I know for certain that in Lower Germany, where the public preaching of the Gospel has been interdicted, sacred dramas founded upon the Law and the Gospel, have converted great numbers.

Printing.

Printing is the latest and greatest gift by which God enables us to advance the things of the Gospel. It is the last bright flame, manifesting itself just previous to the extinction of the world. Thanks be to God it came before the last day came.*

The Fugger Family.

The Cardinal-Bishop of Brixen, dying suddenly at Rome, there was found nothing upon him but a scrap of paper written upon, fastened inside his sleeve. Pope Julius II. hearing of this, at once conceived it must be a bill of exchange, and taking charge of it, sent for the agent at Rome of the Fuggers, and asked him whether he knew the handwriting. "Yes," answered the agent, "it is an acknowledgment of three hundred thousand florins that Fugger and Company owe the Cardinal." The Pope

* It was Luther's opinion that the world was approaching the period of its extinction.

asked him whether he could pay him that money. "At any time your holiness pleases," replied the man very coolly. Whereupon the Pope sent for all the cardinals of France and Rome, and asked them whether their sovereigns could command, in any given hour, three hundred thousand golden florins. "No," said they, "certainly not." "Well, then," replied the Pope, "here is a citizen of Augsburg that can."

Sermons.

Your sermons should be addressed not to princes and nobles, but to the rude uncultivated commonalty. If in my discourses I were to be thinking about Melancthon and the other doctors, I should do no good at all; but I preach in plain language to the plain, unlearned people, and that pleases all parties. If I know the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin languages, I reserve them for our learned meetings, where they are of use; for at these we deal in such subtleties, and such profundities, that God Himself, I wot, must sometimes marvel at us.

* In the year 1525 a civil war broke out in Germany. It owed its origin to the complaints of the peasants, who declared they were no longer able to bear the despotism of their chiefs. Münzer headed the insurrection, and converted a civil and political into a religious rebellion. Being defeated in a pitched battle, Münzer was captured and beheaded in 1525.

† Carlstadt was the colleague of Luther. He joined the great reformer in the famous dispute at Leipsig. He

There is nothing more agreeable and more useful to the common class of auditors than to preach to them the law and plain examples. Disquisitions upon grace, and upon the article of justification, however good in themselves, sound cold and uninteresting to such ears.

Martin Luther.

When I am dead, the papists will find out how temperate an adversary I have been to them. Other preachers will not show them the same forbearance, the same moderation. As it is, compare me with Münzer,* with Carlstadt,† Zwinglius,‡ and the Anabaptists.

Eternal Life.

I often think about eternal life, and the joys to be experienced in it; but I cannot comprehend how we are to spend our time there; for there are to be no changes, no work, no eating, no drinking, no occupation of any sort. However, doubtless there will be an infinitude of objects to

was a man of learning; but his zeal for reform hurried him into excesses. He broke the images placed in the churches, and incited the fanatical multitude to acts of violence. He subsequently opposed the sentiments of Luther concerning the eucharist. Died 1541.

‡ Ulric Zwingli, a canon of Zurich. He began the reformation in Switzerland. In 1524 his doctrines were adopted by the great Council of Zurich. He was slain in a war between the Catholic and Protestant cantons, 1531.

contemplate. PHILIP MELANCTHON.—Let us see God, and that'll be all-sufficient.

Intruders.

I leave the shoemaker, the tailor, and the lawyer, in their proper places. But let them beware how they intrude upon *my* province.

Rome.

I would not for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome. I should always have felt an uneasy doubt whether I was not, after all, doing injustice to the pope. As it is, I am quite satisfied on the point.

Erasmus.

That fellow, as his face manifestly proves, is full of trick and underhand malice—a very fox—a knave who has mocked God and religion. He makes use, indeed, of fine-sounding words: "The

Desiderius Erasmus was born at Rotterdam in 1467. Luther had hoped to find an ally in him. As a leader of the reformation Erasmus might probably have proved a more formidable opponent to Rome than Luther. He was eminently qualified for disputation. He was keen, tactical, and wily, a pitiless logician, with a mind like an armoury stored with all those weapons of controversy which were most efficaciously employed whether against or in defence of truth. But though he observed the errors of Rome with an eye as shrewd as Luther's, he had not the moral courage to head or to follow an attack. He occupied a kind of neutral ground, whence he discharged his missiles, now at the Pope and now at Luther. In 1524 Luther had endeavoured to conciliate him. He called him "the

dear Lord Christ, the Word of Salvation, the Holy Sacraments," and so on; but as to the truth he cares not a straw for it. When he preaches, it rings false, like a cracked pitcher. He once attacked popery, and now he is trying to pull its head out of the mud.*

Providence.

God knows all trades better than the most accomplished artisans here below. As a tailor, He makes for the stag a coat that lasts him all his lifetime, and hundreds of years after, without tearing. As a shoemaker, He gives him a set of shoes that last just as long. And will it be denied that He is a fine cook seeing how perfectly He cooks and makes all things ready in the best style, at His great fire, the sun? If the Lord were to sell us what He gives us, He would make a large fortune every hour; but as He gives us all things for

greater man of the two," and affirmed that his only cause of vexation was that he had "dealt in sundry sharp blows or cuts which he had no reason to expect at his hands." In 1525 appeared the "*De Libero Arbitrio*." This book was singularly characteristic of the cool and subtle Erasmus. It was designed to excite in Luther the spirit of contradiction that had more than once sent the reformer stumbling into absurdities. The issue of a quarrel between two such men might have been safely predicted. Luther withdrew from the controversy, and took refuge in sullen abuse of the enemy he could not conquer.

Hoc scio per certo, quod si cum stereo certo,
Vincio vel vincor, semper ego r'

nothing, we don't even thank Him for them.

Human Nature.

Poor creatures that we are! We gain our bread even in sin. Up to seven years old we do nothing but eat, drink, play, and sleep. Then up to twenty-one we go to our studies, perhaps three or four times a day, and the rest of our time follow out our own caprices, running about, drinking, and what not. After that we begin to work, and go on working till we are fifty, and then we become children once more. All along, we sleep out one-half of our lives. Ah, shame upon us! we do not give God even a tenth of the time; and yet we imagine that with our good works, forsooth, we merit heaven! What have I myself done? Chattered two hours, been at my meals three, sat quite idle four! Ah! enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord.

Why?

That same why? has done us a great deal of harm. It was the cause of Adam's destruction.

Epicurism and Enthusiasm.

I fear two things: epicurism and enthusiasm, two schisms yet to come.

Ignorance.

There was in Italy a peculiar order calling themselves Brothers of Ignorance. They all took an oath to know nothing and to learn

nothing. All the monks in reality belong to this order.

Marriage.

It is no more possible to do without a wife than it is to dispense with eating and drinking. Conceived, nourished, borne by women, our very being is, in a great measure, their being; and it is utterly impossible for us to dis sever ourselves altogether from them.

There ought to be no interval between the betrothal and the wedding. Oftentimes the friends of both parties interpose obstacles, as happened to me in the case of *maître* Philip and in regard to the marriage of Bisleben. All my best friends cried out—"Not her! some other!"

When Eve was brought unto Adam, he became filled with the Holy Spirit, and gave her the most sanctified, the most glorious of appellations. He called her Eva, that is to say, the Mother of All. He did not style her wife, but simply mother—mother of all living creatures. In this consists the glory and the most precious ornament of woman. She is *fons omnium viventium*, the source of all human life. This is a brief phrase; but neither Demosthenes nor Cicero could have paralleled it. It is the Holy Ghost himself who spoke thus through the medium of our first parent; and as he has conveyed herein so noble an eulogium on the marriage state, it is for us to conceal the

frailty of woman. Nor did Jesus Christ, the Son of God, condemn the marriage state. He himself was born of a woman, which is of itself the highest eulogy that could be pronounced on marriage.

Serve the Lord.

Serve the Lord in fear, and rejoice in trembling. There is no contradiction involved in this text, at least for me. My little boy, John, does exactly thus in respect to myself. But I cannot thus act towards God. If I am seated at table, and am writing or doing anything, John sings me a little song. If he sings too loud, and I tell him of it, he still sings on, but with some fear and to himself, as it were. God wills that we also should be constantly gay, but that our gaiety be tempered with fear and reserve.

The Papacy.

The certain signs of God's enmity to the papacy is, that he has refused to its ministers the blessings of paternity.

The Apocalypse.

Let each man judge of this

book according to the light that is in him, and by his own particular perceptions. I do not desire to impose my opinion respecting it upon any one. I say simply that which I think of it myself. I look upon the Revelation of St. John, to be neither apostolic nor prophetic. Many of the fathers of the Church rejected this book; consequently every man is at liberty to treat it according to the dictates of his own mind. For my part, one single reason has determined me in the judgment I have come to respecting it, which is, that Christ is neither adored in it, nor is He therein taught such as we know Him.

The French.

In France every one has a glass of his own at table. The French are very chary of exposing themselves to the air. If they happen to perspire, they cover themselves all up, creep up to the fire, or go to bed for fear of fever. At their balls two people dance together, the rest looking on. It is different in Germany. The priests of France and Italy do not even know their own language.

BEN JONSON.

1574—1637.

[Ben Jonson was born in 1574. He was educated at the grammar-school in Westminster, under Camden, and thence removed by his father-in-law to assist him in his trade of bricklayer. Quitting his home he entered the army, and served in Flanders. He afterwards went to Cambridge, but, driven by poverty from the University, turned actor. In 1598 appeared "Every Man in his Humour," a comedy, which was for some time regularly followed by a new play once a year. He died 1637.]

Poetry and Poets.

That* he had an intention to perfect an epic poem entitled "Heterologia," of the worthies of this country roused by fame, and was to dedicate it to his country; it is all in couplets, for he detests other rhymes. Said he had written a Discourse of Poesie, both against Campion and Daniel,† especially this last, where he ; roves couplets to be the bravest sort of verses, especially when they are broken, like hexameters. That Sidney‡ did not keep a decorum, in making every one speak as well as himself.

Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, nor his matter, the meaning of which allegory§ he had delivered in papers to Sir Walter Raleigh.

* The sense of these passages is as if Drummond had written "Ben Jonson said that," &c. William Drummond of Hawthornden (who took down Jonson's conversations during a visit paid by the poet to Scotland in the year 1618-19) was born in 1585, and died in 1649.

† Thomas Campion, author of "Observations on the Art of English Poesy,"

— 2. Samuel Daniel, historian and

Samuel Daniel was a good, honest man, had no children; but no poet.

That Michael Drayton's "Polyolbion," if he had performed what he promised to write (the deeds of all the worthies) had been excellent. His long verses pleased him not.

That Silvester's translation of Du Bartas|| was not well done; and that he wrote his verses before it, ere he understood to confer; nor that of Fairfax his.¶

That the translations of Homer and Virgil in long Alexandrines were but prose.

That Sir John Harrington's "Ariosto," under all translations, was the worst. That when Sir John Harrington desired him to tell the truth of his epigrams, he

poet, published in 1599 "History of the Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster."

‡ Sir Philip Sidney, born 1554. The "Arcadia" was published 1590.

§ "The Faerie Queen."

|| Du Bartas, a Gascon poet, died 1590.

¶ Referring to Edward Fairfax's translation of the "Jerusalem Delivered."

answered him that he loved not the truth, for they were narratives and not epigrams.

That Donne's* "Anniversary" was profane and full of blasphemies; and he told Mr. Donne that if it had been written of the Virgin Mary, it had been something; to which he answered that he described the idea of a woman, and not as she was. That Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging.†

That Shakespeare wanted art.

That next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a mask.

Foreign Poets.

He thought not Bartsa a poet, but a verser, because he wrote not fiction. He cursed Petrarch for reducing verses to sonnets; which, he said, were like that tyrant's bed where some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short.

That Guarini in his "Pastor Fido" kept not decorum in making shepherds speak as well as himself could.

Lucan, taken in parts, was good divided; read altogether, merited not the name of poet.

Drummond's Verses.

His censure of my verses was.

* Dr. John Donne (1573-1631) whom Dryden calls "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." He was certainly the greatest preacher of the seventeenth century. His life is written by Walton. Johnson has examined his

That they were all good, especially my epitaph of the prince, save that they smelt too much of the schools, and were not after the fancy of the time; for a child, says he, may write after the fashion of the Greek and Latin verses in running: yet that he wished, to please the king, that piece of "Forth Fasting"‡ had been his own.

Dr. Donne.

He esteemeth John Donne, the first poet in the world in some things; his verses of the "Lost Chaine" he has by heart, and that passage of the calm, "That dust and feathers do not stir, all was so quiet;" affirms Donne to have written all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years old.

The conceit of Donne's Transformation or Metempsychosis was that he sought the soul of that apple which Eve pulled, and thereafter made it the soul of a bitch, then of a she wolf, and of a woman. His general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the heretics from the soul of Cain, and at last left it in the body of Calvin. Of this he never wrote but one sheet, and now, since he was made doctor, repents highly, and seeks to destroy all his poems.

poetry in his "Life of Cowley."

† The spelling throughout these extracts has been modernized.

‡ Drummond's "Forth Fasting" was written in 1617, on the occasion of James the First's visit to Scotland.

King Arthur.

For a heroic poem, he said, there was no such ground as King Arthur's fiction; and that Sir Philip Sidney had an intention to have transformed all his "Arcadia" to the stories of King Arthur.

*Sir Henry Wotton.**

Sir Henry Wotton's verses of a happy life he has by heart; and a piece of Chapman's† translation of the thirteen of the Iliads, which he thinks well done.

Spenser.

He has by heart some verses of Spenser's Calendar about wine, between Colin and Percy.

Hooker—Selden.

Of their nation, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical History" (whose children are now beggars) for church matters; Selden's "Titles of 'Honours'" for antiquities here; and one book of the Gods of the Gentiles, whose names are in the Scriptures, of Selden's.

* Sir Henry Wotton, an eminent diplomatist, born 1568. His chief works are,—*"Elements of Architecture,"* 1624; *"State of Christendom,"* 1657. He died 1639. The poem referred to by Jonson is the "Character of a Happy Life." The first verse is noble:—

'How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!"

† George Chapman, born 1557, died 1634.

His Acquaintance and Behaviour with Poets living with him.

Daniel was at jealousies with him.

Drayton feared him, and he esteemed not of him.

That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses.

That Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a mask, Roe wrote a moral epistle to him, which began, "That next to plays, the court and the state were the best. God threatened kings, kings lords, as lords do us."

He beat Marston,‡ and took his pistol from him.

Sir W. Alexander§ was not half kind unto him, and neglected him because a friend to Drayton.

That Sir R. Aiton|| loved him dearly.

Nid Field¶ was his scholar, and he had read to him the satires of Horace and some epigrams of Martial.

That Markham** (who added his "English Arcadia") was not of the

‡ John Marston, author of the "Scourge of Villany," "The Malecontent," &c., died about 1635.

§ Sir William Alexander, author of the "Four Monarchick Tragedies," created Earl of Stirling, by Charles I.

|| Sir Robert Aiton, secretary to Anne of Denmark, wife of James I., died 1638.

¶ Nathan Field, actor, and author of two comedies (see Duhdin's "History of the Stage").

** Gervase Markham, author of "The Poem of Poems," died about 1654.

number of the faithful (*i.e.* poets), and but a base fellow.

That such were Day and Middleton.*

That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.

Overbury† was first his friend, then turned his mortal enemy.

Spenser.

The Irish having robbed Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped; and after, he died for lack of bread in King Street, and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my lord of Essex, and said, "He was sorry he had no time to spend them." That in that paper Sir Walter Raleigh had, of the allegories of his "Faerie Queen," by the Blatant Beast the Puritans were understood, by the false Duessa the Queen of Scots.

Southwell.

Southwell was hanged; ‡ yet so he had written that piece of his, the "Burning Babe," he would have been content to destroy many of his.

* Thomas Middleton, who died 1630, was the author of "A Mad World, my Masters."

† Sir Thomas Overbury, poisoned in the Tower of London, whither he was sent in consequence of having provoked the enmity of Robert Carr, afterwards Earl of Somerset, by opposing his marriage with the Countess of Essex.

Beaumont.

Francis Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age.

Sir John Roe.

Sir John Røe was an infinite spender, and used to say, when he had no more to spend he could die. He died in his (Jonson's) arms, of the pest, and he (Jonson) furnished his charges, twenty pounds, which were given him back.

Donne.

Donne's grandfather on the mother's side was Heywood the epigrammatist. Donne himself, for not being understood, would perish.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

Sir Walter Raleigh esteemed more of fame than conscience. The best wits of England were employed for making his History. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punic War, which he altered and set in his book. Sir Walter Raleigh has written the life of Queen Elizabeth, of which there are copies extant.

Sidney.

Sir Philip Sidney had translated some of the psalms, which went

‡ Southwell, the Jesuit, hanged in 1595. The poem Jonson so highly commends is now found in most specimens of English poetry. It begins:—

"As I in hoarie winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow."

abroad under the name of the Countess of Pembroke.

Marston.

Marston wrote his father-in-law's preachings (sermons), and his father-in-law's comedies.

Shakespeare.

Shakespeare in a play brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where there is no sea near by some hundred miles.

Daniel.

Daniel wrote of Civil Wars, and yet has not one battle in all his book.

*Countess of Rutland.**

The Countess of Rutland was nothing inferior to her father, Sir Philip Sidney, in poetry. Sir Thomas Overbury was in love with her, and caused Ben (Jonson) to read his "Wife" to her, which he, with an excellent grace, did, and praised the author. The morn thereafter he discorded (quarrelled) with Overbury, who would have him attend a suit that was unlawful. The lines my lady kept in her remembrance, "He comes too near who comes to be denied."

* Elizabeth, the only child of Sir Philip Sidney, was the wife of Roger, fifth Earl of Rutland. She died in the August of the year 1612.

† John Owen was a Welsh Latin poet. Born 1564, died 1622.

‡ William Camden, born May 2nd,

Beaumont wrote that elegy on the death of the Countess of Rutland.

Owen.†

Owen is a pure pedantic school-master, sweeping his living from the posterior of little children; and has nothing good in him, his epigrams being base narrations.

Sidney.

Sir Philip Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with pimples, and of high blood, and long. My Lord Lisle, now Earl of Worcester, his eldest son, resembles him.

Of his own Life, Education, Birth, Actions.

His grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Annandale to it; he served King Henry VIII., and was a gentleman. His father lost all his estate under Queen Mary, having been cast in prison, and forfeited; at last turned minister; so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a month after his father's decease; brought up poorly, put to school by a friend (his master Camden);‡ after taken from it, and put to another craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*) which he could not

1551. His great work "Britannia" appeared in 1586. He was the author of various works, including a Greek Grammar and "The Annals of Queen Elizabeth." He was long second, and afterwards chief master of Westminster school. Died 1623.

endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but, returning soon, he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries he had, in the face of both the camps, killed an enemy and taken *optima spolia* from him; and since his coming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversary, who had hurt him in the arm, and whose sword was ten inches longer than his, for the which he was imprisoned, and almost at the gallows. Then took he his religion by trust of a priest who visited him in prison. Thereafter he was 12 years a papist. He was master of arts in both the universities by their favour, not his study. He married a wife who was a shrew, yet honest. Five years he had not bedded with her, but remained with my Lord Albany.

In the time of his close imprisonment, under Queen Elizabeth, his judges could get nothing of him to all their demands but Ay and No. They placed two damned villains to catch advantage of him, but he was advertised by his keeper. Of the spies he hath an epigram.*

When the King came in England, at that time the pest was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's† house with old Camden, he saw in a vision

his eldest son, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword, at which, amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but an apprehension of his fantasy, at which he should not be dejected. In the meantime came there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manly shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

He was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing something against the Scotch, in a play, "Eastward Ho!" and voluntarily imprisoned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was that they should then have had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast his old mother drank to him, and showed him a paper, which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prison among his drink, which was full of lusty strong poison; and that she was no churl, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.

* "Spies, you are lights of state, but of base stuff,
Who, when you've burnt yourselves down to the snuff,

Stink, and are thrown away. And fair enough."

† Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, the antiquarian, died 1631.

He had many quarrels with Marston, beat him and took his pistol from him, wrote his "Poet-aster"* on him.

Sir Walter Raleigh sent him governor with his son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes, caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not where he was; thereafter laid him on a car, which he made to be drawn by pioneers through the streets, at every corner showing his governor stretched out, and telling them that was a more lively image of the Crucifix than any they had; at which sport young Raleigh's mother delighted much (saying, his father young was so inclined) though the father abhorred it.

He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them. He, with the consent of a friend, cozened a lady, with whom he had made an appointment to meet an old astrologer in the suburbs, which she kept; and it was himself disguised in a long gown and a white beard, at the light of dim-burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ladder.

Every first day of the new year he had twenty pounds sent him from the Earl of Pembroke to buy books.

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left off to be a recusant, at his first communion, in

* * The "Poet-aster" was brought out in 1601.

token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wine.

He has consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he has seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, fight in his inspiration.

Sundry times he had devoured all his books (i.e. *sold them all for necessity*).

He had a mind to be a churchman; and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he cared not what thereafter should befall him; for he would not flatter, though he saw death.

At his hither coming, Sir Francis Bacon said to him, "He loved not to see poesy go on other feet than poetical dactyles and spondees."

Lords.

He never esteemed of a man for the name of a lord.

Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth never saw herself, after she became old, in a true glass. They painted her, and sometimes would vernilion her nose. She had always about Christmas evenings set dice that threw sixes or fives, and she knew not they were other, to win and make her esteem herself fortunate.

Sidney's Mother.

Sir Philip Sidney's mother, Leicester's sister, after she had the smallpox, never showed herself in Court thereafter but masked.

*Earl of Leicester.**

The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady which he willed her to use in any faintness; which she, after his return from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died.

Speeches.

My Lord Chancellor of England † wringeth his speeches from the strings of his band, and other counsellors from the picking of their teeth.

Sidney.

The King said Sir Philip Sidney was no poet. Neither did he see ever any verses in England to the Sculler's.‡

His Opinion of Verses.

He wrote all his first in prose, for so his master, Camden, had learned him. Verses stood by sense, without either colours or accent [*which yet other times he denied*].

A great many epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the end what should have been understood by what was said. That of Sir John Davies, "Some loved running verse," *plus mihi complacet*.

* Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, died, it is supposed, by poison, September 4th, 1588.

† Sir Francis Bacon.

‡ By the "Sculler" is meant John Taylor, the Water-Poet, who died in 1654. He probably got his name by his "Sculler rowing from Tiber to

Jests and Apophthegms.

A cook who was of an evil life, when a minister told him "He would (go) to hell," asked, "What torment is there?" Being answered, fire, "Fire," said he, "that is my playfellow."

He said to Prince Charles of Inigo Jones, § that when he wanted words to express the greatest villain in the world, he would call him an Inigo.

One who fired a tobacco-pipe with a ballad, the next day having a sore head, swore he had a great singing in his head, and he thought it was the ballad. A poet should detest a ballad-maker.

In a profound contemplation, a student of Oxford ran over a man in the fields, and walked twelve miles ere he knew what he was doing.

One who wore side hair, being asked of another who was bald why he suffered his hair to grow so long, answered, "It was to see if his hair would grow to seed, that he might sow of it on bald pates."

He used to say that they who delight to fill men extraordinary full in their own houses, loved to have their meat again.

Thames," published in 1612. His "Workes" were printed 1630.

§ Inigo Jones, the great architect, to whom is owing the revival of classical architecture in this country. He was celebrated for the magnificence of his decorations for Masks, a species of entertainment then much in vogue among the nobility. He died in 1652.

A packet of letters which had fallen overboard was devoured of a fish that was taken at Flushing, and the letters were safely delivered to him to whom they were written at London.

Heywood the Epigrammatist,* being apparelled in velvet by Queen Mary, with his cap on in the presence, in spite of all the gentlemen, till the Queen herself asked him what he meant. And then he asked her if he was Heywood? for she had made him so brave that he had almost misknown himself.

John Stow.†

John Stow had monstrous observations in his Chronicle, and was of his craft a tailor. He and I walking alone, he asked two cripples what they would have to take him into their order.

John Selden.

John Selden liveth on his own, is the law-book of the Judges of England, the bravest man in all languages.

* John Heywood, an early dramatic poet and jester, author of a "Dialogue of Proverbs" and several plays, died at Mechlin in 1565.

† John Stow, the celebrated antiquary, who died in 1605.

‡ At the end of his record of "Jonson's Conversations," Drummond has placed the following unflattering portrait of his friend:—"He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he

His Knowledge.

He (said that he) was better versed and knew more in Greek and Latin than all the poets in England, and quintessence their brains.

Honest Ben Jonson.

Of all styles he loved most to be named Honest, and has of that an hundred Tettlers so naming him.

His Plays.

Of all his plays he never gained two hundred pounds.

A Couplet.

He had oft this verse, though he scorned it:—

So long as we may, let us enjoy this breath,
For nought doth kill a man so soon as death.

An Epigram.

He had this oft:—

Thy flattering picture, Phryne, is like thee,
Only in this, that ye both painted be.

The Poet.

In his merry humour he was wont to style himself the poet.‡

liveth); a dissembler of ill-parts which reign in him; a blagger of some good that he wants; thinks not being well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen have said and done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself; for any religion as being used in both; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy which has ever mastered his reason (a general disease in many poets); his inventions are smooth and easy, but above all he excels in translation.

[*Mr. Drummond gave the following character of several Authors.**]

The authors I have seen (saith he) on the subject of love are the Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt (whom, because of their antiquity, I will not match with our better times), Sidney, Daniel, Drayton, and Spencer. He who writeth the "Art of English Poesy" † praiseth much Rawleigh and Dyer; but their works are so few that are come to my hands I cannot well say anything of them.

The last we have are Sir William Alexander and Shakespeare, who have lately published their works. Constable. ‡ saith some, hath written excellently; and Murray, § with others I know, hath done well, if they could be brought to publish their works. But of secrets who can soundly judge?

The best and most exquisite poet of this subject, by consent of the whole senate of poets, is Petrarch. S. W. R., || in an epitaph on Sidney, calleth him our English Petrarch; and Daniel regrets he was not a Petrarch, though his Delia be a Laura. So

Sidney in his "Astrophel and Stella" telleth of Petrarch:—

You that poor Petrarch's long decea-ed
wooes
With new-borne sighs and denisend wit
do sing.

The French have also set him before them as a paragon; whereof we still find that those of our English poets who have approached nearest to him are the most exquisite on this subject. When I say approach him, I mean not in following his invention, but in forging as good; and when one matter falleth to him all at once, who quintessenceth it in the finest substance.

Among our English poets, Petrarch is imitated, nay, surpassed, in some things in matter and manner; in matter none approach him to Sidney, who hath songs and sonnets in matter intermingled. In manner, the nearest I find to him is W. Alexander, who, insisting in these same steps, hath sextains, madrigals, and songs, echoes and equivoques, which he

* "Drummond's Conversations" properly supplement those of Jonson.

† Puttenham's "Art of English Poesie," 1569.

‡ Henry Constable published a collection of sonnets under the title of "Delia," in 1592.

§ Probably Sir David Murray, of

Gorthy, who was tutor of Prince Henry, and was the author of a volume published in 1611, "The Tragical Death of Sophonisba," and containing a number of sonnets under the title of "Cælia."
—*David Laing.*

|| Sir Walter Ralegh.

hath not; whereby, as the one surpassed him in matter, so the other in manner of writing, or form. This one thing which is followed by the Italians, as of Sanazarius and others, is that none celebrate their mistress after her death, which Ronsard hath imitated. After which two, next (methinks) followeth Daniel for sweetness in rhyming second to none. Drayton seemeth rather to have loved his muse than his mistress; by I know not what artificial similes, this sheweth well his mind but not his passion. As to that which Spenser calleth his Amoretti, I am not of their opinion who think them his, for they are so childish that it were not well to give them so honourable a father.

Donne, among the Anacreontic lyrics, is second to none, and far from all second; but as Anacreon doth not approach Callimachus, though he excels in his own kind, nor Horace to Virgil, no more can I be brought to think him to excel either Alexander's or Sidney's verses. They can hardly be compared together, treading diverse

paths; the one flying swift, but low, the other, like the eagle, surpassing the clouds. I think it he would, he might easily be the best epigrammatist we have found in English, of which I have not seen any come near the ancients. Compare song, "Marry and Love," &c., with Tasso's stanzas against beauty; one shall hardly know who hath the best.

Drayton's "Polyolbion" is one of the smoothest poems I have seen in English, and well prosecuted. There are some pieces in him I dare compare with the best transmarine poems. The seventh song pleaseth me much. The twelfth is excellent; the thirteenth also. The "Discourse of Hunting" passeth with any poet, and the eighteenth, which is his last in this edition, 1611. I find in him what is in most part of my compatriots, too great an admiration of their country, on the history of which, whilst they muse, as wondering, they forget sometimes to be good poets.

— — — — —
The second of Donne's "Elegie."

JOHN SELDEN.

1584—1653.

[John Selden was born December 16th, 1584, at Salvington, in Sussex. He was educated at the free school at Chichester, and in the year 1600 entered Hart College, Oxford. At the age of seventeen he became a member of Clifford's Inn, and in 1604 removed to the Inner Temple, where, says Aubrey, "he was quickly taken notice of for his learning." When 27 years old he furnished Drayton with notes to the first 18 chapters of the "Polyolbion." These notes were followed by various works exhibiting great erudition. In 1618 appeared "The History of Tithes," which was suppressed by the High Commission Court. This treatment he never forgave; and to it is probably due the asperity with which he is found speaking of the clergy and the church. He was returned both for the second and third Parliaments of Charles I.; and taking part in the preparation of "The Petition of Rights," was imprisoned, 1629, for several months. Eighteen years later the House of Commons voted a grant of £5,000 to each of those who had been imprisoned, but Selden took only half. In 1651 the Countess Dowager of Kent bequeathed to Selden some valuable property in Whitefriars. He died 1653, aged 68, leaving a fortune of £40,000, and was buried in the Temple "magnificently," it is said, though Pepys in his Diary comments on the daunness of his tomb, and remarks "how much better one of his executors hath who s buried by him."]

• *Blessings and Curses.*

'Tis not the curses that come from the poor, or from anybody that hurt me because they come from them, but because I do something ill against them that deserves God should curse me for it. On the other side, it is not a man's blessing me that makes me blessed; he only declares me to be so, and if I do well I shall be blessed, whether any bless me or not.

Translation of the Bible.

The English translation of the Bible is the best translation in the world, and renders the sense of the original best, taking in for the English translation the Bishop's Bible, as well as King James's. The translation in King James's time took an excellent way. That

part of the Bible was given to him who was most excellent in such a tongue (as the Apocrypha to Andrew Downs), and then they met together, and one read the translation, the rest holding in their hands some Bible, either of the learned tongues or French, Spanish, Italian, &c. If they found any fault they spoke; if not, he read on.

• *Law concerning the Bible.*

Henry the Eighth made a law that all men might read the Scriptures except servants; but no woman, except ladies and gentlewomen, who had leisure, and might ask somebody the meaning. The law was repealed in Edward the Sixth's days.

The Bible.

The Scripture may have more senses besides the literal, because God understands all things at once; but a man's writing has but one true sense, which is that which the author meant when he writ it.

When you meet with several readings of the Text, take heed you admit nothing against the tenets of your church, but do as if you were going over a bridge; be sure you hold fast by the rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please; be sure you keep to what is settled, and then you may flourish upon your various lections.

Bishops.

For a Bishop to preach, it is to do other folk's office; as if the steward of the house should execute the porter's or the cook's place. 'Tis his business to see that they and all others about the house perform their duties.

For a Bishop to cite an old canon to strengthen his new articles, is as if a lawyer should plead an old statute that has been repealed God knows how long.

Bishops are now unfit to govern, because of their learning. They are bred up in another law. They run to the Text for something done among the Jews, that nothing concerns England. 'Tis just as if a man would have a kettle, and he would not go to our brazier to have it made as they make kettles, but he would have it made as Hiram made his brass-

work, who wrought in Solomon's Temple.

They that would pull down the Bishops and erect a new way of government do as he that pulls down an old house, and builds another, in another fashion. There's a great deal of do, and a great deal of trouble; the old rubbish must be carted away, and new material must be brought. Workmen must be provided; and perhaps the old ones would have served as well.

Books.

'Tis good to have translations, because they serve as a comment, so far as the fragment of the man (*i.e.* the translator) goes.

In answering a book, 'tis best to be short, otherwise he that I write against will suspect I intend to weary, not to satisfy him. Besides, in being long, I shall give my adversary a huge advantage. Somewhere or other he will pick a hole.

In quoting of books, quote such authors as are usually read; others you may read for your own satisfaction, but not name them.

Quoting from authors is most for matter of fact; and then I write them as I would produce a witness, sometimes for a free expression; and then I give the author his due, and gain myself praise by reading him.

Ceremony.

Ceremony keeps up all things.

'Tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water. Without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.

Of all people, ladies have no reason to cry down ceremonies, for they take themselves slighted without it. And were they not used with ceremony, with compliments and addresses, with legs, and kissing of hands, they were the pitifullest creatures in the world. But yet, methinks, to kiss their hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, that after they eat the apple fall to the paring, out of a love they have to the apple.

Changing Sides.

'Tis the trial of a man to see if he will change his side; and if he be so weak as to change once he will change again. Your country fellows have a way to try if a man be weak in the hams, by coming behind him and giving him a blow unawares. If he bend once, he will bend again.

Colonel Goring, serving first the one side and then the other, did like a good miller, that knows how to grind which way soever the wind fits.

Christmas.

Our meats and our sports (much of them) have relation to church-works. The coffin (?) of our Christmas pies, in shape long, is in imitation of the Crutch (manger); our choosing kings and

queens on Twelfth-night hath reference to the three kings. So, likewise, our eating of fritters, whipping of tops, roasting of herrings, Jack of Lent, &c.; they were all in imitation of church-works, emblems of martyrdom. Our tansies, at Easter, have reference to the bitter herbs; though at the same time 'twas always the fashion for a man to have a gammon of bacon, to show himself to be no Jew.

Heaven and Hell.

The Turks tell their people of a heaven where there is sensible pleasure, but of a hell where they shall suffer they do not know what. The Christians quite invert this order. They tell us of a hell where we shall feel sensible pain, but of a heaven where we shall enjoy we cannot tell what.

Church.

A glorious church is like a magnificent feast. There is all the variety that may be; but every one chooses out a dish or two that he likes, and lets the rest alone. How glorious soever the church is, every one chooses out of it his own religion, by which he governs himself, and lets the rest alone.

The way coming into our great churches was anciently at the west door, that men might see the altar and all the church before them; the other doors were but posterns.

City.

What makes a city? whether a bishoprick or any of that nature?

Answer. 'Tis according to the first charter which made them a corporation. If they are incorporated by name of *Civitas*, they are a city; if by the name of *Burghum*, then they are a borough.

Clergy.

Though a clergyman have no faults of his own, yet the faults of the whole tribe shall be laid upon him, so that he shall be sure not to lack.

The clergy would have us believe them against our own reason, as the woman would have her husband against his own eyes: What! will you believe your own eyes before your own sweet wife!

The clergy and laity together are never likely to do well. 'Tis as if a man were to make an excellent fust, and should have his apothecary and physician come into the kitchen. The cooks, if they were let alone, would make excellent meats; but then comes the apothecary, and he puts rubarb into one sauce, and agrick into another sauce. Chain up the clergy on both sides.

Competency.

That which is a competency for one man is not enough for another, no more than that which will keep one man warm will keep another man warm. One man can go in doublet and hose,

when another man cannot be without a cloak, and yet have no more clothes than is necessary for him.

Conscience.

He that hath a scrupulous conscience is like a horse that is not well weighed: he starts at every bird that flies out of the hedge.

A knowing man will do that which a tender conscience man dares not do, by reason of his ignorance. The other knows there is no hurt, as a child is afraid to go into the dark, when a man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

Creed.

Athanasius's Creed is the shortest, take away the preface, and the force, and the conclusion, which are not part of the creed. In the Nicene creed it is *sic exoptatur*, I believe in the Church. But now, as our common-prayer has it, I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church. They like not creeds, because they would have no forms of faith, as they have none at prayer, though there be more reason for the one than for the other.

Damnation.

To preach long, loud, and damnation is the way to be cried up. We love a man that damns us, and we run after him again to save us. If a man had a sore leg, and he should go to an honest, judicious chirurgeon, and he

should only tend him, keep it warm, and anoint with such an oil (an oil well known) that would do the cure, haply he would not much regard him, because he knows the medicine beforehand an ordinary medicine. But if he should go to a surgeon that should tell him "Your leg will gangrene within three days, and it must be cut off, and you will die, unless you do something that I could tell you," what listening there would be to this man! "Oh! for the Lord's sake, tell me what this is. I will give you any content for your pains."

Self-Denial.

'Tis much the doctrine of the times* that men should not please themselves, but deny themselves everything they take delight in—not look upon beauty, wear no good clothes, eat no good meat, &c., which seems the greatest accusation that can be upon the Maker of all good things. If they be not to be used, why did God make them? The truth is, they that preach against them cannot make use of them their selves; and then again they get esteem by seeming to condemn them. But mark it while you live, if they do not please themselves as much as they can; and we live more by example than precept.

Epitaph.

An epitaph must be made fit for the person for whom it is made. For a man to say all the excellent things that can be said upon one, and call that his epitaph, is as if a painter should make the handsomest piece he can possibly make, and say, 'twas my picture. It holds in a funeral sermon.

Evil Speaking.

He that speaks ill of another commonly before he is aware, makes himself such an one as he speaks against; for if he had the civility or breeding he would forbear such kind of language.

Fasting Days.

What the Church debars us one day, she gives us leave to take out in another. First we fast, and then we feast. First there is a carnival, and then a Lent.

Friends.

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes. They were easiest for his feet.

Gentleman.

What a gentleman is 'tis hard with us to define. In other countries he is known by his privileges. In Westminster Hall he is one that is reputed one. In the Court of Honour, he that hath arms. The king cannot make a gentleman of blood, nor God Almighty; but he can make a gentleman by crea-

tion. If you ask which is the better of these two, civilly the gentleman of blood, morally the gentleman by creation may be the better; for the one may be a debauched man, this a person of worth.

Humility.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking. 'Tis not the eating, nor 'tis not the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

Idolatry.

Idolatry is in a man's own thought, not in the opinion of another. Put case:—I bow to the altar. Why am I guilty of idolatry? Because a stander-by thinks so? I am sure I do not believe the altar to be God, and the God I worship may be bowed to in all places and at all times.

Jews.

Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed. They thrive where'er they come; they are able to oblige the prince of their

country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together; and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much.

Images.

Though the learned Papists pray not to images, yet it is to be feared the ignorant do, as appears by the story of St. Nicholas in Spain. A countryman used to offer daily to St. Nicholas's image. At length by mischance the image was broken, and a new one made of his own plum-tree. After that the man forbore. Being complained of to his ordinary, he answered, "'Tis true he used to offer to the old image; but to the new he could not find in his heart, because he knew 'twas a piece of his own plum-tree." You see what opinion this man had of the image; and to this tended the bowing of their images, the twinkling of their eyes, the Virgin's milk. Had they only meant representations, a picture would have done as well as the tricks. It may be with us in England, they* do not worship images, because living among Protestants they are either laughed out of it, or beaten out of it by shock of argument.†

King.

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quiet-

* *i.e.* the Catholics.

† Compare this with Selden's remarks on Idolatry.

ness' sake. Just as in a family one man is appointed to buy meat ; if every one should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree ; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he according to his discretion pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

Language.

To a living tongue, new words may be added ; but not to a dead tongue, as Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c.

If you look upon the language spoken in the Saxon time and the language spoken now, you will find the difference to be just as if a man had a cloak which he wore plain in Queen Elizabeth's days, and since here had put in a piece of red and there a piece of blue, and here a piece of green, and there a piece of orange-tawny. We borrow words from the French, Italian, Latin, as every pedantic man pleases.

We have more words than notions, half a dozen words for the same thing. Sometimes we put a new signification to an old word, as when we call a piece a gun. The word gun was in use in England for an engine to cast a thing from a man long before there was any gunpowder found out.

Law.

A man may plead not guilty and yet tell no lie ; for by the law no man is bound to accuse himself ; so that when I say, Not guilty, the meaning is as if I should say by way of paraphrase, I am not so guilty as to tell you ; if you will bring me to a trial, and have me punished for this you lay to my charge, prove it against me.

Ignorance of the law excuses no man ; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead ; and no man can tell how to confute him.

Learning.

No man is the wiser for his learning. It may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon ; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

Marriage.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people ; yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other persons.

Marriage is nothing but a civil contract. 'Tis true 'tis an ordinance of God ; so is every other contract. God commands me to keep it when I have made it.

Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop were extremely wise ; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

We single out particulars, and apply God's providence to them. Thus, when two are married and have undone one another, they cry, It was God's providence we should come together, when God's providence does equally concur in all things.

Measure of Things.

We measure from ourselves, and as things are for our use and purpose, so we approve them. Bring a pear to the table that is rotten; we cry it down: it is naught. But bring a medlar that is rotten and 'tis a fine thing; and yet, I'll warrant you, the pear thinks as well of itself as the medlar does.

We measure the excellency of other men by some excellency we conceive to be in ourselves. Nash, a poet, poor enough (as poets used to be), seeing an alderman with his gold chain upon his great horse, by way of scorn said to one of his companions, "Do you see yon fellow? how goodly, how big he looks! Why, that fellow cannot make a blank verse!"

Nay, we measure the goodness of God from ourselves; we measure His goodness, His justice, His wisdom, by something we call just, good, or wise in ourselves. And in so doing we judge proportionably to the country fellow in the play, who said, if he were a king, he would live like a lord and have pease and bacon every day, and a whip that cried "slash"!

Difference of Men.

The difference of men is very great. You would scarce think them to be of the same species; and yet it consists more in the affection than in the intellect. For, as in the strength of body, two men shall be of an equal strength, yet one shall appear stronger than the other, because he exercise and puts out his strength; the other will not stir nor strain himself. So 'tis in the strength of the brain; the one endeavours and strains and labours and studies; the other sits still and is idle and takes no pains; and therefore he appears so much the inferior.

Money.

Money makes a man laugh. A blind fiddler playing to a company, and playing but scurvily, the company laughed at him. His boy that led him, perceiving it, cried, "Father, let us begone; they do nothing but laugh at you." "Hold thy peace, boy," said the fiddler; "we shall have their money presently, and then we will laugh at them."

Opinion.

Opinion and affection extremely differ. I may affect a woman best, but it does not follow that I must think her the handsomest woman in the world. I love apples the best of any fruit; but it does not follow I must think apples the best fruit. Opinion is something wherein I go about to give reason

why all the world should think as I think. Affection is a thing wherein I look after the pleasing of myself.

Patience.

Patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men by much reading, gains this chiefest good, that in all fortunes he hath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.

Pleasure.

Pleasure is nothing else but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something I am in great trouble for till I have it.

'Tis a wrong way to proportion other men's pleasures to ourselves. 'Tis like a child's using a little bird—"Oh, poor bird, thou shalt sleep with me"—so lays it in his bosom and stifles it with his hot breath. The bird had rather be in the cold air. And yet, too, 'tis the most pleasing flattery to like what other men like.

Whilst you are upon earth enjoy the good things that are here (to that end were they given), and be not melancholy, and wish yourself in heaven. If a king should give you the keeping of a castle, with all things belonging to it, orchards, gardens, &c., and bid you use them; withal promises you, after twenty years to remove you to court and make you a privy councillor. If you should neglect your castle, and refuse to eat of those fruits, and sit down

and whine, and wish you were a privy councillor, do you think the king would be pleased with you?

Philosophy.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion.

Plays.

There is no reason plays should be in verse, either in blank or rhyme. Only the poet has to say for himself that he makes something like that which somebody made before him. The old poets had no other reason than this: their verse was sung to music; otherwise it would have been a senseless thing to have fettered up themselves.

Verses.

'Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse; but when they come to be men they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at. 'Tis ridiculous to speak or write or preach in verse. As 'tis good to learn to dance, a man may learn his leg, learn to go handsomely; but 'tis ridiculous for him to dance when he should go.

Infallibility of the Pope.

The Pope is infallible when he hath power to command, that is, where he must be obeyed; so is every supreme power and prince. They that stretch his infallibility further, do they know not what.

Power.

There is no stretching of power.

'Tis a good rule : eat within your stomach : act within your commission.

They that govern most make least noise ; for see when they row in a barge, they that do drudgery work flash, and puff and swear ; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir.

Syllables.

Syllables govern the world.

Prayer.

We take care what we speak to men ; but to God we may say anything.

Preaching.

The tone in preaching does much in working upon the people's affections. If a man should make love in an ordinary tone, his mistress would not regard him ; and therefore he must whine. If a man should cry fire ! or murder ! in an ordinary voice, nobody would come out to help him.

Preachers say, Do as I say, not as I do. But if a physician had the same disease upon him that I have, and he should bid me do one thing and he do quite another, could I believe him ?

Preferment.

When you want a child to go to such a place, and you find him unwilling, you tell him he shall ride a cock-horse, and then he will presently. So do those that govern the State deal by men to work them to their ends. They tell them they shall be advanced to such and

such a place, and they will do anything they would have them.

When the pageants are a-coming there's a great thrusting and a-riding upon one another's backs, to look out at the window. Stay a little, and they will come just to you. You may see them quietly. So 'tis when a new statesman or officer is chosen ; there's great expectation and listening who it should be ; stay awhile, and you may know quietly.

Proverbs.

The proverbs of several nations were much studied by Bishop Andrews, and the reason he gave was, because by them he knew the minds of several nations, which is a brave thing ; as we count him a wise man that knows the minds and insides of men, which is done by knowing what is habitual to them. Proverbs are habitual to a nation, being transmitted from father to son.

Religion.

King James said to the fly, " Have I three kingdoms, and thou must needs fly into my eye ? " Is there not enough to meddle with upon the stage, or in love, or at the table, but religion ?

Religion is like the fashion. One man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain ; but every man has a doublet. So every man has his religion. We differ about trimming.

Men say they are of the same religion for quietness' sake. But if the matter were well examined,

you would scarce find three anywhere of the same religion in all points.

Alteration of religion is dangerous, because we know not where it will stay. 'Tis like a millstone that lies upon the top of a pair of stairs ; 'tis hard to remove it, but if once it be thrust off the first stair, it never stays till it come to the bottom.

Question. Whether is the Church or the Scripture judge of religion? *Answer.* In truth, neither, but the State. I am troubled with a boil ; I call a company of chirurgeons about me. One prescribes one thing, another another. I single out something I like, and ask you that stand by and are no chirurgeons what you think of it. You like it too. You and I are judges of the plaster, and we bid them (the chirurgeons) to prepare it, and there's an end. Thus 'tis in religion. The Protestants say they will be judged by the Scripture ; the Papists say so too ; but that cannot speak. A judge is no judge except that he can both speak and command execution. But the truth is they never intended to agree. No doubt the Pope, where he is supreme, is to be judge ; if he say we in England ought to be subject to him, then he must draw his sword and make it good.

We look after religion as the butcher did after his knife when he had it in his mouth.

They talk of settling religion. Religion is well enough settled already if we would let it alone.

State.

In a troubled state save as much for your own as you can. A dog had been at market to buy a shoulder of mutton. Coming home he met two dogs by the way that quarrelled with him. He laid down his shoulder of mutton and fell to fighting with one of them. In the meantime the other dog fell to eating his mutton. He, seeing that, left the dog he was fighting with, and fell upon him that was eating. Then the other dog fell to eat. When he perceived there was no remedy, but which of them soever he fought withal his mutton was in danger, he thought he would have as much of it as he could, and thereupon gave over fighting and fell to eating himself.

Superstition.

If there be any superstition truly, and properly so called, 'tis their observing the Sabbath after the Jewish manner.

Transubstantiation.

There is no greater argument (though not used) against transubstantiation than the Apostles at their first council forbidding blood and suffocation. Would they forbid blood and yet enjoin the eating of blood too?

The best way for a pious man is to address himself to the Sacrament with that reverence and devotion, as if Christ were really there present.

Truth.

In troubled water you can scarce see your face, or see it very little, till the water be quiet and stand still. So in troubled times you can see little truth. When times are settled and quiet then truth appears.

War.

Question. Whether may subjects take up arms against their Prince?

Answer. Conceive it thus: here lies a shilling betwixt you and me. ten pence of the shilling is yours, two pence is mine. By agreement I am as much king of my two pence as you of your ten pence. If you therefore go about to take away my two pence I will defend it; for there you and I are equal, both princes.

Wife.

'Tis reason a man that will have

a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey 'tis fit he should pay for the glasses he breaks.

Wisdom.

A wise man should never resolve upon anything: at least never let the world know his resolution; for if he cannot arrive at that, he is ashamed.

Wit.

Wit and wisdom differ. Wit is upon the sudden turn; wisdom is in bringing about ends.

He that will give himself to all manner of ways to get money may be rich; so that he who lets fly all he knows or thinks may by chance be satirically witty. Honestysometimes keeps a man from growing rich, and civility from being witty.

DR. FRANCIS LOCKIER.

1668—1740.

[Francis Lockier, son of William Lockier, of Norwich, was born in 1668, and in 1683 became a member of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was entered as a sub-sizar (*i.e.* a candidate for the first sizarship, but the term is not now in use). His first conversation with Dryden took place in 1685. He became B.A. 1686-7, M.A. 1690. In 1717, when George I. visited Cambridge, he was created D.D., and on the 19th March, 1724-5, was made Dean of Peterborough. He was also rector of Hanworth and Aston. Died 1740. His acquaintance with Dryden, Addison, Pope, and the great wits and authors of that age makes his conversations highly interesting.]

Addison.

Pope's character of Addison is one of the truest as well as one of the best things he ever wrote. Addison deserved that character

the most of any man. Yet how charming are his prose writings! He was as much a master of humour as he was an indifferent poet.

Dryden.

I was about seventeen when I first came up to town, an odd looking boy, with short, rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will's* to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time, who then resorted thither. The second time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. "If anything of mine is good," says he, "his Mac-Fleckno: and I value myself the more upon it, because it is the last piece of ridicule written in heroics." On hearing this, I plucked up my spirits so far as to say in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, that "Mac-Fleckno was a very fine poem; but that I had not imagined it to be the first that ever was writ that way." On this, Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long I had been a dealer in poetry,

and added with a smile, "Pray, sir, what is it that you *did* imagine to have been writ so before?" I named Boileau's "Lutrin," and Tassoni's "Secchia Rapita," which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. "'Tis true," said Dryden; "I had forgot them." A little after Dryden went out; and in going, spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation; went to see him accordingly; and was well acquainted with him after, as long as he lived.

Dryden allowed the "Rehearsal"† to have a great many good strokes in it, "though so severe" added he "upon myself; but I can't help saying that Smith and Johnson are two of the coolest, most insignificant fellows I ever met with on the stage." This, if it was not spoke out of resentment, betrayed great want of judgment; for Smith and Johnson are men of sense, and should certainly say but little to such stuff, only enough to make Bayes show on.

Dryden was most touched with the "Hind and the Panther Trans-

* Will's Coffee-house, says Professor Morley, was the corner house on the north side of Russell Street at the end of Bow Street, now No. 21. Dryden's use of this coffee-house caused the wits of the town to resort there, and after Dryden's death in 1700 it remained for some years the Wits' Coffee-house. See Professor Morley's valuable edition of "The Spectator," p. 3.

† The "Rehearsal," produced in the

winter of 1671, was written by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was assisted in his task by Martin Clifford, Sprat, and Samuel Butler. In the character of Bayes, Dryden was brought upon the stage, and his habits, manners, and garb caricatured. The key-note of his character as an author—a hit at his fulsome dedications—is given in the first words Bayes utters: "Your most obsequious, and most observant, very servant, sir."

versed." I have heard him say, "for two young fellows, that I have always been very civil to, to use an old man in misfortunes in so cruel a manner!" and he wept as he said it.*

In one of Dryden's plays there was this line, which the actress endeavoured to speak in as moving and affecting a tone as she could:

"My wound is great because it is so small!"

and then she paused, and looked very much distressed. The Duke of Buckingham, who was in one of the boxes, rose from his seat, and added in a loud ridiculing voice:

"Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!"

which had so strong an effect on the audience (who before were not very well pleased with the play) that they hissed the poor woman off the stage, would never hear her appearance in the rest of her part, and (as this was the second time only of the play's appearance) made Dryden lose his benefit night.

Sir George Etherege.

Sir George Etherege was as thorough a fop as ever I saw; he

* "There is a story," says Johnson (*Life of Prior*), "of great pain suffered, and of tears shed on this occasion by Dryden . . . By tales like these is the envy raised by superior abilities every day gratified; when they are attacked, every one hopes to see them humbled; what is hoped is readily believed; and what is believed is confidently told. Dryden had been more accustomed to hostilities than that such enemies should

was exactly his own *Sir Feeping Flutter*. And yet he designed *Dorimant*, the genteel rake of wit, for his own picture.

Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.†

Sheffield Duke of Buckingham's famous essay has certainly been cried up much more than it deserves, though corrected a good deal by Dryden. It was this which set him up as a poet; and he was resolved to keep up that character, if he could, by any means, fair or foul. Could anything be more impudent than his publishing that satire, for writing which Dryden was beat in Rose Alley (and which was so remarkable known by the name of the Rose Alley satire) as his own? He made, indeed, a few alterations in it first; but these were only verbal, and generally for the worse.

Cornellie.

For my part, I prefer *Cornellie* to *Racine*; he has more of our Shakespeare in him. Indeed, *Racine's* are the best crying plays. *Molière* is the only good laugh-writer of comedies among the French.

break his quiet; and, if we can suppose him vexed, it would be hard to do him sense enough to conceal his uneasiness." The authors were Prior and Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax.

† John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, born 1649, died 1721. "He had," says Johnson, "the perspicuity and elegance of an historian, but not the fire and fancy of a poet."

Tasso.

I am surprised that they pretend to set up Ariosto against Tasso still in Italy. A party may go a great way at first; but sure they have had time enough to recover their senses. Tasso was excellent, too, in his "Torrismondo," which is allowed to be one of their best tragedies. And the famous "Pastor Fido" of Guarini is only an affected imitation of Tasso's "Aminta."

Italian Dramatists.

There are good large dramatic writers among the Italians. What comedies Machiavelli did write are very good,

Swift.

Dr. Swift lies a-bed till eleven o'clock, and thinks of wit for the day.

*Buchanan.**

If Buchanan's History had been written on a subject far enough back, all the world might have mistaken it for a piece writ in the Augustan age. It is not only his words that are so pure, but his entire manner of writing is as of that age.

Settle.†

Settle, in his "Anti-Achitophel," was assisted by Matthew Clifford, Sprat, and several of the best hands of those times.

Suckling.

Considering the manner of writing then in fashion, the purity of Sir John Suckling's style is quite surprising.

Nathaniel Lee.

Nathaniel Lee was Fellow of Trinity College, in Cambridge. The Duke of Buckingham (Villiers) brought him up to town, where he never did anything for him; and that, I verily believe, was the occasion of his running mad. He was rather before my time, but I saw him in Bedlam. I think he died about the time of the Revolution.

The Chinese.

Surely the Chinese are not the wise people they have been cried up for. It is true they have had astronomy, gunpowder, and printing for perhaps these two thousand years; but how little have they improved on each of these articles in all that time! When the European missionaries first came among them, all the astronomy they had could not rise to the making of an almanack. Then their printing, to this day, is not by detached letters, but by whole blocks of wood for each page, so that the pieces for a moderate-sized book must be laid by for a future edition, and would

* George Buchanan, born 1506, died 1582.

† Elkannah Settle, remembered as the

antagonist of Dryden, and as the author of a once famous play, "The Emperor of Morocco." Died 1724.

almost lumber up a whole room. Their engineers are sad fellows ; indeed, they were always for encouraging a spirit of peace, and are some of the worst soldiers in the world. Though they had 250,000 men to defend their famous wall, the Tartars forced their way in through them with blood, and conquered their whole country, and their kings have ever since been of the Tartar race.

The great men and celebrated philosophers amongst the Chinese are all atheists—a sort of Spinozists. At least, they believe the world was always as it is now.

Missionaries.

Most of the missionaries deserve but little credit ; they have falsified often, and have been discovered in some of their cheats. I think it was in the calculation of a comet or eclipse, however, in some very nice calculation, sent from China to Rome, the learned there were very surpris'd to find it agree exactly with one by Tycho Brahe ; whereas the best of our European astronomers generally differ as to a few minutes at least. This was much talk'd of there at first, till it was discovered some time after, that the missionaries at Peking had corrected and set this calculation by Tycho's.

Moses.

Moses did not write with a view to all the world, but for one people—to establish their religion and polity ; and this is the best key to

let us into the meaning of his writings. Thus, for instance, in the history of the Fall, I don't question but that Adam had a larger law given him than we hear of, but Moses may have particularized in the breach of a positive order, because the religion he was to establish was all ritual.

Hebrew.

The same word in Hebrew signifies blessing and cursing, as they say in Italian : “tu è benedetto ;” “you are a cursed rascal.” Where we make Job's wife advise him to curse God and die, it should be, “Bless God and die, bless him for the good you have hitherto received, and die to avoid the evils that are now come upon you.”

To call by their names was an expression among the Hebrews equivalent to the being master, or having dominion over anything. Thus God is said to call the stars by their names, and Adam to have given names to all animals.

Bible.

The one book necessary to be understood by a divine is the Bible ; any others are to be read chiefly in order to understand that. One must not read it through a system, as a perspective, but bring our systems to our Bible, and not our Bible to our systems, as most divines (in every church) are too apt to do. Try to see its first natural sense, and consult

comments afterwards, and that only where the nature of the thing makes them necessary.

The most general and the greatest difficulty in understanding the true sense of the Scriptures arises from our not knowing the proportion between the ways of speaking used in the East and those in such a northerly country as our own. An Italian would not stick at calling that little parterre, with two rows of trees about it, a paradise, and my villa in the country a magnificent palace. As we are acquainted with their way of speaking, we know very well that they mean nothing by this but a pretty little garden and a tolerable house; but if any one less acquainted with their way should take it literally, and assert in plain, honest English that I was master of a magnificent palace, and that my garden was equal to the garden of Eden, nothing could well be more ridiculous. Now the disproportion between our way of speaking and those of the Orientalists is much wider at present (and was still more so formerly) than between our plainness and the Italian hyperbole.

Sir Isaac Newton.

It is not at all improbable that Sir Isaac Newton, though so great a man, might have had a hanker-

ing after the French prophets.* There was a time when he was possessed with the old fooleries of astrology, and another when he was so far gone in those of chemistry, as to be upon the hunt after the philosopher's stone.

Scotchmen.

In all my travels I never met with any one Scotchman but what was a man of sense. I believe everybody of that country that has any leaves it as fast as they can.

Ireland.

Ireland is a noble country if it were cultivated, and would perhaps be the best in the world for trade, if made the great mart of it.

The English.

The English abroad can never get to look as if they were at home. The Irish and Scotch, after being some time in a place, get the air of the natives; but an Englishman in any foreign court looks about him as if he was going to steal a tankard.

Atterbury.†

Upon the death of the Queen (Anne) Ormond, Atterbury, and Lord Marshal held a private consultation together, in which Atterbury desired the latter to go out immediately, and proclaim the Pretender in form. Ormond, who

* See under Ramsay's Table-talk the article "Cavalier."

† Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Ro-

chester, born 1662, died at Paris in exile, 1731.

was more afraid of consequences, desired to communicate it first to the Council. "Damn it, sir!" said Atterbury, in a great heat (for he did not value swearing), "You very well know that things have not been concerted enough for that yet, and that we have not a moment to lose." Indeed, it was the only thing they could have done; such a bold step would have made people believe that they were stronger than they really were, and might have taken strangely. The late King,* I am persuaded, would not have stirred a foot if there had been a strong opposition; indeed, the family did not expect the crown; at least nobody in it but the old Princess Sophia.

Conversation.

No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things; to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad.

Foreign Language.

When we write in foreign language we should not think in English; if we do our writings will be but translations at best. If one is to write in French, one must use

oneself to think in French; and even then, for a great while, our Anglicisms will get uppermost and betray us in writing, as our native accent does in speaking, when we are among them.

The "Oceana."

It is strange that Harrington (so short a time ago) should be the first man to find out so evident and demonstrable a truth as that of property being the true basis and measure of power. His "*Oceana*," allowing for the different situation of things (as the less number of lords then, those lords having no share in the Parliament and the like), is certainly one of the best-founded political pieces that ever was writ.†

Monarchy.

Our Gothic ancestors were very great men and of great capacities. They were the first that established in fact what Aristotle had only touched in theory: I mean their excellent institution of limited monarchies. The Asiatic monarchies were absolute, and the greatest republics of antiquity were very defective. Greece was split into too many little distinct powers,

* George I.

† James Harrington was born in 1611, and died 1677. His "*Oceana*" was published in 1656. He was the companion of Charles I. in the Isle of Wight in 1646. "Mr. Harrington," says a writer in the *Biog. Brit.*, p. 2538, "was a man of genius and learning, but he can

hardly be deemed a fine writer. He is redundant in respect of his matter, too verbose, and his style not only exuberant but disfigured with uncouth terms and phrases. However, a skilful and patient reader may collect a very valuable stock of political knowledge out of his writings."

as Holland is at present, which were always jarring with one another, unless when held together by the pressure of one common powerful enemy. Rome, whilst a republic, was scarce ever free from distractions between the patricians and the plebeians for ten years together. Whatever is good either in monarchies or republics, may be enjoyed in a limited monarchy. The whole force of the nation is as ready to be turned one way as in monarchies; and the liberties of the people may be as well secured as in republics.

The Jews.

The Jews offered my lord Godolphin to pay five hundred thousand pounds (and they would have made it a million) if the Government would have allowed them to purchase the town of Brentford, with leave of settling there entirely, with full privileges of trade, &c. The agent from the Jews said that the affair was already concerted with the chiefs of their brethren abroad; that it would bring the richest of their merchants hither, and of course an addition of about twenty millions of money to circulate in the neighbourhood. Lord Molesworth was in the room with Lord Godolphin when this proposal was made, and as soon as the agent was gone, pressed him to close in with it. Lord Godolphin was not of his opinion. He foresaw that it would provoke two of the most powerful bodies in the nation

the clergy and the merchants; he gave other reasons too, against it, and in fine it was dropped.

The Jews had better success with Oliver Cromwell, when they desired leave to have a synagogue in London. They offered him, when Protector, sixty thousand pounds for that privilege. Cromwell appointed them a day for his giving them an answer. He then sent to some of the most powerful among the clergy, and some of the chief merchants in the city, to be present at the meeting. It was in the long gallery at Whitehall. Sir Paul Rycault, who was then a young man, pressed in among the crowd, and said he never heard a man speak so well in his life as Cromwell did on this occasion. When they were all met, he ordered the Jews to speak for themselves. After that he turned to the clergy, who inveighed much against the Jews as a cruel and cursed people. Cromwell, in his answer to the clergy, called them "men of God;" and desired to be informed by them whether it was not their opinion that the Jews were one day to be called into the Church? He then desired to know whether it was not every Christian man's duty to forward that good end all he could? Then he flourished a good deal on the religion prevailing in this nation, the only place in the world where religion was taught in its full purity; was it not then our duty to encourage them to settle here where alone they could be

taught the truth; and not to exclude them from the right and leave them among idolaters? This silenced the clergy. He then turned to the merchants, who spoke much of their falseness and meanness, and that they would get their trade from them. "Tis true," says Cromwell; "they are the meanest and most despised of all people." He then fell into abusing the Jews most heartily, and after

he had said everything that was contemptible and low of them: "Can you really be afraid," said he, "that this mean, despised people should be able to prevail in trade and credit over the merchants of England, the noblest and most esteemed merchants of the whole world?" Thus he went on till he had silenced them too; and so was at liberty to grant what he desired to the Jews.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

1672—1751.

[Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, was born in 1672, entered Parliament in 1700, was created Viscount Bolingbroke in 1712, impeached and attainted 1714, fled to France and did not return to England until 1724. Died 1751. His collected works were published by David Mallett three years after his death. This publication provoked the indignation of Dr. Johnson, who called Bolingbroke a scoundrel and a coward, a scoundrel for levelling a blunderbuss at religion, and a coward for leaving half-a-crown to a beggarly Scotchman to pull the trigger, not having enough courage to pull the trigger himself. He was the intimate friend of Pope.]

Laws.

It is a very easy thing to devise good laws; the difficulty is to make them effective. The great mistake is that of looking upon men as virtuous, or thinking that they can be made so by laws; and consequently the greatest art of a politician is to render vices serviceable to the cause of virtue.

The Senses.

As to our senses, we are made in the best manner that we possibly could. If we were so formed as to see into the minute configura-

tion of a post, we should break our shins against it. We see for use and not for curiosity. Was our sight so fine as to pierce into the internal make of things, we should distinguish all the fine ducts and the contrivances of each canal for the conveyance of the juices in every one of those leaves; but then we should lose this beautiful prospect; it would be only a heap and confusion to the eye.

English Writers Abroad.

Cudworth in theological metaphysics, Locke in proper meta-

physics, and Newton in physics, are read as the first books of their kind in several foreign universities. The character of our best English writers gets ground abroad very much of late.

Bacon.

Lord Bacon in his *Novum Organum* has laid down the whole method that Descartes afterwards followed.*

Dryden.

Dryden has assured me that he got more from the Spanish critics alone than from the Italian and French and all other critics put together. Just before I went to Utrecht, I learnt the Spanish language in three weeks' time, so as to be able to read and answer letters.

Editorial Criticism.

The editorial criticism was very useful and necessary in Erasmus and the early revivers of learning; but the carrying it on without mercy by the later critics has only served to puzzle the text.

Nicholas V.

After all it is Nicholas the Fifth to whom Europe is obliged for its present state of learning.

Paradoxical Orations.

At Paris, they have a stated set of paradoxical orations. The busi-

ness of one of these was to show that the history of Rome, for the first four centuries, was all a mere fiction. The person engaged in it proved that point so strongly and so well, that several of the audience as they were coming out, said those who had proposed that question played booty; and that it was so far from a paradox, that it was a plain and evident truth.†

The World's Opinion.

"Tis no matter what the world says of us. If a man is sensible that he has always acted for the good of his country, he may always lay down his head with pleasure on his pillow; and this is the great satisfaction I enjoy, and have always enjoyed, amidst all that has been said against me.

The World.

There is so much trouble in coming into the world and so much more, as well as meanness in going out of it, that it is hardly worth while to be here at all.

Pope.

I never in my life knew a man that had so tender a heart for his particular friends or a more general friendship for mankind.

"Alexander's Feast."

Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord

* "Descartes," says Tennemann, "attempted a reformation in the philosophy of his country by a method opposed to the empirical on the principles of pure rationalism."

† This is what Niebuhr afterward methodized in his Roman History.

Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, "I have been up all night," replied the old bard; "my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their feast of St. Cecilia. I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it. There it is, finished at one sitting;" and immediately he showed him this ode which places the British lyric poetry above that of any other.*

Reason.

We can only reason from what is; we can reason on actualities, but not on possibilities.

Lord Oxford.

Lord Oxford was no great scholar, and very ignorant of Greek; yet he took great delight in repeating hard Greek verses, and in talking a man down. Phillips being apprised of his weakness, after a bottle or two, got the better of him, and my lord loved him the better for it ever after.†

EDWARD YOUNG.

1684—1765.

[Dr. Edward Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," and "The Universal Passion," a series of satires, as fine as anything to be found in Pope, was born in Hampshire in 1684. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and ordained priest in 1727, when he was appointed Chaplain to the King. In 1731 he married Lady Elizabeth Lee. In 1761 he was made Clerk of the Court to the Princess Dowager of Wales. Died 1765.]

The Iliad and the Odyssey.

In the Iliad you are fully engaged in the part you are reading; in the Odyssey you are always wishing for the event. The latter

is masterly in raising that appetite which is particular to romance; the other is full in each part. One always affords the pleasure of expectation; the other of fruition.

* This anecdote is given by Joseph Warton in his "Essay on Pope," and was told, he says, by Bolingbroke to Pope, by Pope to Gilbert West, "and by him to the ingenious friend who has communicated it to me."

† Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford,

born 1661, died 1724. Through Mrs. Masham he exercised great influence over Queen Anne, but quarrelling with his patroness, he was dismissed from office, impeached and (1714) imprisoned in the Tower, and acquitted in the year of his death.

Style.

The splendid fault of Lord Bacon and Male-branche is being too beautiful and too entertaining in points that require reasoning alone. There should be one character preserved in style as in painting. In a picture, though each figure is dressed differently, and in so different colours, that they shall be *all* used variously in the piece, yet there is such a general air, that at a distance you perceive it to be one representation, the tints are so well managed.

Swift—Steele—Addison.

Swift, Steele, and Addison are all great masters of humour. Swift had a mixture of insolence in his conversation. Sir Richard Steele was the best-natured creature in the world; even in his worst state of health he seemed to desire nothing but to please and to be pleased. Addison was not free with his inferiors. He was rather mute in society on some occasions; but when he began to be company he was full of vivacity, and went on in a noble stream of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every one to him. I like his "Campaign," though so many speak against it.* He was undoubtedly a very good poet; but after all, what will carry him down to posterity must be his prose writings. The love part in "Cato"

was certainly given to the taste of the times. It is extremely cold and stiff. I believe he was so taken up with his chief character, which he has finished in so masterly a manner, that he neglected the subordinate parts.

Cicero—Horace—Juvenal.

Cicero has not full justice done him. He suffers with us by our comparing him with Demosthenes, who is more strong and less diffused, and so more agreeable to our present taste. Had Cicero lived in Demosthenes' time and country he would have followed his manner, and *vice versa*. Nearly the same may be said of Horace and Juvenal. I believe it is true that Dryden gives the preference so much to Juvenal because he had just been translating him.

Marquis of Wharton.

It was the Marquis of Wharton who first got Addison a seat in the House of Commons, and soon after carried him down with him to Winchelsea. Addison was charmed with his son (afterwards Duke of Wharton), not only as his patron's son, but for the uncommon degree of genius that appeared in him. He used to converse and walk often with him. One day the little lord led him to see some of their fine running-horses. There were very high gates to the fields, and at the first of them his young friend fumbled in his pockets, and seemed vastly concerned that he could not find the key. Addison

* Wharton called it "a gazette in rhyme."

said 'twas no matter; he could easily climb over it. As he said this he began mounting the bars, and when he was on the very top of the gate the little lord whips out his key and sets the gate a-swinging, and so for some time kept the great man in that ridiculous situation.

At that time of life when the Duke of Wharton's most vehement ambition was to shine in the House as an orator, he found he had almost forgotten his Latin, and that it was necessary with his present views to recover it. He therefore desired Dr. Young to go to Wichenden with him; where they did nothing but read Tully and talk Latin for six weeks; at the end of which the Duke talked Latin like that of Tully. The doctor on some other occasions, as well as this, called him a truly prodigious genius.

*William Harrison.**

William Harrison, the son of Dr. Harrison, master of St. Cross, near Winchester, was educated at the College there, and succeeded to New College, Oxford. He was so very ready at that extempore sort of versification much used in Winchester school as to improve and influence the manner of it in

his time and for years after. He wrote a satire on the ladies of Winchester whilst at school, and his "Woodstock" soon after; on which Addison said, "This young man in his very first attempt has exceeded most of the best writers of the age." Addison recommended him to be tutor to a young nobleman, and it was soon after that he said to him, "We who have gone through a good school education may easily enough get to be good classical scholars; but there is one thing I would now advise you to—read a good History of England, that you may know the affairs of your own country," and he immediately began to follow this good piece of advice. Addison recommended him to Lord Stafford as Secretary to the Plenipotentiaries for the Treaty of Peace at Utrecht. When he came over with the Barrier Treaty, he went to court very richly dressed on a birthnight within a month after his return: caught a violent cold there, which brought on a fever that carried him off. He was a little brisk man, quick and passionate; rather foppish in his appearance, a pretty look and quick eye. His family were all handsome.

Tonson and Lintot.†

Tonson and Lintot were both

* Harrison died 1713. He is mentioned by Swift in his journal to Stella. Harrison continued the "Tatler" when Steele had discontinued it; wrote some fifty-two numbers which were collected and entitled "A Fifth Volume of the Tatler."

† Two celebrated publishers of that period. It was with Bernard Lintot that Pope contracted for his translation of the "Iliad." Spence has preserved some fragments of old Jacob Tonson's conversation, which, from his intimacy with the

candidates for printing some work of Dr. Young's. He answered both their letters in the same morning, and in his hurry misdirected them. When Lintot opened that which came to him he found it begin, "That Bernard Lintot is so great a scoundrel, that," &c. It must have been amusing to have seen him (Lintot) in his rage. He was a great sputtering fellow.

Bolingbroke.

Lord Bolingbroke's father said to him on his being made a lord, 'Ah, Harry, I ever said you would be hanged, but now I find you will be beheaded.'

Swift.

"I'll send you my bill of fare," said Lord B. when trying to persuade Dr. Swift to dine with him. "Send me your bill of company," was Swift's answer to him.

great men of his day, must have been singularly interesting. Here are a few specimens:—

"**DRYDEN.**—Even Dryden was very suspicious of rivals. He would compliment Crowne when a play of his failed, but was cold to him if it met with success. He used sometimes to own that Crowne had some genius; but then added that his (Dryden's) father and Crowne's mother were very well acquainted.

"**KIT-CAT CLUB.**—Garth, Vanbrugh, and Congreve were the three most honest-hearted real good men of the poetical members of the Kit-cat Club.

"**ADDISON.**—Addison was so eager to be the *first* name that he and his friend Sir Richard Steele used to run

Colonel Brett.

Colonel Brett was a particular handsome man. The Countess of Rivers, looking out of her window on a great disturbance in the street, saw the Colonel assaulted by some bailiffs who were going to arrest him. She paid his debt, released him from their pursuit, and soon after married him. When she died, she left him more than he expected, with which he bought an estate in the country, built a very handsome house upon it, and furnished it in the highest taste. Went down to see the furnishing of it, returned to London in hot weather and in too much hurry, got a fever by it, and died. Nobody had a better taste of what would please the town; and his opinion was much regarded by the actors and dramatic poets.*

Voltaire.

Voltaire, like the French in general, showed the greatest com-

down even Dryden's character as far as they could. Pope and Congreve used to support it."

* Colonel Brett married, not the Countess Rivers, but the Countess of Macclesfield, the reputed mother of Richard Savage. The Countess was divorced from her husband in 1697, and died in 1753, aged above 80. Her judgment on plays would appear to have been as much regarded as her husband's, for, says Boswell, "Colley Cibber had so high an opinion of her taste and judgment as to genteel life and manners, that he submitted every scene of his 'Careless Husband' to Mrs. Brett's revision and correction."

plaisance outwardly, and had the greatest contempt for us inwardly. He consulted Dr. Young about his essay in English, and begged him to correct any gross faults he might find in it. The doctor set very earnestly to work, marked the passages most liable to censure, and when he went to explain himself about them, Voltaire could not avoid bursting out a-laughing in his face.

*Ambrose Philips.**

Ambrose Philips was a neat dresser, and very vain. In a conversation between him, Congreve, Swift, and others, the discourse ran a good while on Julius Cæsar. After many things had been said to the purpose, Ambrose asked what sort of a person they supposed Julius Cæsar was? He was answered that from medals, &c., it appeared that he was a small man, and thin-faced. "Now, for my part," said Ambrose, "I should take him to be of a lean make, pale complexion, extremely neat in his dress, and five feet seven inches

high;" an exact description of Philips himself. Swift, who understood good breeding perfectly well, and would not interrupt anybody while speaking, let him go on, and when he had quite done, said: "And I, Mr. Philips, should take him to be a plump man, just five feet five inches high, not very neatly dressed, in a black gown with pudding sleeves."

Mrs. Bracegirdle.†

Congreve was very intimate for years with Mrs. Bracegirdle, and lived in the same street, his house very near hers, until his acquaintance with the young Duchess of Marlborough. He then quitted that house. The Duchess showed me a diamond necklace (which Lady Di used afterwards to wear) that cost seven thousand pounds, and was purchased with the money Congreve left her. How much better would it have been to have given it to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle!

"The World."

There was a club held at the King's Head, in Pall Mall, that

* Ambrose Philips, called by Thackeray "a dreary idyllic cockney," died 1749, aged 78. Pope, according to Johnson, gave him the name of Nambypamby. "Of his personal character," says the doctor, "all that I have heard is, that he was eminent for bravery and skill in the sword, and that in conversation he was solemn and pompous."

† "Mrs. Bracegirdle, a name that has always been mentioned with great respect. She had many admirers; and

authors, when they have vied with each other in scenes of tenderness, are said to have written them only to make their court to her. She equally delighted in melting tenderness and playful coquetry, in *Statira*, in *Millamant*, and even at an advanced age, when she played *Angelica* in "Love for Love," for Betterton's benefit, she retained all her power of pleasing."—Dibdin's "History of the Stage."

arrogantly called itself "The World." Lord Stanhope then, (now Lord Chesterfield,) Lord Herbert, &c. &c., were members. Epigrams were proposed to be written on the glasses by each member after dinner. Once, when Dr. Young was invited thither, the doctor would have declined writing, because he had no diamond. Lord Stanhope

lent him his, and he wrote immediately :—

"Accept a miracle instead of wit ;
See two dull lines with Stanhope's
pencil writ."

"*The Night-Thoughts.*"

The title of my poem, "Night Thoughts," was not affected ; for I never compose but at night, except sometimes when I am on horseback.

ANDREW MICHAEL RAMSAY.

1686—1743.

[Andrew Michael Ramsay, commonly styled the Chevalier Ramsay, was born at Ayr, in Scotland, in 1686. In the year 1710 he visited Cambray, and became acquainted with Fenelon, who succeeded in converting him from deism to popery. In 1724 he went to Rome to take charge of the children of the Pretender, the Chevalier de St. George, who was called there James III. Disgusted by the intrigues and dissensions in that mimic court, he returned to Scotland, and resided with the Duke of Argyle for nine or ten years. He died in 1743 at St. Germain-en-Laye. He was the author of several works, among them "The Travels of Cyrus," a "Life of Fenelon," and a "Life of Marshal Turenne."]

*Fenelon.**

Monsieur Fenelon (the author of "Telemachus," and Archbishop of Cambray) used to entertain Protestants as readily as Papists. He was above the little distinctions of country or religion, and used to say "that he loved his family

better than himself ; his country better than his family ; and mankind better than his country ; for I am more a Frenchman," added he, "than a Fenelon ; and more a man than a Frenchman."

The true reason of the Archbishop's being banished from the

* Ramsay was several years secretary to Fenelon. Fenelon was born in 1651 at Perigord. He studied at Cahors and Paris, and at the age of twenty-four took holy orders. He went on a mission abroad, and on his return published a

treatise on education, which procured him the appointment of tutor to the grandsons of Louis XIV. In 1694 he was made Archbishop of Cambray. He died in 1715.

Court was the honesty he showed in not advising Louis the Fourteenth to own his marriage with Madame de Maintenon.—It is certain that they were married?—Oh, unquestionably, sir. The King had asked Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, his opinion in that affair, who spoke much in praise of the lady, and advised what he saw would best please the King; but added that if his majesty had the opinion of the Archbishop of Cambray on his side, it would be of much more weight and use than any one else's. On this the King consulted the Archbishop, who (as his enemy had foreseen) was not courtier enough to say anything to encourage such a declaration; and, on the contrary, gave some hints of the prejudice it might be of to his majesty's affairs in their then situation. This soured the King so much against him, as he expected it would; and after Madame de Maintenon and her creatures insinuated it into the King that Monsieur Fenelon had had the insolence of designing to represent his majesty under the character of Idomeneus in "Telemachus," and both him and the lady (in part) under those of Pygmalion and Astarte; and this finished his disgrace.

There was a spy sent into the Archbishop of Cambray's family by the contrivance of his most capital enemies. The man lived there as a domestic for three years; and though so great a villain, was at length so far moved and converted

by that great man's behaviour, that he one day begged to be admitted into his apartment, fell on his knees, and confessed the whole affair. The Archbishop forgave him, thanked him for the discovery, and only bid him take care of those that sent him, for they might do him some mischief for being honest at last.

When Louis XIV. found that all his persecutions of the Protestants were ineffectual as to the recovering any number of them to the Church, he sent for the Archbishop (who had always thought persecution for religion impolitic as well as unchristian), complained to him of the obstinacy of those heretics, and said he would have him go down and try whether he could convert them with his preaching. "That I will, with all my heart, sire," replied the Archbishop, "if you will be so good as to call off your dragoons, for it is they that drive them so much further from us."

The Archbishop, when most in favour, used to say: "I would rather see the King lose half his dominions than occasion one unnecessary battle, in which the lives of so many citizens were to be thrown away."

The Archbishop's diocese lay part in the German, part in the French dominions. At the same time that he was entirely ravaged by the French soldiers, the Duke of Marlborough and the confederate army spared everything

that belonged to him on their side of the country. The Duke of Marlborough had a vast esteem for his character; he wrote several letters to him, and in one of them, in particular, he tells him that "if he was sorry he had not taken Cambray it was not for the honour of such a conquest so much as to have had the pleasure of having seen so great a man."

The Archbishop used to rise by four in the morning, think for about two hours, and then write. His time was chiefly spent in study, performing the duties of his function, and amusements of charity. As for the latter, it was very usual with him, whenever he went into the country to take the air, to call at the houses of poor people, where he would eat and drink and enter into familiar conversation with them. He would inquire how they lived, and what family they had; advised with them what they should do with such and such a child; and often would apprentice out their sons or give portions with their daughters. It is inconceivable with what pleasure the people expected him where he used to pay these little visits, or how much they regarded him wherever he passed. They all loved him, and looked upon him as their common father.

Lord Peterborough, after a visit to the Archbishop, said "He was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for anybody else: he is a delicious creature! but I was

forced to get away from him as fast as I possibly could, for else he would have made me pious."

The Archbishop was void of all formality, and full of the truest politeness: that of making everybody easy about him. One day there were two German noblemen at his table, who, when they were to drink to the Archbishop, to show their respect to him, rose out of their seats, and stood all the while they were drinking to him, according to the custom of their country. Some young French officers who were at the table at the same time, could scarcely contain themselves from bursting out into a laugh at such a novelty. The Archbishop gave them a gentle reprimand by his look, called for wine, and stood up and drank to the Germans in the same manner that they had done to him. The officers afterwards owned how much they were ashamed of themselves; and that they immediately felt how greatly the Archbishop's humanity was preferable to that customary sort of politeness of which alone they had had any idea until that time.

In one of the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in Flanders, when the French forces were a good deal distressed, the Archbishop opened his granaries for their use. This was in the height of his disgrace and ill-usage from the Court. When the King heard of it he sighed, and said, "He could expect no less from his generous

soul." The King ordered him to be reimbursed, but he never was.

Corneille and Racine.

There is the same difference between Corneille and Racine as there is between *un homme de génie* and *un homme d'esprit*. Corneille has more fire than Racine, bolder strokes, and in some things is not unlike our Shakespeare. Racine's tragedies are all good; and as to Corneille's, even his greatest enemies would allow six of his to be so.

Milton.

Since the translation of "Paradise Lost" into French, Milton appears to be greatly admired at Paris. Even the Cardinal Polignac used to think that most of the high things we said of him were overstrained and out of partiality. The Cardinal was convinced at once on an English gentleman's sending him only the contents of each book translated into French. "The man," said he, "who could contrive such a plan must be one of the greatest poets that ever was born."

*Bianchini.**

Bianchini had made several steps towards discovering the parallax of the stars many years before Cassini† began upon it. He was making

those observations no less than twelve years from modern buildings before he found that they were not fit for points of such nicety and exactness. He then followed them for fifteen years more from the top of one of the old Roman buildings, and had carried them on with as much accuracy as possible when Cassini offered his discoveries to the public. What hindered Bianchini from publishing was (he said) the restraint of the country; and, indeed, nobody, yet in Rome, dares assert roundly that the earth moves and not the sun.

Newton.

The French philosophers at present chiefly follow Malebranche.‡ They admire Sir Isaac Newton very much, but don't yet allow of his great principle; it is his particular reasonings, experiments, and penetration for which they so much admire him.

Louis XV.

When the King was a child he showed a good deal of cruelty in his disposition; he delighted chiefly in tormenting the animals he had to play with; he would cripple one and put out the eyes of another. This much alarmed some people; at first they were very apprehensive that he might be as barbarous to

* Francis Bianchini of Verona, author of "Istoria Universale," died 1729.

† John Dominic Cassini, of Perinaldo, a distinguished astronomer, who died in 1712.

‡ Nicholas Malebranche, a celebrated French philosopher, the author of many works, and of the celebrated treatise "On the Search after Truth." He died 1715.

men as he was to his birds, when he should come to have them as much in his power as his playthings. However, it seems pretty well off at present ; and it may, perhaps, be a very prudent thing that they gave him such a turn to hunting ; for that may possibly have diverted those passions to that fashionable persecution of animals which might else have fallen upon his subjects.

Benedict XIII.

What sort of a man is the present Pope ?—He is a good, weak man, who delights in the trifles of religion, and has no notion at all of the spirit of it.

*Bourdelot.**

When the celebrated Father Bourdelot (who has sometimes been called the French Tillotson) was to preach once on a Good Friday, and the proper officer came to attend him to church, his servants said that he was in his study, and that if he pleased he might go up to him. In going upstairs he heard the sound of a violin ; and as the door stood a little ajar, he saw Bourdelot stripped into his cassock, playing a good brisk tune, and dancing to it about his study. He was extremely concerned, for he esteemed that great man highly, and thought he must be run distracted. However, at last, he ven-

tured to tap gently at the door. The Father immediately laid down his violin, hurried on his gown, came to him, and with his usual composed and pleasing look, said, "Oh, sir, is it you? I hope I have not made you stay. I am quite ready to attend you." The poor man, as they were going down, could not help mentioning his surprise at what he had heard and seen. Bourdelot smiled and said, "Indced, you might well be a little surprised, if you don't know anything of my way on these occasions ; but the whole of the matter was this : in thinking over the subject of the day, I found my spirits too much depressed to speak as I ought to do ; so had recourse to my usual method of music and a little motion. It has had its effect ; I am quite in a proper temper ; and go now with pleasure to what I should else have gone to in pain."

St. Peter's, Rome.

Each of the four piers that support the dome of St. Peter's at Rome takes up as much ground as a little chapel and convent, in which one of the architects employed in that work lived ; and yet they do not appear big to the eye, because everything is great about them. They were designed by Michael Angelo, and he insisted earnestly that nothing should be added or altered in his design. Bernini afterwards undertook to make a staircase within each of these

* Died 1704. The name is variously spelt, Bourdaloue, Bourdeleoe, and Bourdelot.

piers; just as they had hollowed and prepared the inside of one of them, the whole building gave a crash (and the Italian tradition says it was as loud as thunder). They put up the stairs in that, but would not attempt any more of them.

*Turenne.**

Marshal Turenne was not only one of the greatest generals, but one of the best-natured men too that ever was in the world. The general used to have a new pair of stockings every week; his gentleman, whose fee the old ones were, had taken them away in the evening and had forgot to put any new ones in their place. The next morning the Marshal was to ride out to reconnoitre the enemy, and rose earlier than usual. The servant whose business it was to dress him, was in a great deal of confusion at not finding any stockings. "It's very odd," says the Marshal, "that I should be allowed no stockings; but 'tis very lucky that I am obliged to *ride* out! Here, give me my boots: they'll do as well; nobody will see whether I have any on or not."

Clement XI.

When Clement XI. had declared in one of his decrees "that any one who held that grace might not be had out of the pale of the Church should be accurst," one

of the cardinals who was complimenting his holiness on that head said he could have wished it had run thus: "Whoever holds that persons out of the Church cannot be saved, let him be accurst." The Pope answered, "That would have been better had it been time for it yet; and that it might be hoped to come to that about a hundred years hence."

Catholics and Protestants.

It was a common saying with the Archbishop of Cambray: "We Catholics go too slow, and our brothers the Protestants go too fast."

Bolingbroke.

Lord Bolingbroke is one of the politest as well as greatest men in the world. He appeared careless in his talk of religion. In this he differed from Fenelon. Lord Bolingbroke outshines you, but then holds himself in and reflects some of his own light, so as to make you appear the less inferior to him. The Archbishop never outshone; but would lead you into truths in such a manner that you thought you discovered them yourself.

Newton.

Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, "I don't know what I may seem to the world, but, as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary,

* Born 1611, killed at Salzbach, 1675.

whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Cavalier.

Cavalier was the first who stirred up the Cevennois. His own imagination was inflamed, and he took advantage of the constitution of his countrymen, who are very subject to epileptic disorders. The agitations which their fits gave them were looked on as the effects of inspiration; and so were made of great service toward carrying on a religious war. They defended themselves long and in a surprising manner against the King's armies. On their dispersion at last, many of them got over into England. Their fits continued when they were here; and on the return of them would give involuntary motions to their bodies and shakings to their limbs. These were what were then called the French prophets. The great aim of their doctrines was the near approach of the millenary state. Everything was to be altered, the hierarchy destroyed, and an uni-

versal theocracy to obtain on earth. I was then at London, learning the mathematics under Fatio; and by his desire went two or three times with him to hear them. He thought all their agitations the effect of a heavenly inspiration; and actually caught them of them himself. When that gentleman was speaking one day of the cause of attraction, he said (with a confidence unusual to him) that he had absolutely discovered it, that it was the ethereal fluid; "and where," added he very gravely, "do you think I discovered it? I was yesterday at a meeting of the prophets, and whilst I was lost in thought it was struck into my mind, like a sudden gleam of light all at once." However this happened, it is the very thing which Sir Isaac Newton has since shown. Sir Isaac himself had a strong inclination to go and hear these prophets, and was restrained from it with difficulty by some of his friends, who feared he might be infected by them as Fatio had been.

ALEXANDER POPE.

1688—1744.

· [“Mr. Pope,” says Pope himself, “was born on the 21st of May, 1688. His first education was extremely loose and disconcerted. He began to learn Latin and Greek together (as is customary in the schools of the Jesuits). He then learned his accidence at Twiford, where he wrote a satire on some faults of his master. He was then a little while at Mr. Deane’s seminary, at Marylebone. After this he taught himself both Latin and Greek.” In 1711 appeared the “Essay on Criticism,” and the “Rape of the Lock.” From 1715 to 1720 he was employed on his translation of the “Iliad,” and on the “Odyssey” 1725-6. The “Dunciad” was published in 1728, the “Essay on Man,” 1734. “Mr. Pope,” says Spence, “died on the 30th of May, 1744, in the evening, but they did not know the exact time, for his departure was so easy that it was imperceptible even to the standers by.”]

Vanity.

One of the few things I have always most wondered at is, that there should be any such thing as human vanity. If I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago ; for I lost my mind for a whole day.

Old Men.

I was acquainted with old men when I was young, which has brought some habits upon me that are troublesome.

Poetry.

If I were to begin the world again, and knew just what I do now, I would never write a verse.

Writing.

There is hardly any laying down particular rules for writing our language. Even Dean Swift’s, which seemed to be the best I ever heard, were, three in four of them, not thoroughly well grounded.

In most doubts whether a word is English or not, or whether such a particular use of it is proper, one has nothing but authority for it. Is it in Sir William Temple, or Locke, or Tillotson? If it be, you may conclude that it is right, or at least won’t be looked upon as wrong.

The great secret how to write well, is to know thoroughly what one writes about, and not to be affected.

The great thing toward speaking or writing well, is to understand the thing perfectly which one is to write or speak about. I scarce ever heard any one speak ill in the House of Commons in an affair which he was well acquainted with.

Metempsychosis.

I am inclined to believe that we may probably have passed through some states of being be-

fore this, though we are not now conscious of our having passed through them; and may possibly pass through other stages without being conscious of this. A child does not know the design of his parents, and may think them severe, while they are only endeavouring to do him good, till he is fourteen or fifteen, or perhaps till he is four or five-and-twenty. It may be thus with us and our great Parent; and we may pass through as many different stages of being as they do through years, before we come to the full opening of our understanding.

The Soul.

Some of Plato's and Cicero's reasoning on the immortality of the soul are very foolish; but the latter's less so than the former's. Without revelation it certainly is a grand *peut-être*.

Betterton.

Archbishop Tillotson was very well acquainted with Betterton, and continued that acquaintance even after he was in that high station. One day, when Betterton came to see him at Lambeth, the prelate asked him "How it came about that after he had made the most moving discourse that he could, was touched most deeply with it himself, and spoke it as feelingly as he was able, yet he could never move people in the church near so much as the other did on the stage?" "That," says Betterton, "I think is easy to be

accounted for; it is because you are only telling them a story, but I am showing them facts."

Imitation.

My first taking to imitating was not out of vanity, but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavoured to mend my manners by copying good strokes from others.

Versification.

I learned versification wholly from Dryden's works, who had improved it much beyond any of our former poets, and would probably have brought it to its perfection had not he been unhappily obliged to write so often in haste.

Cowley.

When Cowley grew sick of the Court he took a first house at Battersea, then at Barnes, and then at Chertsey, always farther and farther from town. In the latter part of his life he showed a sort of aversion for women, and would leave the room when they came in. 'Twas probably from a disappointment in love. He was much in love with his Leonora, who is mentioned at the end of that good ballad of his on his different mistresses. She was married to Dean Sprat's brother, and Cowley never was in love with anybody after.

Cromwell.

The night after King Charles the First was beheaded, my Lord

Southampton and a friend of his got leave to sit up by the body in the banqueting-house at Whitehall. As they were sitting very melancholy there, about two o'clock in the morning they heard the tread of somebody coming very slowly upstairs. By-and-by the door opened, and a man entered, very much muffled up in his cloak, and his face quite hid in it. He approached the body, considered it very attentively for some time, and then shook his head and sighed out the words: "Cruel necessity." He then departed in the same slow and concealed manner he had come in. Lord Southampton used to say that he could not distinguish anything of his face, but that by his voice and gait he took him to be Oliver Cromwell.

Divine Justice.

At present we can only reason of the divine justice from what we know of justice in man. When we are in other scenes we may have truer and nobler ideas of it; but while we are in this life we can only speak from the volume that is laid open before us.

Budgell.

When somebody was speaking to Mr. Addison of Budgell's epilogue to the "Distressed Mother," and said they wondered how so silly a fellow could blunder upon so good a thing, Addison said, "Oh, sir, it was quite another thing when first it was brought to me."

De Foe.

The first part of Robinson Crusoe is very good. De Foe wrote a vast many things, and none bad, though none excellent except this. There is something good in all he has written.

John Dryden.

Dryden lived in Gerrard-street, and used most commonly to write in the ground-room next the street.

Dryden was not a very genteel man; he was intimate with none but poetical men. He was said to be a very good man by all that knew him. He was as plump as Mr. Pitt, of a fresh colour, and a down look, and not very conversable.

Dryden had three or four sons: John, Erasmus, Charles, and perhaps another. One of them was a priest, and another a captain in the Pope's guards. He left his family estate—which was about one hundred and twenty pounds a year—to Charles. The Historiographer's and Poet Laureate's places were worth about three hundred pounds a year to him.

Addison.

Addison was very kind to me at first, but my bitter enmity afterwards.

The worst step Addison ever took was his accepting the Secretary's place. He did it to oblige the Countess of Warwick, and to

qualify himself to be owned for her husband.

Mr. Addison wrote very fluently, but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends, and would alter almost everything that any one of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself, and too much concerned about his character as a poet, or (as he worded it) too solicitous for that kind of praise, which, God knows, is but a very little matter after all.—I wonder then why his letter to Sacheverel was published?—That was not published till after his death; and I daresay he would not have suffered it to be printed had he been living; for he himself used to speak of it as a poor thing. He wrote it when he was very young, and as such gave the characters of some of our best poets in it only by hearsay. Thus his character of Chaucer is diametrically opposite to the truth: he blames him

for want of humour. The character he gives of Spenser is false, too; and I have heard him say that he never read Spenser till fifteen years after he wrote it.

Many of his *Spectators* he wrote very fast, and sent them to the press as soon as they were written. It seems to have been best for him not to have had too much time to correct.

Addison was perfect good company with intimates, and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man; but with any mixture of strangers, and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence.

*Lord Dorset.**

Lord Dorset used to say of a very good-natured dull fellow, "Tis a thousand pities that man is not ill-natured, that one might kick him out of company!"

Sir Richard Steele.†

Steele had the greatest vena-

* Charles Sackville, Lord Dorset, 1637—1706.

† Steele was born in 1671, and died 1729. Old John Dennis, the surly critic, has left a queer picture of Steele's person:—"He is of a middle stature," he wrote, "broad shoulders, thick legs, a shape like a picture of somebody over a farmer's chimney—a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad flat face, and a dusky countenance." As I have mentioned Dennis, I may as well subjoin one or two interesting anecdotes taken down by Spence from his table-talk:—

SHADWELL.—Shadwell's "Squire of Alsatia" took exceedingly at first as an occasional play; it discovered the cant terms that were not before generally known, except to the cheats themselves, and was a good deal instrumental in causing that nest of villains to be regulated by public authority. The story it was built on was a true fact.

OTWAY.—Otway had an intimate friend, one Blackstone, who was shot. The murderer fled toward Dover, and Otway pursued him. In his return he drank water when violently heated, and

tion for Addison, and used to show it in all companies in a particular manner. Addison now and then used to play a little upon him; but he always took it well.

Middling Poets.

Middling poets are no poets at all. There is always a great number of such in each age that are almost totally forgotten in the next. A few curious inquirers may know that there were such men, and that they wrote such and such things; but to the world

so got a fever which was the death of him. [Johnson in his "Life of Otway" gives this anecdote to Pope, which is an error. Johnson, however, inspected Spence's anecdotes in manuscript, and may easily have mistaken the initial D for P. Other accounts report Otway's death from wine when refuged in a public-house from his creditors; and another from suffocation by a crust, which he ate too eagerly in the agony of hunger.]

Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, born about 1658. He was employed in the war of the Spanish Succession, where he distinguished himself by many brilliant achievements. He died 1735. Spence has preserved a fragment of two of his table-talk:—

"A general is only a hangman-in-chief."

"I would willingly live to give that great Barnet the lie in half his history."

"I took a trip once with Penn to his colony of Pennsylvania. The laws there are contained in a small volume, and are so extremely good that there has been no alteration wanted in any one of them since Sir William made them. They have no lawyers. Every one is to tell his own case or some friend for him. They have four persons as judges on the bench, and after the case has been fully

they are as if they had never been.

Judgment.

The mass of mankind are generally right in their judgments.

Peterborough and Bolingbroke.*

Lord Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together, as I was assured by a gentleman who saw him do it when ambassador at Turin. He walked round the room, and told each in his turn what he was to write. One, perhaps, was a letter to the

laid down on both sides, all the four draw lots, and he on whom the lot falls decides the question. "It is a fine country, and the people are neither oppressed by poor's-rates, tythes, nor taxes."

Pope related an anecdote very illustrative of the indomitable spirit of the general. "It is amazing how Lord Peterborough keeps up his spirits under so violent and painful an illness as he is afflicted with. When I went down into Hampshire to see him a few weeks ago, I did not get to him till the dusk of the evening; he was sitting on his couch and entertaining all the company with as much life and sprightliness of conversation as if he had been perfectly well; and when the candles were brought in, I was amazed to see that he looked more like a ghost than a living creature. Dying as he was he went from thence to Bristol, and it was there that it was declared he had no chance for a recovery, but by going through the torture of a very uncommon chyrurgical operation; and that even with it there was a great many more chances against him than for him. However, he would go through it, and the very day after set out from Bristol for Bath in spite of all that St. André and the physicians could say to him."

Emperor, another to an old friend, a third to a mistress, a fourth to a statesman, and so on; yet he carried so many and so different connections in his head all at the same time.

Lord Peterborough was not near so great a genius as Lord Bolingbroke. They were quite unlike. Lord Peterborough, for instance, in the case just mentioned, would say pretty and lively things in his letters, but they would be rather too gay and wandering; whereas, was Lord Bolingbroke to write to the Emperor or to the statesman, he would fix on that point which was the most material, and would set it in the strongest and finest light, and manage it so as to make it the most serviceable to his purpose.

There is one thing in Lord Bolingbroke which seems peculiar to himself. He has so great a memory as well as judgment, that if he is alone and without books, he can sit down by himself and refer to the books or such a particular subject in them in his own mind, and write as fully on it as another man would with all his books about him. He sits like an intelligence, and recollects all the questions within himself.

* Elijah Fenton, born 1683, died 1730. Fenton's opinion of Pope was not so amiable as Pope's of him. "He has told me," says Lord Orrery, "that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him. He had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him to be in the words of Bishop Atterbury, 'mens curva

"The Faëry Queen."

After reading a canto of Spenser two or three days ago to an old lady between seventy and eighty years of age, she said that I had been showing her a gallery of pictures. I don't know how it is, but she said very right. There is something in Spenser that pleases one as strongly in old age as it did in one's youth. I read the "Faëry Queen" when I was about twelve with infinite delight, and I think it gave me as much when I read it over about a year or two ago.

Oldham.

Oldham is a very indelicate writer; he has strong rage, but it is too much like Billingsgate. Lord Rochester had much more delicacy and more knowledge of mankind.

Chaucer.

I read Chaucer still with as much pleasure as almost any of our poets. He is a master of manners, of description, and the first tale-teller in the true, enlivened, natural way.

Fenton.

Fenton is a right honest man. He is fat and indolent, a very good scholar; sits within, and does nothing but read or compose.*

in corpore curvo"—a crooked mind in a crooked body." Pope, when writing of his death, affirmed that "he died of indolence." He was a good scholar and versifier, and his translations in the "Odyssey" are hard to be distinguished from Pope's. He was also the author of a tragedy called "Mariamne."

Letters.

It is idle to say that letters should be written in an easy familiar style. That, like most other general rules, will not hold. The style in letters, as in all other things, should be adapted to the subject.

Lord Oxford.

Lord Oxford was huddled in his thoughts, and obscure in his manner of delivering them. It was he who advised Rowe to learn Spanish; and after all his pains and expectations, only said, "Then, sir, I envy you the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original." "Was not that cruel?" I don't believe it was meant so; it was more like his odd way.

* *Sir Isaac Newton.* *

Sir Isaac Newton, though so deep in algebra and fluxions, could not readily make up a common account; and when he was Master of the Mint, used to get somebody to make out his accounts for him.

Cowley.

Cowley's allowance was at least not above three hundred a-year. He died at Chertsey, and his death was occasioned by a mean acci-

dent, whilst his great friend Dean Sprat was with him on a visit there. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who (according to the fashion of those times) made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late; and had drank so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. The parish still talk of the drunken dean.

*Shadwell.**

The "Virtuoso" of Shadwell does not maintain his character with equal strength to the end; and this was that writer's general fault. Wycherley used to say of him, "That he knew how to start a fool very well; but that he was never able to run him down."

Vice.

As to the general design of Providence, the two extremes of Vice may serve (like two opposite biases) to keep up the balance of things.

When we speak against one capital vice, we ought to speak against its opposite: the middle betwixt both is the point for virtue.

Good.

Perhaps we flatter ourselves when

* Thomas Shadwell, born 1640, died 1692. He was praised by Lord Dorset and Lord Rochester as a wit and an honest man, but probably only to mortify Dryden. But though his writings are not highly poetical, he proved himself a

shrewd observer of human life and capable of a great deal of caustic humour. He is the hero of Dryden's poem of "Macflecko," and is satirized under the name of Og in the same poet's "Absalom and Achitophel."

we think we can do much good. It is mighty well if we can just amuse and keep out of harm's way.

Gower.

There is but little that is worth reading in Gower. He wants the spirit of poetry and the descriptiveness that are in Chaucer.*

Sackville, Lord Dorset.

Mr. Sackville (afterwards the first Earl of Dorset of that name) was the best English poet between Chaucer's and Spenser's time. His tragedy of "Gorboduc" is written in a much poorer style than Shakespeare's was in several of his first plays. Sackville imitates the manners of Seneca's tragedies very closely, and writes without affectation or bombast; the two great sins of our oldest tragic writers. The induction in the "Mirrour for

Magistrates" was written by him too, and is very good and very poetical.†

Drayton—Milton.

Michael Drayton was one of the imitators of Spenser; and Fairfax, another Milton in his first pieces, is an evident follower of Spenser, too; in his famous "Allegro and Penseroso," and a few other pieces.

Sir William Davenant.

That notion of Sir William Davenant being more than a poetical child only of Shakespeare, was common in town; and Sir William himself seemed fond of having it taken for truth.‡

Poetry.

There are three distinct *tours* in poetry: the design, the language, and the versification.

* Coleridge was also of this opinion. Johnson represents him as the first of our authors who can properly be said to have written English.

† Thomas, Lord Dorset, who died in 1608, is remarkable as having produced, in conjunction with Norton, "Gorboduc," said to be the first regular English tragedy. Of this play Sir Philip Sidney wrote:—"It is full of stately speeches, well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca's style, and as full of notable morality, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtain the very end of poetry."

‡ "Sir William Davenant" (says old Chetwood in his "History of the Stage"), "was by many supposed to be the natural son of Shakespeare. He succeeded Ben

Jonson as poet laureate in 1637, and obtained a patent for a company of comedians from King Charles, and was knighted by that monarch. He was accounted a great poet in several branches of that science. His poem of 'Gondibert' is esteemed a noble poem, which he wrote in France during his exile with King Charles II. His works are printed in folio, 1673, which contains seventeen dramatic pieces, besides his poems, with his head crowned with laurel. The features seem to resemble the open countenance of Shakespeare, but the want of a nose gives an odd cast to the face." Davenant died in 1668. Dryden speaks of him as one who had a quick fancy, and an imagination equal to the accomplishment of everything he projected.

After writing a poem, one should correct it all over, with one single view at a time. Thus, for language: if an elegy, "these lines are very good, but are not they of too heroic a strain?" and so *vice versa*. It appears very plainly, from comparing parallel passages touched both in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," that Homer did this; and it is yet plainer that Virgil did so, from the distinct styles he uses in his three sorts of poems. It always answers in him; and so constant an effect could not be the effect of chance.

In versification there is a sensible difference between softness and sweetness that I could distinguish from a boy. Thus, on the same points, Dryden will be found to be softer and Waller sweeter. It is the same with Ovid and Virgil; and Virgil's "Eclogues" in particular are the sweetest poems in the world.

Himself.

If I am a good poet? (for in truth I do not know whether I am or not). But if I should be a good poet, there is one thing I value myself upon, and which can scarce

be said of any of our good poets, and that is, that I have never flattered any man, nor ever received anything of any man for my verses.

Rabelais.

Dr. Swift* was a great reader and admirer of Rabelais; and used sometimes to scold me for not liking him enough. Indeed, there were so many things in his works in which I could not see any manner of meaning driven at, that I could never read him over with any patience.

Lord Oxford.

On somebody saying of a measure proposed, that the people would never bear it, Lord Oxford's answer was, "You don't know how far the good people will bear."

** Moral.*

No writing is good that does not tend to better mankind some way or other. Mr. Waller has said "that he wished everything of his burnt that did not drive some moral." Even in love-verses it may be flung in by the way.

* Swift has epigrammatically given the cause of his acerbity. "All my endeavours to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts." Dr. King called him the most unhappy man on earth. Thackeray has written an essay on his character; but no one will doubt who reads this essay that Thackeray did

not thoroughly understand the dean. We must, indeed, smile at the literal criticism that accepts the most exquisite irony for the dullest matter-of-fact. Charles Fox acutely said, "No one could be an ill-tempered man who wrote so much nonsense as Swift did." Addison has somewhere praised him as the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age.

Futurity.

Our flattering ourselves here with the thoughts of enjoying the company of our friends when in the other world, may be but too like Indians thinking that they shall have their dogs and their horses there.

• *Maxims.*

It is vanity which makes the rake at twenty, the worldly man at forty, and the retired man at sixty. We are apt to think that best in general for which we find ourselves best fitted in particular.

Everybody finds that best and most commendable that he is driving, whilst he is driving it; and does not then suspect what he chooses afterwards, to be half so good.

If a man saw all at first, it would damp his manner of acting; he would not enjoy himself so much in his youth, nor bustle so much in his manhood.

It is best for us to be short-sighted in the different stages of our life, just in the same manner as it is best for us in this world not to know how it is to be with us in the next.

There is no one study that is not capable of delighting us after a little application to it.

True politeness consists in being easy one's self, and in making everybody about one as easy as one can.

Dryden's Plays.

I don't think Dryden so bad a dramatic writer as you seem to do. There are as many things finely said in his plays as almost by any body. Besides his three best ("Al for Love," "Don Sebastian," and the "Spanish Fryar"), there are others that are good; as "Sir Martin Mar-all," "Limberham," and the "Conquest of Mexico." His "Wild Gallant" was written while he was a boy, and is very bad.

Otway.

Otway has written but two tragedies out of six that are pathetic. I believe he did it without much design, as Lillo had done in his "Barnwell." 'Tis a talent of nature rather than an effect of judgment to write so movingly.

Bayle.

He is the only man that ever collected with so much judgment and wrote with so much spirit at the same time.

Virgil.

Virgil's great judgment appears in putting things together, and in picking gold out of the dunghills of the old Roman writers. He borrowed even from his contemporaries, as I think Aulus Gellius tells us. The "Æneid" was evidently a party piece, as much as "Absalom and Achitophel."

Composition.

What terrible moments does one feel, after one has engaged for a large work ! In the beginning of my translating the "Iliad," I wished anybody would hang me a hundred times. It sat so heavily on my mind at first that I often used to dream of it, and do sometimes still. When I fell into the method of translating thirty or forty verses before I got up, and piddled with it the rest of the morning, it went on easy enough ; and when I was thoroughly got into the way of it, I did the rest with pleasure.

Wycherley's Plays.

The chronology of Wycherley's plays I am well acquainted with, for he has told it me over and over. "Love in a Wood" he wrote when he was but nineteen ; "The Gentleman Dancing-Master" at twenty-one ; "The Plain Dealer" at twenty-five ; and "The Country Life" at one or two and thirty.

Duke of Buckingham.

The witty Duke of Buckingham

* There are many odd stories told of this eccentric painter. The following are from the collections of Richardson and Pope :—Pope was sitting by Sir Godfrey's beside, and seeing him impatient at the thought of dying, he told him he had been a very good man and would no doubt go to a better place. "Ah, my good friend Mr. Pope," said he, "I wish God would let me stay at Whifton."—As I was sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller one day (said Pope) whilst he was drawing a picture, he

was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant and wishing the death of her husband ; and after his fall, 'tis said the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt.

Sir Godfrey Kneller.

I paid Sir Godfrey Kneller a visit but two days before he died. I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life. He lying in his bed and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself and the memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster ; a memorial there would be sufficient, and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards ; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life.*

Style.

'There is nothing more foolish than to pretend to be sure of

stopped and said, "I can't do so well as I should do unless you flatter me a little. Pray flatter me, Mr. Pope, you know I love to be flattered." I was willing to try how far his vanity would carry him ; and after considering a picture which he had just finished, for a good while, very attentively, I said to him in French (for he had been talking some time before in that language) "We read in the Bible that God made man after his own image ; but I believe, were he now to design another man, he would copy from that

knowing a great writer by his style.

Lord Bacon.

Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England (or perhaps any country) ever produced.

Genius.

One misfortune of extraordinary geniuses is, that their very friends are more apt to admire than love them.

Rank.

When a man is much above the

picture there." Sir Godfrey turned round and said very gravely, "You are right, Mr. Pope, by — I think so too." Gay read a copy of verses he had made on Sir Godfrey Kneller, to him, in which he had pushed his flattery so far, that he was all the while in great apprehension that Sir Godfrey would think himself bantered. When he had heard them through, he said, in his foreign style and accent, "Ay, Mr. Gay, all what you have said is very true and very true, but you have forgot one thing my good friend; by — I should have been a general of an army, for when I was at Venice, there was a girandole, and all the Place St. Mark was in a smoke of gunpowder, and I did like the smell, Mr. Gay! I should have been a great general, Mr. Gay!" — "By G — I love you, Mr. Cock," said Sir Godfrey Kneller to Cock, the auctioneer, "and I will do you good, but you must do something for me, too, Mr. Cock; one hand can wash the face, but two hands wash one another." Old Jacob Tinson got a great many fine pictures, and two of himself from him, by this means. Sir Godfrey was very covetous, but then he was very vain, and a great glutton, so he played the passions against the other, besides telling him he was the greatest master that ever was,

rank of men, whom can he have to converse with?

His Birth.

I was born in the year 1688. My Essay on Criticism was written in 1709, and published in 1711, which is as little time as ever I let anything of mine lay by me.

*Skelton.**

Skelton's poems are low and bad. There's nothing in them that's worth reading.

sending him every now and then a haunch of venison and dozens of excellent claret. "Oh, my G —, man," said he once to Vanden Gucht, "this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man; you see he loves me; he sends me good things; the venison was fat." Old Geckie the surgeon got several fine pictures of him too, and an excellent one of himself, but then he had them cheaper, for he gave nothing but praises; but then his praises were as fat as Jacob's venison; neither could he too fat for Sir Godfrey. — *Pope.* Secretary Craggs brought Dick Estcourt once to Sir Godfrey Kneller's, where he mimicked several persons whom he knew; as Lords Godolphin, Somers, Halifax, &c. Sir Godfrey was highly delighted, took the joke, and laughed heartily; then they gave him the wink, and he mimicked Sir Godfrey himself, who cried, "Nay, now you are out, man; by — that is not me!" Kneller was born in 1648, a German. He came to London in 1675, and being patronized by the Duke of Monmouth, was made Court Painter. He died 1723.

* John Skelton was born in 1460, and died 1529. Pope in his Essay on Criticism calls him "beastly Skelton." His humour is gross and flippant, and his style has been justly called "a mixture

Gardening.

All gardening is landscape painting.

Self-Love.

Self-love would be a necessary principle in every one, if it were only to serve each as a scale for his love to his neighbour.

James the First.

— absolutely the worst reign we ever had, except perhaps that of James the Second.

His Poems.

The things that I have written fastest always pleased the most. I wrote the Essay on Criticism fast, for I had digested all the matter in prose before I began upon it in verse. The "Rape of the Lock" was written fast; all the machinery was added afterwards, and the making that and what was published before hit so well together, is, I think, one of the greatest proofs of judgment of anything I ever did. I wrote most of the "Iliad" fast; a great deal of it on journeys, from the little pocket Homer on that shelf there, and often forty or fifty verses in a morning in bed. The "Dunciad" cost me as much pains as anything I ever wrote.

Lord Bolingbroke.

Lord Bolingbroke will be more

of slang phrases patched with shreds of French and Latin." He wrote among other interludes, "The Negromancer."

known to posterity as a writer and philosopher than as a statesman. He has several things by him that he will scarce publish, and a good deal that he will.

Lord Bolingbroke is something superior to anything I have seen in human nature. You know I don't deal much in hyperboles: I quite think him what I say.

Lord Bolingbroke is much the best writer of the age. Nobody knows half the extent of his excellences, but two or three of his most intimate friends. Whilst abroad he wrote "A Consolation to a Man in Exile," so much in Seneca's style, that was he living now among us, one should conclude that he had written every word of it.

Jonson and Shakespeare.

It was a general opinion that Ben Jonson and Shakespeare lived in enmity against one another. Betterton has assured me often that there was nothing in it; and that such a supposition was founded only on the two parties, which in their lifetime listed under one, and endeavoured to lessen the character of the other mutually. Dryden used to think that the verses Jonson made on Shakespeare's death had something of satire at the bottom. For my part, I can't discover anything like it in them.

He was laureate both at Cambridge and Oxford, and was promoted to the rectory of Diss, in Norfolk.

Poets.

Waller, Spenser, and Dryden were Mr. Pope's great favourites in the order they are named, in his first reading, till he was about twelve years old.

Addison.

Mr. Addison wrote a letter to Mr. Pope when young, in which he desired him not to list himself under either party. "You," says he, "who will deserve the praise of the whole nation, should never content yourself with the half of it."

"Morose."

There was such a real character as *Morose* in Ben Jonson's time. Dryden somewhere says so, and Mr. Pope had it from Betterton, and he from Sir William Davenant, who lived in Jonson's time, and knew the man. What trash are *his* works taken altogether.

Schools of Poetry.

One might discover schools of the poets as distinctly as schools of the painters, by much converse in them, and a thorough taste of their manner of writing.

French Authors.

Boileau, the first poet of the French, in the same manner as Virgil of the Latin; Malherbe, *longo intervallo*, the second. Racine's character is justness and correctness; Corneille's, passion and life. Corneille stumbles oftenest, and has greater excellences.

"Memoirs of Scriblerus."

The design of the memoirs of Scriblerus was to have ridiculed all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity enough, that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. It was begun by a club of some of the greatest wits of the age—Lord Oxford, the Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Pope, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Swift, and others. Gay often held the pen, and Addison liked it very well and was not disinclined to come into it. The Deipnosophy consisted of disputes on ridiculous tenets of all sorts; and the Adventure of the Shield was designed against Dr. Woodward and the antiquaries. It was Anthony Henley who wrote "The Life of his Music-master, Tom D'Urfey," a chapter by way of episode. It was from a part of these memoirs that Dr. Swift took his first hints for Gulliver. There were pigmies in Schreiber's travels; and the projects of Laputa. The design was carried on much further than appeared in print, and was stopped by some of the gentlemen being dispersed or otherwise engaged (about the year 1715).

Little Poems.

Most little poems should be written by a plan; this method is evident in Tibullus, and Ovid's elegies, and almost all the pieces of the ancients. Horace's "Art of Poetry" was probably only frag

ments of what he designed. It wants the regularity that flows from the following a plan; and there are several passages in it that are hints only of a larger design. This appears as early as at the twenty-third verse—

“Denique sit, quidvis, simplex dumtaxat et unum,”

which looks like the proposal of a subject on which much more was necessary to be said; and yet he goes off to another in the very next line.

A poem on a slight subject requires the greatest care to make it considerable enough to be read.

*Dr. Garth.**

Garth talked in a less libertine manner than he had been used to do about the three last years of his life. He was rather doubtful and fearful than religious. It was usual for him to say, “that if there was any such thing as religion, it was among the Roman Catholics.” Probably from the greater efficacy we give the sacraments. He died a Papist; as I was assured by Mr. Blount, who carried the Father to him in his last illness; and had talked for three or four years as one tired of life; in short, I believe he was willing to let it go.

* Sir Samuel Garth was born in 1672, and died 1719. “Garth,” says Warton, “was a most amiable man. It was said of him ‘that no physician knew his art more nor his trade less.’ The vivacity of his conversation made Garth an uni-

The Cynics.

As L’Esprit, La Rochefoucault, and that sort of people, prove that all virtues are disguised vices; I would engage to prove all vices are disguised virtues. Neither indeed is true; but this would be a more agreeable subject, and would overturn their whole scheme.

Arts.

Arts are taken from nature; and after a thousand vain efforts for improvements, are best when they return to their first simplicity.

A Study.

A study should be built looking cast, as Sir Henry Wotton says in his little piece on architecture; which is good enough; at least the best of his works.

Trees.

A tree is a nobler object than a prince in his coronation clothes. Education leads us from the admiration of beauty in natural objects to the admiration of artificial (or customary) excellence. I don’t doubt but that a thorough bred lady might admire the stars, *because* they twinkle like so many candles at a birth-night.

versal favourite both with Whigs and Tories when party rage ran high.” He is remembered by his poem “The Dispensary,” which contains many vigorous lines.

Lord Rochester.

Lord Rochester was of a very bad turn of mind as well as debauched.*

Wycherley.†

Wycherley died a Romanist, and has owned that religion in my hearing. It was generally thought by this gentleman's friends that he lost his memory by old age; it was not by age, but by accident, as he himself told me often. He remembered as well at sixty years old as he had done ever since forty, when a fever occasioned that loss to him.

* When David Hume wrote that "the very name of Rochester is offensive to modern ears," he probably addressed an audience who were familiar with the writings of Rochester. Certainly the novels of Aphra Behn were read in Hume's day; and Rochester is not fouler than Behn. Dryden, who hated Rochester, professed to despise him "for want of wit;" but this is nonsense, for Rochester had great wit, as much wit probably as Dryden, though he had not Dryden's great poetical genius. Burnet, who knew him intimately, declares that "his wit had in it a peculiar brightness to which none could ever arrive;" and Dr. Johnson, whose abhorrence of such a character as Rochester would have made him very unwilling to praise, asserts that "he was eminent for the vigour of his colloquial wit." The name of Rochester is hardly kept alive by "The Lives of the Poets," and "The History of my Own Times." And those who do not read these books (and Burnet's account of his death, which he miscalls his life) can know little of the eccentric character of a man who, to quote the felicitous brevity of Charles Dibdin, "was brave

Atterbury.‡

When Atterbury was in the Tower, upon its being said in the drawing-room, "What shall we do with the man?" Lord Cadogan answered, "Fling him to the lions." The bishop was told of this; and soon after in a letter to Mr. Pope, said that he had fallen upon some verses in his room, which he must copy out for him to read. These were four extremely severe lines against Lord Cadogan; and in the last, in particular, he called him

"A bold, bad, blundering, blustering, bloody booby!" ‡

with Lord Sandwich upon the coast of Norway, and a coward with Lord Mulgrave in Hyde Park; a porter, a beggar, a fiddler, a mountebank, dissolutely gay, and grossly sensual; with an avidity for knowledge that it might furnish him with the means of mischief, religious in professions, blasphemous in practices, sober for five minutes, and drunk for five years."

† William Wycherley, born 1640, died 1715. He is the most immoral of the immoral writers of that age. "His indecency," says Macaulay, "is protected against the critics as a skunk is protected against the hunters. It is safe because it is too filthy to handle."

‡ Bishop Atterbury, born in 1662, died in 1732, is praised by Macaulay as possessing a mind "inexhaustibly rich in all the resources of controversy, and familiar with the artifices which make falsehood look like truth and ignorance like knowledge." Johnson affirmed Atterbury's sermons to be among the best models for style in the language. Lord Chesterfield tells a curious story of this prelate:—"I went to Mr. Pope one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible with gilt clasps lying

Public Speaking.

I never could speak in public : and I don't believe that if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them, with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the Bishop of Rochester, in his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point (how that bishop spent his time whilst I was with him at Bromley), I made two or three blunders in it ; and that notwithstanding the first row of lords (which was all I could see), were mostly of my acquaintance.

"Ode to St. Cecilia."

Many people would like my "Ode to Music" better if Dryden had not written on that subject. It was at the request of Mr. Steele that I wrote mine ; and not with any thought of rivalling that great man, whose memory I do and have always revered.

Swift.

The picture of Dr. Swift is very

before him upon the table, and as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, asked him jocosely if he was going to write an answer to it ? 'It is a present,' said he, 'or rather a legacy from my old friend the Bishop of Rochester. I went to take leave of him yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this Bible upon the table. After the first compliments, the bishop said to me, 'My friend Pope, considering your infirmities and my age and exile, it is not likely that we should ever meet again, and therefore I give

like him. Though his face has a look of dulness in it, he has very particular eyes ; they are quite azure as the heavens, and there's a very uncommon archness in them.

The Beggar's Opera.

Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing, for some time, but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the "Beggar's Opera." He began on it, and when first he mentioned it to Swift the doctor did not quite like the project. As he carried it on he showed what he wrote to both of us ; and we now and then gave a correction or a word or two of advice ; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, "It would either take greatly or be damned confoundedly." We were all at the

you this legacy to remember me by it.' 'Does your lordship abide by it yourself?' 'I do.' 'If you do, my lord, it is but lately. May I beg to know what new light or arguments have prevailed with you now, to entertain an opinion so contrary to that which you entertained of this book all the former part of your life?' The bishop replied, 'We have not time to talk of these things, but take home the book : I will abide by it, and I recommend you to do so too, and so God bless you.'

first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event; till we were much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, "It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them!" This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the

duke (besides his own good taste) had a more particular knack than any one now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

1690—1762.

[Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was born about 1690, at Thoresby, in Nottinghamshire. Her maiden name was Lady Mary Pierrepont. She was the daughter of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston, and Lady Mary Fielding, daughter of William, Earl of Derby. In 1712 she married Edmund Wortley Montagu, whom she accompanied on his embassy to Constantinople in 1716. Spence calls her "one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet. She is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best natured, cruellest woman in the world." She died in 1762, after a career full of romance and adventure.]

Montesquieu.

Montesquieu, in his Persian Letters, has described the manners and customs of the Turkish ladies as well as if he had been bred up among them.

Turkish Ladies.

The ladies at Constantinople used to be extremely surprised to see me go always with my bosom uncovered. It was in vain that I said everybody did so among us, and added everything I could in defence of it. They could never be reconciled to what they thought so immodest a custom; and one of them, after I had been defend-

ing it to my utmost, said, "Oh, my sultana, you can never defend the manners of your country, even with all your wit; but I see you are in pain for them, and shall press no further."

European Dress.

One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the ladies of the house came to undress me, another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the

other ladies in the bath, "Come hither and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands:—you need boast indeed of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you thus up in a box!"

Portionless Wives.

It was from the customs of the Turks that I first thought of a septennial bill for the benefit of married persons, and of the advantages that might arise from our wives having no portions.

Anti-Knight-Errants.

Sure, there cannot be a more detestable set of beings upon the earth than those anti-knight-errants who run about only to ruin as many ladies as they can.

Beauty.

Lord Bacon makes beauty to consist in grace and motion.

Wits.

It was my fate to be much with the wits; my father was acquainted with all of them. Addison was the best company in the world. I never knew anybody that had so much wit as Congreve. Sir Richard Steele was a very good-natured man; and Dr. Garth a very worthy one.

Latin.

When I was young I was a great admirer of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the

thought of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day, for two years, in my father's library; and so got that language, whilst everybody else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances.

Poetical Parties.

I don't remember that there was any such thing as two parties, one to set up Pope, and the other Addison, as the chief poet of those times. 'Twas a thing that could not bear any dispute.

Pope's Powers.

You are very wrong in thinking that Mr. Pope could write blank verse well: he has got, indeed, a knack of writing the other, but was he to attempt blank verse, I dare say he would appear quite contemptible in it.

Essay on Criticism.

I admired Mr. Pope's Essay on Criticism at first very much, because I had not then read any of the ancient critics, and did not know that it was all stolen.

Gay.

Gay was a good-natured man, and a little poet.

Swift.

Swift has stolen all his humour from Cervantes and Rabelais.

Bolingbroke.

I would never be acquainted with Lord Bolingbroke, because I always looked upon him as a vile man.

Pope's Letters.

I have got fifty or sixty of Mr. Pope's letters by me. You shall see what a goddess he made of me in some of them, though he makes such a devil of me in his writings afterwards, without any reason that I know of.

Pope's Neglect.

I got a common friend to ask Mr. Pope why he had left off visiting me.* He answered negligently that he went as often as he used to do. I then got Dr. Arbuthnot to ask him what Lady Mary

* Lady Mary must have known why Pope left off visiting her. He had made her a proposal of marriage, and she had rejected him. Pope's malignancy has been attributed to his form. His deformity must doubtless much to do with that petulant temper which he exhibited rather in his satires than in his conduct. But his deformity was only an indirect cause of that temper. He had commenced life with a warm heart and generous sympathies. Throughout his life he assuredly exhibited many noble qualities. It was as he grew older, when having come in collision with men he marked their sneers at his curved back, and their senseless jibes at his religion, that his spirit grew rebellious. His life, read by the light of his poetry, does in-

deed resemble the prolonged fit of exasperation which some of his biographers have represented it. But while the apologists of Pope deny the exaggerated acerbity with which he is charged, they may easily soften his real culpability by showing how much he suffered at the hands of nature and of his enemies. His life, he confessed to Arbuthnot, was a long disease. A man never free from pain and sickness, crippled in every faculty but that of his mind, and compelled to look for assistance to discharge the most ordinary affairs of life, may surely be allowed the privilege of being occasionally bad-tempered. Pope from being made pettish by pain was made waspish by ridicule.

Pope's Poetry.

Yes, he writes verses so well that he is in danger of bringing even good verse into disrepute! from his all tune and no meaning.

Addison's Caution.

"Leave him as soon as you can," said Addison to me, speaking of Pope; "he will certainly play you some devilish trick else; he has an appetite to satire."

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VOLTAIRE.

1694—1778.

[Francis Marie Arouet de Voltaire was born at Paris in 1694. He is said, at the early age of twelve, to have written verses superior to anything produced by many of his established contemporaries. In 1716 Voltaire was imprisoned in the Bastille on a groundless suspicion of having libelled the Government. During his confinement, it is said, he projected the scheme of his celebrated poem "The Henriade." On being again unjustly imprisoned he came to England, and passed three years in studying the language. In 1750 he went to Berlin, and, under the title of chamberlain, discharged the duties of the salaried admirer of the king, Frederick the Great. The poet subsequently withdrew to Ferney, where he died, 1778.]

Sword Accommodation.

The Duchesse de Luxembourg, having said, "I sincerely wish our differences with England may be accommodated." "Madame," replied Voltaire, showing her the sword of Marshal Broglio, who was present, "this shall accommodate every difference."

Mæcenas and Virgil.

A man of wit, on his arrival at Ferney, having addressed him with these words, "*Hic est Mæcenas Virgiliusque simul*" ("In you we find both Mæcenas and Virgil"), Voltaire immediately replied, "This ought to be true of one who is honoured with such a visitor."

Rousseau.

"Rousseau despises me because I sometimes neglect to rhyme, and

I despise him because he knows nothing but to rhyme."

Racine.

When he was asked to write a commentary on Racine, as he had done on Corneille, "What would you have me remark?" said he. "I could only write at the bottom of every page, exquisite! beautiful! pathetic!"

Boileau—Racine.

A young scholar having one day spoken slightly of Boileau and Racine, "Softly, young man," said Voltaire; "John and Nicholas are our masters; let us respect them, and endeavour to imitate their beauties."

Milton.

Being asked one day what he thought of the genius of Milton, "The ancients," replied he, "re-

commended us to sacrifice to the Graces, but Milton sacrificed to the Devil."

Originality.

"Originality is nothing but judicious imitation."

Modern History.

"Modern history is rendered insipid by dwelling on trivial incidents fit only for gazettes. The gravity of the ancient historians disdained those minutiae, and only described great and important events. Their pictures, therefore, have more boldness and expression."

Life.

"Life is thick sown with thorns, and I know no other remedy than to pass quickly through them. The longer we dwell on our misfortunes the greater is their power to harm us."

Prolific Literature.

"Methuselah himself, did he exist, could never read all the nonsense which is daily printed. I know not but the scarcity of books among the ancients might be preferable to that multitude of publications which swarm from the presses of London and Paris."

The English.

"Voltaire compared the English to a butt of their own strong beer, the froth at top, dregs at bottom, but the middle excellent."

"Your nation, like your lan-

guage, is a strange mixture of a variety of others. When I behold one of your countrymen fond of the tricks and chicanery of law, I say, there is a Norman who came over with William the Conqueror. When I see another, affable and polite, he has the manners of a Plantagenet; or a third, outrageous and brutal, that, say I, is a Dane."

Discoursing of the history of England, "The hangman," said he, "should be their historian; for he has usually settled their disputes."

Yet he was very fond of speaking English, and conversing in that language with Dr. Franklin. Madame Denis said "she would be very glad if they would speak French, that she might understand and improve by their discourse." "Niece," replied Voltaire, "I own I am proud to be able to speak the language of a Franklin."

La Beaumelle.

Voltaire, after his disputes with La Beaumelle, was told that that writer swore he would pursue him to hell. "Whenever he pleases," replied Voltaire; "he will find no impediment, and he richly merits such a resting-place."

Maupertius.

Speaking of the overbearing disposition of Maupertius in his quarrel with Kœnig, he said, "He resembled the weasel in the fable, who did not care if he put both

heaven and earth in confusion for the sake of a rabbit's hole which he had occupied."

Orpheus.

The Comte de —, coming to Ferney to see Voltaire, the poet said, "You resemble Orpheus, who descended to the habitation of shadows. I am now no more than a shadow." "You are a most paradoxical shadow, then," answered the Comte, "for you emit great light."

Physic.

A young man who intended to study physic, having communicated his design to Voltaire, "What have you undertaken?" said he, smiling. "Why, to convey drugs of which you know but little into a body of which you know still less."

"Regimen is better than physic. Every one should be his own physician. We ought to assist, and not to force nature: but more especially we should learn to suffer, grow old, and die. Some things are salutary, and others hurtful. Eat with moderation what you know by experience agrees with your constitution. Nothing is good for the body but what we can digest. What medicine can procure digestion? Exercise. What will recruit strength? Sleep. What will alleviate incurable evils? Patience."

"The physician's art, like every other, requires genius; nor is it possible to foretell the issue of many

disorders, without that aptness at prognostic which characterizes the physician of genius. A character most rare and estimable, for every profession produces its Virgils and its Mæviuses."

He was told one day that Hippocrates prescribed the blood of asses' foal for madness. "That," said he, "is a remedy which seems to have been invented by some person who laboured under the disease."

His Flattery of Authors.

Some one said to him, "How can you flatter such indifferent writers so extravagantly?" "What would you have me do?" replied he; "I have no other way to get rid of them. Would you have me tell them they are magpies, when they imagine themselves eagles? They would not believe me, and I should but arm their sanity against myself."

Kiuglin's Son.

The President Kiuglin, of Colmar, had a son disordered with the palsy, but of a handsome face. Voltaire, kissing him, said, "Here is the head of Cupid on the body of Lazarus."

Beauty.

He complimented a beautiful woman by telling her, "Your rivals are masterpieces of art; you are a masterpiece of nature."

Bad Declamation.

He once said to a celebrated

actress, who recited her part in his "Irene" negligently, "Really, mademoiselle, it is unnecessary for me to write verses of six feet, if you gulp down three of them."

*Turgot.**

"Turgot began his career by becoming the father of the people."

Turgot, who had the gout badly in his legs, came to see Voltaire when he was in Paris. "When I look on M. Turgot," said Voltaire, "I think I see the statue of Nebuchadnezzar." "Yes," said Turgot, "the feet of clay." "And the head of gold! the head of gold!" replied Voltaire.

An Academy.

A member of a certain academy praised the institution before Voltaire, and called it "The eldest daughter of the French Academy." "Yes," said Voltaire, "she is certainly a good girl, for her exploits have never been much talked of."

Himself.

"I am like the husband of a coquette, whom everybody enjoys more than himself."

Economy.

"Economy is the source of liberality."

* Jacques Turgot, Baron de l'Aulne, eminent French financial minister, died 1781.

Actors.

"Baron was noble and elegant. Mademoiselle Lecouvreur possessed grace, simplicity, and propriety. But we first beheld true pathos in Mademoiselle Dumesnil, when in *Mérope*, with distraction in her eyes and suffocation in her voice, she lifted her palsied hand to stab her child."

"On the stage it is frequently better to impress forcibly than justly."

Fréron.†

He never forgave Fréron. A gentleman, pointing to a toad, said, "There's Fréron." "What has that poor animal done to you," said Voltaire, "that you should abuse it in that manner?"

Haller.‡

Voltaire was once praising Haller, when some one present said, "How much it is to be wished he would speak thus of your works." Voltaire immediately answered, "Perhaps we may both be mistaken."

Taste.

"Taste is not to be hastily acquired. It is at first a labour and not a pleasure. It resembles those games which afford no amusement till we have made some proficiency. I have known several strangers at Paris unable to dis-

† Elie Fréron, 1719—1776.

‡ Albrecht Haller, the father of modern physiology, 1708—1777.

tinguish between the style of Racine and that of Danchet. I have seen them buy new romances instead of *Zaïde*, and have remarked, in several foreign countries, the persons who are the best informed have not always the justest taste; since I have frequently heard them quote, with much satisfaction, the least striking passages in their celebrated authors, not being able to distinguish the real diamonds from the counterfeit. Taste is the lot of a small number only of distinguished minds. The employments which depend on chicane, finance, or commerce, are commonly inimical to the fine arts. It is the disgrace of the human mind that taste is only to be found in a kind of opulent idleness. I knew a clerk in the public offices at Versailles who had an excellent understanding, and would frequently say, 'I am very unfortunate—I have not time to acquire a good taste.'

*Ariosto.**

"He is the greatest of poets. His 'Orlando' is an enchanted palace, in which the grotesque is mixed with the majestic, without either degrading the other. It is at once the 'Iliad,' the 'Odyssey,' and 'Don Quixote.'"

* Voltaire, in his "Essai sur la Poésie épique," speaks of the "Orlando" as "belonging to an inferior class in the school of epic poetry." "It is easier," says he,

Vernet.

M. Vernet, the Raphael of marine painters, came, as well as many other artists, to visit Voltaire. "You," said the poet to him in answer to a compliment, "cannot miss of immortality. Your colours are at once brilliant and durable." "My colours," said the painter, "are by no means so durable as your ink."

Reading.

Voltaire thought that we ought to set bounds to our reading, and that when we had seen a certain number of authors we had seen all.

Telemachus.

"In 'Telemachus' princes are compared to shepherds, bulls, lions, and wolves, greedy of carnage. The author had need of all the charms with which his style abounds to prevent these comparisons from becoming insipid."

Originality.

"The most original writers borrowed one from another. Boiardo has imitated Pulci, and Ariosto Boiardo. The instruction we find in books is like fire. We fetch it from our neighbour, kindle it at home, communicate it to others,

"to paint ogres and giants than heroes, and to go beyond nature than follow her."

and it becomes the property of all."

Beasts.

Voltaire, after having read a work entitled, "The Soul of Beasts," said to one of his friends, "The author is an excellent member of society, but not sufficiently acquainted with the history of his species."

His Activity.

"If I had a hundred bodies, I should weary them all."

Ruling Passion.

Voltaire used to relate, as an instance of the bewitching nature of gaming, that he had known an old woman, formerly addicted to play, and extremely indigent, who used to make broth for some other poor players, for the sake of being permitted to look on.

*Cornicille.**

"What good can I do him by flattering him, or what harm by speaking the truth? Have I undertaken a panegyric or a work of public utility? Truth is preferable to Cornicille, and we ought not to deceive the living out of respect for the dead."

Crébillon.

'*Electra* and *Rhadamistes* are the only two of his pieces that a

man who has the least ear can endure to read. The rest are written in a style totally incorrect. They are filled with unconnected periods, inflated commonplace, and long apostrophes to the gods, i.e. cause he knew not how to address men."

His Plagiarisms.

"My rivals incessantly accuse me of pillaging both the ancients and moderns. We both frequently treat on the same subject, and we both pillage to adorn it. But from the success of their works and of mine, it is manifest I am not the unpardonable thief."

Mankind.

"All the world are not philosophers. We have to do with a number of knaves who never give themselves the trouble to reflect, with a multitude of thieves, drunkards, and brutal persons. Preach to them, if you please, that there is no hell. For my part, I will perpetually sound in my ears that they will be damned if they rob me."

*Petrarch.**

"I doubt much whether Petrarch, though a very great man in the age in which he lived, were equal to our Racine or even to our Quinault. However, if he

greater than his poetry can illustrate, for he was first among the first who restored the literature of the ancients to Europe. His life is copiously written by the Abbé de Sade.

* The great tragic poet of France, died 1684.

† Prosper Jolyot de Crébillon, 1674—1762.

‡ Petrarch's claims upon posterity are

were as ingenious, he certainly was not so natural. I have formerly attempted to translate several of his pieces, but I soon perceived he had often more imagination than taste, and more wit than pathos. Whoever translates Petrarch ought to make a selection."

Tasso.

"How forcible and affecting are his pictures! how just and animated his style! How much superior to the generality of our French poets is this great man! La Motte has translated the 'Iliad' with as much coldness as if it had been the Enchiridion of Epictetus."

Constitutional Diseases.

Somebody having advised Voltaire to make several alterations in one of his pieces, "There are," said he, "constitutional diseases. A person who has a hunchback cannot be cured of it. My child (his poem) has a hunch, yet he is in very good health."

Jean Jacques Rousseau.

VOLTAIRE.—"There is a certain person in your country who has been guilty of a great number of absurdities." W.—"Whom do you mean, sir?" VOLTAIRE.—"One Jean Jacques Rousseau. Do you know him?" W.—"Yes, sir. I saw him once at Butte, in the coach of M. de Montmollin, who was making an airing with him." VOLTAIRE.—"What! does that fellow

ride in a coach? He is become very proud, sure." W.—"He walks, too, sometimes, and climbs up our mountains like a cat." VOLTAIRE.—"He will climb up a ladder one day or other. He was very near being hanged at Paris, and will yet if ever he returns thither." W.—"Hanged, sir! he has all the appearance of an honest man. Good God! what has he done?" VOLTAIRE.—"He has written abominable books. He is a very wicked wretch, an atheist." W.—"You surprise me; why, he goes every Sunday to church." VOLTAIRE.—"What a hypocrite! Well, and what do they say of him in your country? Does anybody desire to see him?" W.—"Everybody, sir. Everybody loves him. His company is sought after everywhere. He is particularly a favourite with my lord (Governor of Neufchâtel)." VOLTAIRE.—"His lordship does not know him; nor do you. Only wait two or three months, and you will see what he is. The people of Montmorenci, where he lives, made bonfires when they found he escaped the gallows. He is a man without faith, honour, or religion."

System-mongers.

Voltaire compared the framers of systems to those who dance a minuet, who are in continual motion without advancing a step, and who conclude by returning to the place whence they set out.

A Caution.

"It is to be remembered that the author of a work of merit should beware of three things—the Title, the Epistle Dedicatory, and the Preface."

*Fontenelle.**

Fontenelle, after the first representation of *Cædipus*, said to the author, "I could wish your verse were not quite so pompous: it would be more easy and flowing, and better suited to tragedy." "Sir," replied Voltaire, "that is a fault I intend to correct, and with that view will go directly and read your pastorals."

Pellegrin.†

On the first performance of one of his tragedies, the success of which was very equivocal, the Abbé Pellegrin complained loudly that Voltaire had stolen some verses from him. "How can you, who are so rich," said he, "thus seize upon the property of another?" "What!" replied Voltaire, "have I stolen from you? I no longer wonder that my piece has met with so little approbation."

Piron.‡

When Piron said to him, after the representation of *Semiramis*,

* Born 1657, died 1757. His "Pluralité des Mondes" sets him very high as a philosopher and writer, but his pastorals are surely poor stuff.

† Born 1663, died 1745. His Apology for Voltaire appeared in 1725.

which was condemned by the greater part of the spectators, "You would have been glad if I had written this piece." "Yes," said Voltaire, "I am still so much your friend."

Perroneau.§

"We cannot always perform ourselves what we advise our friends; and there are people hardy and vain enough to undertake anything. A man of letters having altered some verses in the tragedy of *Irene*, showed them to me. M. Perroneau, who built the magnificent bridge of Neuilly, was present. 'Ah, Monsieur Perroneau,' said I, 'how unfortunate it is you are not acquainted with this gentleman! He would have added another arch to your bridge.'"

Rhyme.

Voltaire was offended with those who were of opinion tragedy might be written in prose. "It is true," he said, "rhyme only renders indifferent poetry still more tiresome. The poet then resembles an unskilful mechanic, who, while the automaton moves, suffers the noise of his springs and pulleys to be heard. The reader is as much fatigued by his rhymes as he himself was while inventing them. His verses consist merely in the

‡ Alexis Piron, author of some poor plays, died 1773.

§ Quere Perronet, born 1708, died 1794.

jingling of syllables. But if both his thoughts and his rhymes are happy, he at once experiences and communicates a pleasure which can only be tasted by a feeling mind and a musical ear."

Metastasio.

When proposals were sent him for a subscription to the works of Metastasio, he said, "I could wish that my name could be placed at the head of the subscribers, in despite of the alphabet."

Criticism.

"Several of the principal wits of France (among others the Prince of Vendôme, the Chevalier de Bouillon, the Abbé de Buffi, who had more understanding than his father, and several companions of

Beauchaumont, Chapelle, and Ninon de l'Enclos*) supping together, were speaking all in their power against La Motte Houdart. The fables of that author had just been published, and were treated by the company with the utmost contempt. They asserted that he was wholly unable to approach the most indifferent fables of La Fontaine. I then mentioned an edition of La Fontaine lately published, and talked of several new fables added from the papers of Madame de Bouillon, one of which I pretended to recite. Accordingly, they were all in transports, and exclaimed, 'How different from the style of La Motte! What precision! what elegance! Every word proves it to be La Fontaine's!' I had been laughing at them. The fable was really La Motte's."

* Ninon de l'Enclos, celebrated for her beauty and wit, was born in 1616. So high was the estimation in which she was held among her contemporaries, that the most eminent authors of her time

did not think it derogatory to consult her on their romances, comedies, and maxims—works which embrace the names of Scarron, Rochefoucauld, and Molière. Died 1705.

ANTONIO COCCHI.

1695—1758.

[Antonio Cocchi was an Italian physician, and was born in 1695. He was celebrated in his day as a philologist and antiquary. His conversations, recorded by Spence, exhibit him as a shrewd and sagacious man possessed of a well-stored mind, equally rich in anecdotic experiences and in observations of life, literature and art. He died in January, 1758.]

Dante.

Dante wrote before we began to be at all refined, and, of course, his celebrated poem is a sort of Gothic work. He is very singular and very beautiful in his similes, and more like Homer than any of our poets since. He was prodigiously learned for the times he lived in, and knew all that a man could then know. Homer in his time was unknown to Italy; and Petrarca boasts of being the first poet that heard him explained. Indeed, in Dante's time there were not above three or four people in all Italy that could read Greek. (One in particular at Viterbo, and two or three elsewhere.) But though he had never seen Homer, he had conversed much with the works of Virgil. His poem got the name of *Commedia* after his death. He somewhere calls Virgil's works *Tragedie* (or sublime poetry); and in deference to him, called

his own *Commedia* (or low); and hence was that word used afterwards by mistake for the title of his poem.

Florence.

Dante, Galileo, and Machiavelli are the three that Florence has ever produced.*

Petrarch—Chiabrera.†

Petrarca is the best of all our lyric poets, though there are several now who are very strenuous in preferring Chiabrera to him. It has divided the wits into two parties. They are called Petrarchists or Chiabrerists, according to the side they take. The dispute turns wholly on their lyric pieces. Chiabrera is not so equal a writer as Petrarca; some of his odes are extremely good, and others full of false thoughts. Those which are his best are lofty and full of fire, after the manner of the Greeks. Petrarca's language

* Michelangelo Buonarroti was a Florentine.

† Gabriel Chiabrera, born 1552, died 1637.

is excellent, and reads extremely well, even though you should fling it into prose. His poetry is often fine, soft, and moving, but he is not without his *concelli* too sometimes.

Tasso—Ariosto.

Tasso followed Ariosto too much in his particular thoughts, so that they are a good deal alike so far; but he was more classically read, and especially in the old critics. He endeavoured also to write on a more correct plan. Sperone brags of finding out and disposing the subjects for him. Ariosto loved the classics too, and, in particular, understood Horace better than any man in his time. When he first came to Rome, Bembo and several of the greatest wits there were endeavouring to get to understand Horace. Ariosto joined them; and they all allowed him to have a greater insight into that author than any of them. "I believe he did not understand Greek?" No, sir; and he owns it in a letter to Bembo. Ariosto was a vast master of poetical language; his imagination is strong, and his descriptions often extremely lively and natural. He wrote his "Orlando" to divert himself, and did not care whether he was correct or no. The great Galileo used to compare that poem

to a melon-field: "You may meet with a very good thing here and there in it (says he), but the whole is of very little value."

The Siege of Paris.

Ariosto, Boiardo,* and Berni have written all on the same subject—the siege of Paris; and took it from an old prose romance called "I Reali di Francia," as the ancients used to write in droves on the siege of Thebes or the siege of Troy.

Berni.†

Berni's way of writing is genteel, and the introductions to each canto in particular are very beautiful.

Origin of "Bumper."

When the English were good Catholics they usually drank the Pope's health in a full glass after dinner, *au bon père* (to the good father), whence your *bumper*.‡

Italian Love of Burlesque.

Why are the Italians, who are a grave, solid people, the most fond of drolleries on the stage, and greater dealers in burlesque than any other nation? Salvini used to say, because when people have a mind to divert themselves, they generally choose what is most different from their ordinary temper and practice as most likely to di-

* Boiardo, the author of the "Orlando Innamorato," died 1499.

† Francesco Berni, died 1536.

‡ Johnson derives the word bumper from bump. Cocchi's derivation is as well known as it is apocryphal.

vert them. That maybe the reason ; but I should not like to acquiesce in it.

Languages in 1732-3.

By a calculation made from the best dictionary for each of the following languages, there are about 20,000 words in the Spanish ; 22,000 in the English ; 25,000 in the Latin ; 30,000 in the French ; 45,000 in the Italian ; 50,000 in the Greek ; and 80,000 in the German. Of the 22,000 words in the English language, there are about 15,000 that a man understands who is before master of Latin, French, and Italian ; and 3,000 more if he be master of German. The other 4,000 are probably the old British.

Old Nick.

As cunning as old Nick, and as wicked as old Nick, were originally meant of our Nicholas Machiavelli, and came afterwards to be perverted to the devil.

Newton.

When I asked Sir Isaac Newton how the study of the mathematics flourished in England, he said, "Not so much as it has done here (Italy), but more than it does in any other country."

Simplicius.

Cardinal Barberini had made some of the objections to Galileo's scheme that are put into the mouth of *Simplicius* (the foolish

character that impersonates the Aristotelians) in Galileo's "Dialogues." This was one of the motives that led to the persecution of so great a man under this same Cardinal when promoted to the papacy.*

Pursuit of Trifles.

The pursuit of the greatest trifles may sometimes have a very good effect. The search after the philosopher's stone has preserved chemistry ; and the following astrology so much in former ages has been the cause of astronomy being so much advanced in ours. Sir Isaac Newton himself has owned that he began with studying judicial astrology, and that it was his pursuit of that vain and idle study which led him into the beauties of, and love for, astronomy.

Tasso.

Tasso's madness, some think, was only a pretended madness. He was caught making too free with a princess of the Duke of Ferrara's family, in which he lived. To save her honour and himself, he from that time (say they) began to play his melancholy tricks. There is a passage in his "Aminta" which may allude to this ; it is in the end of the first act, and is spoken by *Tirsi*, under which character Tasso meant himself.

Barberini succeeded Gregory XV. in 1623, under the name of Urban VIII. He died 1644.

Roman History.

The first 400 years of the Roman history is supposed to have been fabulous by Senator Buonarrotti, and he gives several good reasons for his opinion. He suspects that Rome in particular was built by the Greeks, as Tarentum, Naples, and several other cities in Italy were.

Love-Poetry.

Among all our poets we have not any good love-poet. They all follow Petrarca, and his is not a good love for poetry. Some of Ariosto's rhymes are the best this way, he having formed himself on the ancients, and on Tibullus in particular.

Spaniards.

The Spaniards were at the top of their poetry under the reigns of Charles V. and Philip II. They imitated the Italian poets, and would fain set up Garcilasso della Vega for their Petrarch. Their poetry is generally bad, and even Lope de Vega's is wretched stuff. Gonzalo Perez's translation of the "Odyssey" is very good.

*Machiavelli.**

Machiavelli has generally been called so wicked from people's mistaking the design of his writings. In his "Prince," his design at bottom was to make a despotic government odious. "A despotic prince (says he), to secure himself, must kill such and such people;" —he must so; and therefore no wise people would suffer such a prince. This is the natural consequence, and not that Machiavelli seriously advises people to be wicked.†

The best traditions concerning Machiavelli are that he was a good honest man himself in his way of living; rather weak and ignorant in his private affairs than otherwise. His familiar letters are now in the hands of the Abate del Riccio at Florence; and there are several things in them that show him to have been a good sort of man. He kept the best company, and consorted with good men. We have several societies of men in Florence who (though they are of no religious order) profess a greater strictness and a higher love of religion than ordinary. They are

* Nicolo Machiavelli was born at Florence in 1469. He was placed as secretary in the office of one of the chief officers of the Florentine Court of Chancery, and subsequently made secretary to the Council of Ten, which situation he held for 14 years. He was afterwards employed on many political missions, underwent the torture, and died, June, 1527, aged 59.

† It is related that on being reproved

for the maxims of his "Prince," Machiavelli replied, "If I taught princes how to tyrannize, I also taught the people how to destroy them." But taken either way, the teaching of the "Prince" must be odious; for if the ruler failed in the policy which Machiavelli taught him, he was destroyed; and if the people could not repel the ruler's policy, then the people suffered.

a sort of voluntary religious societies. Machiavelli belonged to one of these confraternities. They used to meet once a week for devotion in a church of theirs, and among other good things, one of the society made a moral discourse or sermon to the rest. There are several of these discourses of Machiavelli's composing in the same Abbe's hands, and one in the great Duke's, on repentance, which were spoken by him in the confraternity he belonged to.*

Copernicus.

It was objected to Copernicus,

in his own days, that if his scheme was true, Venus must appear to us with different phases, just as the moon does. "So she would, I believe," replied he, "if we could see her aright." This was a noble guess at the time, and what has proved to be actually the case, since Galileo has found out new eyes for us.

Kepler.

Kepler, a German, carried things rather farther than Galileo. It was he that found out the gravitation of the planets, but not the proportions of them.

BISHOP Warburton.

1698—1779.

[William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, was born at Newark-upon-Trent, in 1698, was Vicar of Griersley, in Nottinghamshire, in 1726, Preacher to the Society of Lincoln's Inn 1746, and Bishop of Gloucester 1759. He was long the friend and associate of Pope, and besides editing his works, supplied Ruffhead with most of the materials of his life of the poet. The work by which he is best known is "The Divine Legation of Moses." He died 1779.]

Nicholas Rowe.

Rowe, in the opinion of Mr. Pope, maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr.

Addison was justly offended with him for some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself from him, which

Macaulay has with his acute dogmatism attempted to vindicate the personal character of Machiavelli. "It is not strange," says he, "that ordinary readers (he might have added 'and extraordinary writers') should regard the author of such a book as the 'Prince' as the most depraved and shameless of human beings. Wise men, however, have always been inclined to look with great suspicion on the angels and demons of the multitude; and in the

present instance several circumstances have led even superficial observers to question the justice of the vulgar decision. It is notorious that Machiavelli was through life a zealous republican. In the same year in which he composed his manual of king-craft, he suffered imprisonment and torture in the cause of public liberty. It seems inconceivable that the martyr of freedom should have designedly acted as the apostle of tyranny."

Rowe felt very severely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell him poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at his good fortune; which he expressed so naturally that he could not but think him sincere. Addison replied, "I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such that he is struck with any new adventure, and it would affect him just in the same manner if he heard I was going to be hanged." Mr. Pope said "he could not deny but that Mr. Addison understood Rowe well."

• *Pope.*

Mr. Pope never flattered anybody for money in the whole course of his writing. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money, and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in this desire; and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much; but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness. And when the alderman died he left him a legacy of only a hundred pounds, which might have been some thousands, if he had obliged him only with a couplet.

• *Pope's Nephew.*

When Mr. Pope's nephew, who had been used to the sea, refused a very handsome settlement that was offered to him in the West Indies, and said that fifty pounds a year was all he wanted, and that it would make him happy, Mr. Pope (instead of using arguments to persuade him not to refuse so advantageous a proposal) immediately offered to settle the yearly sum upon him which he said would make him happy.

Hidden Doctrines.

A hidden doctrine, as well as a vulgar one, was so necessary, that it was used not only in China and Egypt, but in all the heathen nations of old. The hidden doctrines of the union of the Deity, and of the immortality of the soul, were originally in all the Mysteries, even in those of Cupid and Bacchus.

Idolatry.

The Mysteries at first were the retreats of sense and virtue, till time corrupted them in those of most of the gods (for there were mysteries belonging to each); but more particularly, as was naturally to be expected, in those of Bacchus and Cupid. The general progress of idolatry in most ages has been the same. People began with worshipping the sun, moon, and stars; then, after entering into society, each their public benefactors as such; and lastly, the same as

real divinities, to hide the nonsense of worshipping made gods. Momus, or the complaining against Providence, was originally supposed to be the son of *Nox* and *Chaos*, or *Ignorance* and *Disorder*; but afterwards, when the Greeks grew wicked, it was turned into a character of wit.

English Dictionary.

The chief difficulty in a work of this kind would lie in giving definitions of the names of mixed modes.* As to the names of *things*, they are very well ascertained. It would be difficult, too, to settle what should be done as to the etymologies of words. If given to all, they would be often very trifling and very troublesome; and if given to none, we should miss some very sensible originals of words.

The Abbé Pluche's founding his whole scheme on the original signification of names would not be of any great weight, even though he should not have falsified their significations. The original languages were very narrow in words; so that in them the same word usu-

ally stands for forty different things. Hence it is that one can prove everything to have been derived from terms of agriculture; another, from terms of navigation; a third, from terms of war; and a fourth, from the names of the patriarchs. Pluche, 'tis true, has a simplicity in his scheme, but it should be considered that simplicity may serve falsehood as well as truth; though it is always beautiful, 'tis sometimes fallacious.

Pope's Religion.

He (Warburton) had once a very full and free conversation with Mr. Pope about changing his religion; the persecution allowed and followed by the Church of Rome, he owned, looked like the sign of a false Church. The doctor said, "Why, then, should you not conform with the religion of your country?" He seemed in himself not averse to it, and replied, "There were but two reasons that kept him from it: one, that the doing so would make him a great many enemies, and the other, that it would do nobody else any good."

* "In talking," says Spence, "over the design for a dictionary that might be authoritative for our English writers, Mr. Pope rejected Sir Walter Raleigh twice, as too affected. The list of prose authors (from whose works such a dictionary should be collected) was talked over several times and quite settled." Those named by Pope were Bacon, Hooker, Hobbes, Clarendon, Barrow, Tillotson, Dryden, Temple, Locke, Sprat,

Atterbury, Addison, Swift, and Bolingbroke. Eighteen were named, but four of them (Jonson, L'Estrange, Congreve, and Vanbrugh) were to be considered as authorities only for familiar dialogues and writings of that kind. The authorities named for poetical language were Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Waller, Butler, Milton, Dryden, Prior, and Swift; for burlesque style, Butler and Swift only.

Duchess of Marlborough.

Mr. Pope was offered a very considerable sum by the Duchess of Marlborough if he would have inserted a good character of the duke, and he absolutely refused it. Read his character of the Duchess of Marlborough* to her as that of the Duchess of Buckingham; but she spoke of it afterwards, and said she knew very well whom he meant.

Spence.

Speaking of my (Spence's) attachment to Mr. Pope, the doctor said, "He deserved all that love from you; for I am sure that he loved you very much; and I have heard him say so often and with great warmth."

Pope's Death.

He mentioned Mr. Pope's being so busied a few days before we lost him, in drawing up arguments for the immortality of the soul. (In a fit of delirium he rose at four o'clock, and was found in his library writing: he had said some-

thing about generous wines helping it; whereas spirituous liquors served only to mortalize it.)

Hooke.†

Hooke endeavoured to make a Roman Catholic of the Duchess of Marlborough (he thought she was going off, and would be willing to catch at any twig); and that was the occasion of her breaking with him. After all, he himself is only an odd sort of Catholic in his own mystic way.

Pope.

Mr. Pope was very angry with the vicious part of mankind, but the best-natured man otherwise in the world.

Memoirs of Scriblerus.

The "Episode on his Dancing-master," and all the fragments of the memoirs of Scriblerus, are destroyed.

Pope's Imagination and Judgment.

It is, perhaps, singularly remarkable in Mr. Pope that his judgment was stronger than his imagi-

* The character of *Atossa*.

† Nathaniel Hooke, author of a Roman history, born about 1690, died 1763. He was the friend of Pope, and associated with the chief wits of that age. Spence has recorded a few of his remarks: "The sale of a book may be hurt a great deal by an ill-chosen title. Dr. Cheyne's bookseller absolutely refused to print his book on health unless he would change the title; the original one designed for it was, 'A Treatise on Sanity and Longevity.'" "When the Prince of Orange

was landing at Portsmouth, he began to harangue the populace, and said, 'We are come for your good, for all your goods.'" He used to say, "There were three reasons why a man would choose to live in England: liberty, liberty, liberty!" As a proof of the high estimation in which he was held as a writer, Pope consented to include his name in his list of authorities for a dictionary—Hooke and Middleton. "I think," said he, "there's scarce any more of the living you need name."

nation when he was young. (Witness his "Windsor Forest" and "Essay on Criticism," produced at that period.) His imagination stronger than his judgment when he grew old, and produced the "Essay on Man." This plainly shows that the interclouding of his mind was wholly owing to the weakness of his body (and is very agreeable to what we saw of him in his last month). It was very observable during that time that Mrs. Blount's coming in gave a new turn of spirits, or a temporary strength to him.

. *Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew (said Sir Godfrey), you have the honour of seeing the two greatest men in the world." "I don't know how great you may be (said the Guinea-man), but I don't like your looks; I have often bought a man, much better than both of you together, all muscle and bones, for ten guineas."

Lord Bolingbroke.

Pope was much shocked at hearing Warburton and Hooke talking of Lord Bolingbroke's disbelief of the moral attributes of God. "You must be mistaken," said he. Pope afterwards talked with Lord B. about it, and he denied it all. Some time after Pope told his friends of it with great joy, and said, "I told you I was sure you must be mistaken."

Lord Bolingbroke was overcome with terrors and excessive passion in his last illness. After one of his fits of passion he was overheard by Sir Henry Mildmay complaining to himself, and saying; "What will my poor soul undergo for all these things?"

Socinus.

Socinus and Crellius were very good men, and meant well; the late recovery of reasoning then made them carry it too far. But the modern Socinians, I fear, are not Christians, and pay only that sort of respect to Christ which they might to Socrates.

"Occasional Writer."

Lord Bolingbroke's "Occasional Writer" (the first stroke in his long-continued pursuit against Walpole) is one of the best things he ever wrote.

. *Christianity.*

Christianity seems to have received more hurt from its friends than its enemies, by their making things part of it which are not so, or talking of things as very material to it which are very little so.

. *Wise Men and Fools.*

A very wise man will always have sense enough to see that he is a great deal of a fool; but a *very fool* always looks upon himself as a very wise man.

Lord Granville.

Lord Granville had long wanted to pass an evening with Mr. Pope. When he at last did so, Mr. P. said that the two hours were wholly taken up by his lordship in debating and telling how the first verse in the "*Æneid*" was to be pronounced, and whether we should say Cicero or Kikero. This is what is meant in the two lines

inserted in the "*Dunciad*" on those learned topics.

Jackson—Waterland.

Dr. Warburton compared Jackson, the metaphysical part of whose works were written by Clarke, and Waterland, who borrowed so largely from Bull, to the two broom-sellers: one stole his materials, the other stole brooms ready made.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

1709—1784.

[Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield in 1709. In early life he was usher at a Free School; but the situation proving insupportable, he quitted it with a resolution to earn a maintenance by writing. The incidents of Johnson's life are too well known to detail. In 1747 he printed proposals for an English dictionary, and agreed for £1,575 as the price to be paid for the work. In 1749 "*Irene*" was produced by his friend Garrick. In 1750 he commenced the "*Rambler*," and in 1758 the "*Idler*." In 1762 the king granted him a pension of £300. In 1779 he began the "*Lives of the English Poets*." He died December 19th, 1784.]

The Rod.

My master whipt me very well; without that, sir, I should have done nothing. I would rather have the rod to be the general terror to all, to make them learn, than tell a child if you do thus or thus you will be more esteemed than your brother or sisters. The rod produces an effect which terminates in itself. A child is afraid of being whipped, and gets his task, and there's an end on't. Whereas, by exciting emulation and comparisons of superiority, you lay the foundations of lasting mischief: you

make brothers and sisters hate each other.

Friendship.

If a man does not make new acquaintance as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man, sir, should keep his friendship in constant repair.

Intellectual Labour.

Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labour. But even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be

content to be ignorant than would like even a little trouble to acquire it.

Ghosts.

Sir, I make a distinction between what a man may experience by the mere strength of his imagination and what imagination cannot possibly produce. Thus, suppose I should think that I saw a form and heard a voice say, "Johnson, you are a very wicked fellow, and unless you repent you will certainly be punished;" my own unworthiness is so deeply impressed upon my mind, that I might *imagine* I thus saw and heard, and therefore I should not believe that an external communication had been made to me. But if a form should appear, and a voice should tell me that a particular man had died at a particular place, and a particular hour,—a fact which I had no apprehension of, nor any means of knowing,—and this fact, with all its circumstances, should afterwards be unquestionably proved, I should in that case be persuaded that I had supernatural intelligence imparted to me.

Magnitude of London.

Sir, if you wish to have a just notion of the magnitude of this city, you must not be satisfied with seeing its great streets and squares, but must survey the innumerable little lanes and courts. It is not in the showy evolutions of buildings, but

in the multiplicity of human habitations which are crowded together that the wonderful immensity of London exists.

Historians.

Great abilities are not requisite for an historian; for in historical composition all the greatest powers of the human mind are quiescent. He has facts ready to his hand; so there is no exercise of invention. Imagination is not required in any high degree; only about as much as is used in the lower kinds of poetry. Some penetration, accuracy, and colouring will fit a man for the task, if he can give the application which is necessary.

Reading.

Idleness is a disease which must be combated; but I would not advise a rigid adherence to a particular plan of study. I myself have never persisted in any plan for two days together. A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good. A young man should read five hours in the day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge.

Jacobitism and Whiggism.

A Jacobite, sir, believes in the divine right of kings. He that believes in the divine right of kings believes in a divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of bishops. He that believes in the divine right of bishops be-

liege in the divine authority of the Christian religion. Therefore, sir, a Jacobite is neither an atheist nor a deist. That cannot be said of a Whig, for *Whiggism is a negation of all principle.*

Trifles.

There is nothing, sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.

Gaming.

Sir, I do not call a gamester a dishonest man, but I call him an unsocial man, an unprofitable man. Gaming is a mode of transferring property without producing any intermediate good. Trade gives employment to numbers, and so produces intermediate good.

Duelling.

Sir, as men become in a high degree refined, various causes of offence arise, which are considered to be of such importance, that life must be staked to atone for them, though in reality they are not so. A body that has received a very fine polish may be easily hurt. Before men arrive at this artificial refinement, if one tells his neighbour he lies, his neighbour tells him he lies; if one gives his neighbour a blow, his neighbour gives

him a blow, but in a state of highly-polished society an affront is held to be a serious injury. It must therefore be resented, or, rather, a duel must be fought upon it, as men have agreed to banish from society one who puts up with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, sir, it is never unlawful to fight in self defence. He then who fights a duel does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence, to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven out of society. I could wish there was not that superfluity of refinement, but with such notions no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel.

Scotchmen.

Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be *caught* young.

*Fiddling.**

There is nothing I think in which the power of art is shown so much as in playing on the fiddle. In all other things we can do something at first. Any man will forge a bar of iron if you give him a hammer, not so well as a smith, but tolerably. A man will saw a piece of wood, and make a box, though a clumsy one; but give him a fiddle and a fiddlestick, and he can do nothing.

* Johnson knew nothing of music. "Pray, sir," asked Boswell, "did you ever play on any musical instrument?"—

"No sir," answered Johnson, "I once bought me a fiddlestick, but I never made out a tune."

Books.

People seldom read a book which is given to them, and few are given. The way to spread a work is to sell it at a low price. No man will send to buy a thing that costs even sixpence without an intention to read it.

Irish and Scotch.

The Irish mix better with the English than the Scotch do. Their language is nearer to English; as a proof of which they succeed very well as players, which Scotchmen do not. Then, sir, they have not that extreme nationality which we find in the Scotch. I will do you, Boswell, the justice to say that you are the most *unscottified* of your countrymen. You are almost the only instance of a Scotchman that I have known who did not at every other sentence bring in some other Scotchman.

Conjecture and Knowledge.

Knowledge of all kinds is good. Conjecture as to things useful is good; but conjecture as to things which it would be useless to know—such as whether men went upon all fours—is very idle.

Ancient Estates.

An ancient estate should always go to males. It is mighty foolish to let a stranger have it, because he marries your daughter, and takes your name. As for an estate newly acquired by trade, you may

give it, if you will, to the dog *Towser*, and let him keep his *own* name.

Lawyers.

A lawyer has no business with the justice or injustice of the cause which he undertakes, unless his client asks his opinion, and then he is bound to give it honestly. The justice or injustice of the cause is to be decided by the judge. Consider, sir, what is the purpose of courts of justice. It is that every man may have his cause fairly tried by men appointed to try causes. A lawyer is not to tell what he knows to be a lie; he is not to produce what he knows to be a false deed; but he is not to usurp the province of the jury and the judge, and determine what shall be the effect of evidence, what shall be the result of legal argument. As it rarely happens that a man is fit to plead his own cause, lawyers are a class of the community who, by study and experience, have acquired the art and power of arranging evidence, and of applying to the points at issue what the law has settled. A lawyer is to do for his client all that his client might fairly do for himself if he could. If, by a superiority of attention or knowledge, of skill, and a better method of communication, he has the advantage of his adversary, it is an advantage to which he is entitled. There must always be some advantage, on one side or other, and it is

better that advantage should be had by talents than chance. If lawyers were to undertake no causes till they were sure they were just, a man might be precluded altogether from a trial of his claim, though were it judiciously examined, it might be found a very just claim.

Emigration.

Emigration is hurtful to human happiness, for it spreads mankind, which weakens the defence of a nation, and lessens the comfort of living. Men thinly scattered make a shift, but a bad shift, without many things. A smith is ten miles off: they'll do without a nail or a staple. A tailor is far from them: they'll botch their own clothes. It is being concentrated which produces high convenience.

Reading.

It is strange there should be so little reading in the world, and so much writing. People in general do not willingly read if they can have anything else to amuse them. There must be an external impulse, emulation, or vanity, or avarice. The progress which the understanding makes through a book has more pain than pleasure in it. Language is scanty and inadequate to express the nice gradations and mixtures of our feelings. No man reads a book of science from pure inclination. The books that we do read with pleasure are light

compositions, which contain a quick succession of events.

Writing Verses.

It has been said there is a pleasure in writing, particularly in writing verses. I allow you may have pleasure from writing, after it is over, if you have written well, but you don't go willingly to it again. I know when I have been writing verses I have run my finger down the margin to see how many I had made, and how few I had to make.

Fear of Death.

Some people are not afraid of death, because they look upon salvation as the effect of an absolute decree, and think they feel in themselves the marks of sanctification. Others, and those the most rational, in my opinion, look upon salvation as conditional, and as they never can be sure they have complied with the conditions, they are afraid.

Roman Catholicism.

If you join the Papists externally, they will not interrogate you strictly as to your belief in their tenets. No reasoning Papist believes every article of their faith. There is one side on which a good man might be tempted to embrace it. A good man, of a timorous disposition, in great doubt of his acceptance with God, and pretty credulous, may be glad to be of a church where there are so many

helps to get to heaven. I would be a Papist if I could. I have fear enough, but an obstinate rationality prevents me. I shall never be a Papist, unless on the near approach of death, of which I have a very great terror. I wonder that women are not all Papists.—BOSWELL. They are not more afraid of death than men are. JOHNSON. Because they are less wicked. DR. ADAMS. They are more pious. JOHNSON. No, hang 'em, they are not more pious. A wicked fellow is the most pious when he takes to it. He'll beat you all at piety.

. Living over Again.

Every man would lead his life over again; for every man is willing to go on, and take an addition to his life, which, as he grows older, he has no reason to think will be better, or even so good as what has preceded.

. Hypocrisy in Pleasure.

Sir, no man is a hypocrite in his pleasures.

Painting.

Painting, sir, can illustrate, but cannot inform.

. Gluttony.

Gluttony is, I think, less common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but if once you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little virtue.

Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation.

Tacitus.

Tacitus, sir, seems to me rather to have made notes for an historical work than to have written a history.

Players.

"Players, sir! I look upon them as no better than creatures set upon tables and joint stools to make faces and produce laughter, like dancing dogs." "But, sir, you will allow that some players are better than others?" "Yes, sir; as some dogs dance better than others."

Corneille and Shakespeare.

Corneille is to Shakespeare as a clipped hedge is to a forest.

Sir Richard Steele's Essays.

They are too thin for an Englishman's taste; mere superficial observations on life and manners, without erudition enough to make them keep, like the light French wines, which turn sour with standing awhile, for want of *body*, as we call it.

Solitude.

Solitude is dangerous to reason, without being favourable to virtue. Pleasures of some sort are necessary to the intellectual as to the corporal health; and those who resist gaiety will be likely for the most part to fall a sacrifice to appetite, for the solicitations of sense are always at hand, and a dram to

a vacant and solitary person is a speedy and seducing relief. Remember that the solitary person is certainly luxurious, probably superstitious, and possibly mad. The mind stagnates for want of employment, and is extinguished, like a candle in foul air.

The Law.

The law is the last result of human wisdom acting on human experience for the good of the public.

Bad Dinners.

Wherever the dinner is ill got, there is poverty, or there is avarice, or there is stupidity; in short, the family is somehow grossly wrong; for a man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner; and if he cannot get that well dressed, he should be suspected of inaccuracy in other things.

Officers.

Officers were falsely supposed to have the carriage of gentlemen, whereas no profession left a stronger brand behind it than that of a soldier; and it was the essence of a gentleman's character to bear the visible mark of no profession whatever.

Incivility.

Sir, a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

Misfortunes.

Depend upon it, that if a man talks of his misfortunes there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him; for where there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it.

The Applause of One.

The applause of a single human being is of great consequence.

Helplessness.

Let a man give application, and depend upon it, he will soon get above a despicable state of helplessness, and attain the power of acting for himself.

Apparitions.

A total disbelief of apparitions is adverse to the opinion of the existence of the soul between death and the last day. The question simply is, whether departed spirits ever have the power of making themselves perceptible to us. A man who thinks he has seen an apparition can only be convinced himself; his authority will not convince another; and his conviction, if rational, must be founded on being told something which cannot be known but by supernatural means.

Pretty Women.

Sir, it is a very foolish resolution to resolve not to marry a pretty woman. Beauty is of itself

very estimable. No, sir; I would prefer a pretty woman unless there are objections to her. A pretty woman may be foolish; a pretty woman may be wicked; a pretty woman may not like me. But here is no such danger in marrying a pretty woman as is apprehended. She will not be persecuted if she does not invite persecution. A pretty woman, if she has a mind to be wicked, can find a readier way than another; and that is all.

Conversation.

There must, in the first place, be knowledge; there must be materials. In the second place, there must be a command of words; in the third place, there must be imagination, to place things in such a view as they are not commonly seen in; and, in the fourth place, there must be presence of mind, and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures. This last is an essential requisite; for want of it many people do not excel in conversation. Now, I want it; I throw up the game upon losing a trick.

Merit always Recognised.

I never knew a man of merit neglected; it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success. A man may hide his head in a hole; he may go into the country and publish a book now and then, which nobody reads, and then complain he is neglected. There is no reason why any person should

exert himself for a man who has written a good book; he has not written it for any individual. I may as well make a present to the postman who brings me a letter. When patronage was limited, an author expected to find a Mæcenas, and complained if he did not find one. Why should he complain? This Mæcenas has others as good as he, or others who have got the start of him.

Keeping a Journal.

It is a very good custom to keep a journal for a man's own use; he may write upon a card a day all that is necessary to be written, after he has had experience of life. At first there is a great deal to be written, because there is a great deal of novelty; but when once a man has settled his opinions there is seldom much to be set down.

Detection of Real Abilities.

Sir, it is when you come close to a man in conversation that you discover what his real abilities are. To make a speech in a public assembly is a knack.

Executions.

Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties; the public was gratified by a procession; the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?

A Good Hint.

Sir, when you get silver in change for a guinea, look carefully at it ; you may find some curious piece of coin.

Language.

Language must have come by inspiration. A thousand, nay a million of children could not invent a language. While the organs are pliable there is not understanding enough to form a language ; by the time that there is understanding enough the organs are become stiff. We know that after a certain age we cannot learn to pronounce a new language. No foreigner who comes to England when advanced in life ever pronounces English tolerably well ; at least, such instances are very rare. When I maintain that language must have come by inspiration, I do not mean that inspiration is required for rhetoric and all the beauties of language ; for when once man has language we may conceive that he may gradually form modifications of it. I mean only that inspiration seems to me to be necessary to give man the faculty of speech ; to inform him that he may have speech ; which I think he could no more find out without inspiration than cows or hogs would think of such a faculty.

Cant.

My dear friend, clear your *mind*

of cant. You may *talk* as other people do ; you may say to a man, "Sir, I am your humble servant." You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, "These are bad times ; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times." You don't mind the times. You tell a man, "I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet." You don't care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner ; it is a mode of talking in society ; but don't *think* foolishly.

Garrick and Foote.

Garrick is restrained by some principle ; but Foote has the advantage of an unlimited range. Garrick has some delicacy of feeling ; it is possible to put him out ; you may get the better of him ; but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew. When you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head and makes his escape.

Samuel Richardson, the Novelist.

His perpetual study was to ward off petty inconveniences and procure petty pleasures ; that his love of continual superiority was such that he took care to be always surrounded by women, who listened to him implicitly, and did not venture to controvert his opinions ;

and that his desire of distinction was so great, he used to give large vails to the Speaker Onslow's servants, that they might treat him with respect.

'Fame.

Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck only at one end of the room it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up it must be struck at both ends.

The Irish.

Sir, the Irish are a *fair people*; they never speak well of one another.

'Getting Money.

There are a few ways in which a man can be more innocently employed than in getting money.

Mésalliance.

Were I a man of rank, I would not let a daughter starve who had made a mean marriage; but having voluntarily degraded herself from the station she was originally entitled to hold, I would support her only in that which she herself had chosen; and would not put her on a level with my other daughters. You are to consider that it is our duty to maintain the subordination of civilized society; and when there is a gross and shameful deviation from rank, it should be punished, so as to deter others from the same perversion.

Charles II. and George II.

Charles II. was licentious in his

practice, but he always had a reverence for what was good. Charles II. knew his people, and rewarded merit. The Church was at no time better filled than in his reign. He was the best king we have had from his time till the reign of his present Majesty (George III.), except James II., who was a very good king, but unhappily believed that it was necessary for the salvation of his subjects that they should be Roman Catholics. *He* had the merit of endeavouring to do what he thought was for the salvation of the souls of his subjects, till he lost a great empire. *We*, who thought we should *not* be saved if we were Roman Catholics, had the merit of maintaining our religion at the expense of submitting ourselves to the government of King William (for it could not be done otherwise)—to the government of one of the most worthless scoundrels that ever existed. No, Charles II. was not such a man as George II. He did not destroy his father's will. He took money, indeed, from France, but he did not let the French fleet pass ours. George I. knew nothing, and desired to know nothing; did nothing, and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is, that he wished to restore the Crown to the hereditary successor.

Patriotism.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.

Money Well Spent.

No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic satisfaction. A man is pleased that his wife is as well dressed as other people; and a wife is pleased that she is dressed.

Knowledge.

All knowledge is of itself of some value. There is nothing so minute or inconsiderable that I would not rather know it than not. In the same manner, all power, of whatever sort, is of itself desirable. A man would not submit to learn to hem a ruffle of his wife, or his wife's maid; but if a mere wish could attain it, he would rather wish to be able to hem a ruffle.

Hell.

Sir, hell is paved with good intentions.*

Flattery.

Flattery pleases very generally. In the first place, the flatterer may think what he says to be true; but in the second place, whether he thinks so or not, he certainly thinks those whom he flatters of consequence enough to be flattered.

Convents.

It is as unreasonable for a man to go into a Carthusian convent for fear of being immoral as a man to cut off his hands for fear he

should steal. There is, indeed, great resolution in the immediate act of dismembering himself; but when that is once done, he has no longer any merit; for though it is out of his power to steal, yet he may all his life be a thief in his heart. So, when a man has once become a Carthusian he is obliged to continue so, whether he chooses or not. Their silence, too, is absurd. We read in the Gospel of the apostles being sent to preach, but not to hold their tongues. All severity that does not tend to increase good, or prevent evil, is idle. I said to the lady abbess of a convent, "Madam, you are here, not for the love of virtue, but the fear of vice." She said "she should remember this as long as she lived."

The Art of Drinking.

A man who has been drinking^{any} wine at all freely should never go into a new company. With those who have partaken of wine with him he may be pretty well in unison; but he will probably be offensive, or appear ridiculous, to other people.

Paying Court.

Sir, I was never near enough great men to court them. You may be prudently attached to great men, and yet independent. You are not to do what

* "This," says Malone, "is a proverbial expression. 'Hell,' says Herbert,

'is full of good meanings and intentions.'"—*Jacula Prudentum.*

you think wrong; and, sir, you are to calculate and not pay too dear for what you may get. You must not give a shilling's worth of court for a sixpence' worth of good; but if you can get a shilling's worth of good for a sixpence' worth of court, you are a fool if you do not pay court.

• *Human Equality.*

So far is it from being true that men are naturally equal, that no two people can be half an hour together but one shall acquire an evident superiority over the other.

*Whitfield's Popularity.**

His popularity, sir, is chiefly owing to the peculiarity of his nanner. He would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightgown in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree.

Conversion.

A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere: he parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains; there is so much *laceration* of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting.

The Marriage Service.

Our marriage service is too refined. It is calculated only for the best kind of marriages; whereas we should have a form for matches of convenience, of which there are many.

• *Foppery.*

Foppery is never cured; it is the bad stamina of the mind, which, like those of the body, are never rectified; once a coxcomb and always a coxcomb.

• *Breeding.*

Adventitious accomplishments may be possessed by all ranks; but one may easily distinguish the *born gentlewoman*.

Irish Clergymen.

Swift was a man of great parts, and the instrument of much good to his country. Berkeley was a profound scholar, as well as a man of fine imagination; but Usher was the great luminary of the Irish Church, and a greater no Church could boast of: at least, in modern times.

Parvenus.

Sir, riches do not gain hearty respect; they only procure external attention. A very rich man, from very low beginnings, may buy his election in a borough; but *ceteris paribus*, a man of family will be preferred. People will

* George Whitfield, founder of the Calvinistic Methodists, 1714—1770. Benjamin Franklin has left an eloquent tribute to his power as a preacher.

prefer a man for whose father their fathers have voted, though they should get no more money, or even less. That shows that the respect for family is not merely fanciful, but has an actual operation. If gentlemen of family would allow the rich upstarts to spend their money profusely, which they are ready enough to do, and not vie with them in expense, the upstarts would soon be at an end, and the gentlemen would remain; but if the gentlemen will vie in expense with the upstarts, which is very foolish, they must be ruined.

Marriage.

Sir, it is so far from being natural for a man and woman to live in a state of marriage, that we find that all the motives which they have for remaining in that connection, and the restraints which civilized society imposes to prevent separation, are hardly sufficient to keep them together.

Love of Money in Children.

Do not discourage your children from hoarding if they have a taste to it; whoever lays up his penny rather than part with it for a cake, at least is not the slave of gross appetite; and shows, besides, a preference, always to be esteemed, of the future to the present moment. Such a mind may be made a good one; but the natural spendthrift, who grasps his pleasures greedily and coarsely, and cares for nothing but immediate

indulgence, is very little to be valued above a negro.

An Anecdote.

A person had for these last five weeks often called at my door, but would not leave his name or other message, but that he wished to speak with me. At last we met, and he told me he was oppressed by scruples of conscience. I blamed him gently for not applying, as the rules of our Church direct, to his parish priest or other discreet clergyman; when, after some compliments on his part, he told me he was clerk to a very eminent trader, at whose warehouses much business consisted in packing goods in order to go abroad; that he was often tempted to take paper and pack-thread enough for his own use, and that he had indeed done so so often, that he could recollect no time when he had ever bought any for himself. "But probably," said I, "your master was wholly indifferent with regard to such trivial emoluments; you had better ask for it at once, and so take your trifles with consent." "Oh, sir," replies the visitor, "my master bid me have as much as I pleased, and was half angry when I talked to him about it." "Then pray, sir," said I, "tease me no more with such airy nothings:"—and was going on to be very angry when I recollected that the fellow might be mad, perhaps; so I asked him when he left the counting-house of an evening? "At seven o'clock, sir." "And

when do you go to bed, sir?" "At twelve o'clock." "Then," replied I, "I have at least learned this much by my new acquaintance,—that five hours of the four-and-twenty unemployed are enough for a man to go mad in; so I would advise you, sir, to study algebra, if you are not an adept already in it; your head would get less *muddy*, and you will leave off tormenting your neighbours about paper and pack-thread, while we all live together in a world that is bursting with sin and sorrow." It is, perhaps, needless to say this visitor came no more.

Parents and Daughters.

I would encourage parents to carry their daughters early and much into company; for what harm can be done before so many witnesses? Solitude is the surest nurse of all prurient passions; and a girl in the hurry of preparation, or tumult of gaiety, has neither inclination nor leisure to let tender expressions soften or sink into her heart. The ball, the show, are not the dangerous places: no, it is the private friend, the kind consolers, the companion of the easy vacant hour, whose compliance with her opinions can flatter her vanity, and whose conversation can first soothe, without ever shielding her mind—that is the lover to be feared. He who buzzes in her ear at Court, or at the opera, must be contented to buzz in vain.

Pity.

Pity is not natural to man. Children are always cruel. Savages are always cruel. Pity is acquired and improved by the cultivation of reason. We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress, without pity; for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them. When I am on my way to dine with a friend, and, finding it late, bid the coachman make haste, if I happen to attend when he whips his horses, I may feel unpleasantly that the animals are put to pain, but I do not wish him to desist; no, sir, I wish him to drive on.

David Hume's Style.

His style is not English; the structure of his sentences is French. Now the French structure and the English structure may, in the nature of things, be equally good; but if you allow that the English language is established, he is wrong. My name might originally have been Nicholson as well as Johnson; but were you to call me Nicholson now, you would call me very absurdly.

Female Preachers.

Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs; it is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all.

Eating.

Some people have a foolish way

of not minding, or pretending not to mind, what they eat. For my part, I mind my belly very studiously and very carefully ; for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else.

• *Happiness.*

That all who are happy are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally *satisfied*, but not equally *happy*. Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher.

The Advantages of Fortune and Rank.

In civilized society we all depend upon each other, and our happiness is very much owing to the good opinion of mankind. Now, sir, in civilized society external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. Sir, you may analyse this, and say, "What is there in it?" but that will avail you nothing ; for it is a part of a general system. Pound St. Paul's church into atoms, and consider any single atom ; it is, to be sure, good for nothing. But put all these atoms together, and you have St. Paul's church. So it is with human felicity, which is made up of many ingredients, each of which may be

shown to be very insignificant. In civilized society personal merit will not serve you so much as money will. Sir, you make the experiment. Go into the street, and give one man a lecture on morality, and another a shilling, and see which will respect you most. If you wish only to support nature, Sir William Petty fixes your allowance at three pounds a year. But as times are much altered, let us call it six pounds. This sum will fill your belly, shelter you from the weather, and even get you a strong lasting coat, supposing it to be made of good bull's hide. Now, sir, all beyond this is artificial, and is desired in order to obtain a greater degree of respect from our fellow-creatures. And, sir, if six hundred pounds a year procure a man more consequence and of course more happiness than six pounds a year, the same proportion will hold as to six thousand, and so on, as far as opulence can be carried. Perhaps he who has a large fortune may not be so happy as he who has a small one ; but that must proceed from other causes than from his having the large fortune, for *cæteris paribus*, he who is rich in civilized society must be happier than he who is poor, as riches (if properly used, and it is a man's fault if they are not) must be productive of the highest advantages. Money to be sure, of itself, is of no use, for its only use is to part with it. Rousseau, and all those who deal in para-

doxes, are led away by a childish desire of novelty. When I was a boy, I used always to choose the wrong side of a debate, because most ingenious things, that is to say, most new things, could be said upon it. Sir, there is nothing for which you may not muster up more plausible arguments than those which are urged against wealth and other external advantages. Why, now, there is stealing—why should it be thought a crime? When we consider by what unjust methods property has been often acquired, and that what was unjustly got it must be unjust to keep, where is the harm in one man's taking the property of another from him? Besides, sir, when we consider the bad use that many people make of their property, and how much better use the thief may make of it, it may be defended as a very allowable practice. Yet, sir, the experience of mankind has discovered stealing to be so very bad a thing, that they make no scruple to hang a man for it. When I was running about this town, a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty, but I was at the same time very sorry to be poor. Sir, all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune. So you hear people talking how miserable

a king must be, and yet they all wish to be in his place.

Anecdotes.

I love anecdotes. I fancy mankind may come in time to write all aphoristically, except in narrative; grow weary of preparation, and connection, and illustration, and all these arts by which a big book is made. If a man is to wait till he weaves anecdotes into a system, he may be long in getting them, and get but few, in comparison of what we might get.

Writing.

A man may write at any time, if he will set himself *doggadly* to it.

Power and Judgment.

It is wonderful how much time some people will consume in dressing; taking up a thing and looking at it, and laying it down, and taking it up again. Every one should get the habit of doing it quickly. I would say to a young divine, Here is your text, let me see how soon you can make a sermon. Then I'd say, Let me see how much better you can make it. Thus I should see both his powers and his judgment.

The Sabbath.

Sunday should be different from other days. People may walk, but not throw stones at birds. There may be relaxation, but there should be no levity.

Politeness.

Politeness is fictitious benevolence. It supplies the place of it among those who see each other only in public, or but little. Depend upon it, the want of it never fails to produce something disagreeable to one or other. I have always applied to good breeding, what Addison in his "Cato" says of honour:—

Honour's a sacred tie: the law of
Kings;

The noble mind's distinguishing per-
fection;

That aids and strengthens virtue where
it meets her,

And imitates her actions where she is
not.

Relations.

Every man who comes into the world has need of friends. If he has to get them for himself, half his life is spent before his merit is known. Relations are a man's ready friends, who support him. When a man is in real distress he flies into the arms of his relations. An old lawyer, who had much experience in making wills, told me, that after people had deliberated long, and thought of many for their executors, they settled at last by fixing on their relations. This shows the universality of the principle.

Moral Evil.

Moral evil is occasioned by free will, which implies choice between good and evil. With all the evil that there is, there is no man but

would rather be a free agent, than a mere machine without the evil; and what is best for each individual must be best for the whole. If a man would rather be a machine, I cannot argue with him. He is a different being from me.

Maritime Life.

Sir, no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into a jail; for being in a ship is being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned.

Death.

No wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to go into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation; for however unhappy any man's existence may be, he yet would rather have it than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of God through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Cunning.

Cunning has effect from the credulity of others, rather than from the abilities of those who are cunning. It requires no extraordinary talents to lie and deceive.

Choosing Wives.

Some cunning men choose fools for their wives, thinking to manage them, but they always fail. There is a spaniel fool and a mule fool.

The spaniel fool may be made to do by beating. The mule fool will neither do by words nor blows ; and the spaniel fool often turns mule at last ; and suppose a fool to be made do pretty well, you must have the continual trouble of making her do. Depend upon it, no woman is the worse for sense and knowledge.

Gratitude.

Sir, gratitude is a fruit of great cultivation ; you do not find it among gross people.

English Hunting.

The English are the only nation who ride hard a-hunting. Frenchman goes out upon a managed horse, and capers in the field, and no more thinks of leaping a hedge than of mounting a breach. Lord Powerscourt laid a wager in France that he would ride a great many miles in a certain short time. The French academicians set to work, and calculated that, from the resistance of the air, it was impossible. His lordship, however, performed it.

Labour and Wages.

It is difficult for a farmer in England to find day-labourers, because the lowest manufacturers can always get more than a day-labourer. It is of no consequence how high the wages of manufacturers are ; but it would be of very bad consequence to raise the wages of those who procure the

immediate necessities of life, for that would raise the price of provisions. Here, then, is a problem for politicians. It is not reasonable that the most useful body of men should be the worse paid ; yet it does not appear how it can be ordered otherwise. It were to be wished that a mode for its being otherwise could be found out. In the meantime it is better to give temporary assistance by charitable contributions to poor labourers, at times when provisions are high, than to raise their wages because, if wages are once raised, they will never get down again.

Adverse Criticism.

Attacks on authors do them much service. A man who tells me my play is very bad is less my enemy than he who lets it die in silence. A man whose business it is to be talked of is much helped by being attacked.

Marriages.

I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.

Personality.

Never speak of a man in his own presence. It is always indelicate, and may be offensive.

Questioning.

Questioning is not the mode of conversation among gentlemen. It is assuming a superiority, and it is particularly wrong to question a man concerning himself. There may be parts of his former life which he may not wish to be made known to other persons, or even brought to his own recollection.

Self-disparagement.

A man should be careful never to tell tales of himself to his own disadvantage. People may be amused, and laugh at the time; but they will be remembered and brought out against him on some subsequent occasion.

Marrying for Love.

It is commonly a weak man who marries for love.

Writing for Money.

No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.

Grief.

While grief is fresh, every attempt to divert only irritates. You must wait till grief be *digested*, and then amusement will dissipate the remains of it.

The "Spectator."

It is wonderful there is such a proportion of bad papers in the half of the work which was not

written by Addison; for there was all the world to write that off, yet not a half of that half is good. One of the finest pieces in the English language is the paper on "Novelty" (No. 626), yet we do not hear it talked of. It was written by Grove, a dissenting teacher.

Translations.

You may translate books of science exactly. You may also translate history, in so far as it is not embellished with oratory, which is poetical. Poetry, indeed, cannot be translated; and therefore it is the poets that preserve languages; for we would not be at the trouble to learn a language if we could have all that is written in it just as well in a translation. But as the beauties of poetry cannot be preserved in any language, except that in which it was originally written, we learn the language.

Happiness of Mankind.

That man is never happy for the present is so true that all his relief from unhappiness is only for getting himself for a little while. Life is a progress from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment.

Gentility.

An elegant manner and easiness of behaviour are acquired gradually and imperceptibly. No man

can say "I'll be genteel." There are ten genteel women for one genteel man, because they are more restrained. A man without some degree of restraint is insufferable; but we are all less restrained than women. Were a woman sitting in company to put out her legs before her as most men do, we should be tempted to kick them.

Negative Qualities.

A man will please more upon the whole by negative qualities than by positive; by never offending than by giving a great deal of delight. In the first place, men hate more steadily than they love, and if I have said something to hurt a man once, I shall not get the better of this by saying many things to please him.

Johnson's Idea of Happiness.

If I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman; but she should be one that could understand me, and would add something to the conversation.

Madmen.

A madman loves to be with people whom he fears; not as a dog fears the lash, but of whom he stands in awe. Madmen are all sensual in the lower stages of the distemper. They are eager for

gratification to soothe their minds, and divert their minds from the misery which they suffer; but when they grow very ill pleasure is too weak for them, and they seek for pain. Employment, sir, and hardships prevent melancholy. I suppose, in all our army in America, there was not one man who went mad.

London.

Sir, you find no man, at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, sir, when a man is tired of London he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.

Truthfulness.

Accustom your children constantly to this: if a thing happened at one window, and they when relating it say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them. You do not know where deviation from truth will end.

Value of Dexterity.

Everything that enlarges the sphere of human powers, that shows man he can do what he thought he could not do, is valuable. The first man who balanced a straw upon his nose; Johnson, who rode upon three horses at a time: in short, all such men deserve the applause of mankind, not on account of the use of what they did, but of the dexterity which they exhibited.

Proof of Honesty.

To resist temptation once is not a sufficient proof of honesty. If a servant, indeed, were to resist the continued temptation of silver lying in a window, as some people let it lie, when he is sure his master does not know how much there is of it, he would give a strong proof of honesty. But this is a proof to which you have no right to put a man. You know, humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, in so far as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury; and, if he is overcome, you share his guilt.

Scotland.

Seeing Scotland is only seeing a worse England. It is seeing the flower gradually fading away to the naked stalk.

Americans.

I am willing to love all mankind except an American.

Clerical Life.

Sir, the life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have Chancery suits upon my hands than the cure of souls. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life.

Egotism.

A man cannot with propriety speak of himself, except he relates simple facts: as, "I was at Richmond;" or what depends on mensuration, as, "I am six feet high." He is sure he has been at Richmond; he is sure he is six feet high; but he cannot be sure he is wise, or that he has any other excellence. Then all censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much he can spare. It has all the invidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood.

Value of General Cowardice.

Were one-half of mankind brave and one-half cowards, the brave would always be beating the cowards. Were all brave, they would lead an uneasy sort of life; all would be continually fighting; but being all cowards, we go on very well.

High People.

High people, sir, are the best. Take a hundred ladies of quality; you'll find them better wives, better mothers, more willing to sacrifice their own pleasure to their children than a hundred other women. Tradeswomen (I mean the wives of tradesmen) in the city, who are worth from ten to fifteen thousand pounds, are the worst creatures upon the earth, grossly ignorant, and thinking viciousness fashionable. Farmers, I think, are often

worthless fellows. Few lords will cheat, and if they do they will be ashamed of it; farmers cheat, and are not ashamed of it; they have all the sensual vices, too, of the nobility, with cheating into the bargain.

Distinctions of Drink.

Claret is the liquor for boys, port for men; but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.

Education.

I am always for getting a boy forward in his learning, for that is sure good. I would let him at first read *any* English book which happens to engage his attention; because you have done a great deal when you have brought him to have entertainment from a book. He'll get better books afterwards.

Contradiction.

To be contradicted in order to force you to talk is mighty unpleasant. You *shine* indeed, but it is by being *ground*.

Living in India.

A man had better have ten thousand pounds at the end of ten years passed in England than twenty thousand pounds at the end of ten years passed in India, because you must compute what you *give* for money; and the man who has lived ten years in India has given up ten years of social comfort, and all those advantages

which arise from living in England.

Condescension.

There is nothing more likely to betray a man into absurdity than *condescension*, when he seems to suppose his understanding too powerful for his company.

Authors and Books.

RICHARDSON.—Richardson could not be content to sail quietly down the stream of reputation without longing to taste the froth from every stroke of the oar.

CHESTERFIELD.—This man, I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.

JAMES THOMSON.—Thomson had a true poetical genius, the power of viewing everything in a poetical light. His fault is such a cloud of words sometimes that the sense can hardly peep through. Sniels, who compiled Cibber's "Lives of the Poets," was one day sitting with me. I took down Thomson, and read aloud a large portion of him, and then asked, "Is not this fine?" Shiels having expressed the highest admiration, "Well, sir, said I, "I have omitted every other line."

HUME.—Sir, Hume is a Tory by chance, as being a Scotchman, but not upon a principle of duty, for he has no principle. If he is anything, he is a Hobbist.

GRAY.—Sir, I don't think Gray

a first-rate poet. He has not a bold imagination, nor much command of words. The obscurity in which he has involved himself will not persuade us that he is sublime.

WILLIAM KENRICK.*—He is one of the many who have made themselves *public* without making themselves *known*.

BISHOP HURD.†—Hurd, sir, is one of a set of men who account for everything systematically. For instance, it has been a fashion to wear scarlet breeches. These men would tell you that according to causes and effects, no other wear could have been at that time chosen.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON. — You must look upon Robertson's work as romance, and try it by that standard. History it is not. Besides, sir, it is the great excellence of a writer to put into his book as much as his book will hold. Now, Robertson might have put twice as much into his book. Robertson is like a man who has packed gold in wool; the wool takes up more room than the gold.

* William Kenrick, born 1720, a ruffianly critic, without principle or ability, who, having persecuted Goldsmith, ended in bringing a disgusting charge against Garrick, the great actor. He died 1779.

† Hurd was born in 1720. He was a distinguished scholar, and of exemplary piety. He injured, perhaps, his reputation among his contemporaries by the somewhat obsequious homage he paid to Bishop Warburton. Died 1808.

‡ John Wilkes the "patriot." "His

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—The most invulnerable man I know; whom, if I should quarrel with, I should find the most difficult man to abuse.

AKENSIDE.—Akenside was a superior poet, both to Gray and Mason.

WILKES.—Did we not hear so much of Jack Wilkes we should think more highly of his conversation. Jack has a great variety of talk, Jack is a scholar, and Jack has the manners of a gentleman.‡

DR. THOMAS PERCY.—He is a man very willing to learn, and very able to teach; a man out of whose company I never go without having learnt something. It is true that he vexes me sometimes, but I am afraid that it is by his making me feel my own ignorance. So much extension of mind, and so much minute accuracy of inquiry, if you survey your whole circle of acquaintance, you will find so scarce, if you find it at all, that you will value Percy by comparison.§

GOLDSMITH.—No man was more

sprightly conversation," says Macaulay, "was the delight of green-rooms and taverns, and pleased even grave hearers when he was sufficiently under restraint to abstain from detailing the particulars of his amours and from breaking jests on the New Testament." He died in 1797.

§ Thomas Percy, best known by his "Reliques." He was the author of the popular song, "Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" Born 1728, died 1811.

foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had.

BURKE.—Burke, sir, is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you'd say, "This is an extraordinary man."

CHATTERTON.—This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things.

LORD BACON.—Bacon, in writing his History of Henry VII., does not seem to have consulted any record, but to have taken what he found in other histories and blended it with what he learnt by tradition.

BURTON.—Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" is a valuable book. It is, perhaps, overloaded with quotation, but there is a great spirit and a great power in what Burton says when he writes from his own mind. It is the only book that ever took me out of bed two hours sooner than I wished to rise.*

* Robert Burton, born 1576, died 1639. Lord Byron praised the "Anatomy" as "the book most useful to a man who wishes to acquire the reputation of being well-read, with the least trouble."

MILTON.—Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.—Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose. Before his time they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or with an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.†

BUNYAN.—His "Pilgrim's Progress" has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story; and it has had the best evidence of its merit, the general and continued approbation of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale. It is remarkable that it begins very much like the poem of Dante; yet there was no translation of Dante when Bunyan wrote. There is reason to think that he had read Spenser.

BISHOP BURNET.—Burnet's "History of My Own Times" is very entertaining. The style, indeed, is mere chit-chat. I do not believe that Burnet intentionally lied; but he was so much preju-

† This was said in answer to Hannah More, who expressed her wonder at Milton having written "such poor sonnets"!

Sir William Temple, 1628—1700.

diced that he took no pains to find out the truth. He is like a man who is resolved to regulate his time by a certain watch, but will not inquire whether the watch be right or not.

"ROBINSON CRUSOE."—Nobody ever laid down the book of "Robinson Crusoe" without wishing it longer.

SWIFT.—Swift is clear, but shallow. In coarse humour he is inferior to Arbuthnot; in delicate humour he is inferior to Addison; so he is inferior to his contemporaries without putting him against the whole world.

ARBUTHNOT.—I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among the eminent writers in Queen Anne's reign. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour.*

From Dr. Thomas Campbell's Diary
1775. (Published 1854.)

JUNIUS.—He said that he looked upon Burke to be the author of Junius, and that though he would not take him *contra mundum*, yet he would take him against any man.

THE REYNOLDESSES.—I saw him cast out all his nets to know the sense of the town about

his last pamphlet, *Taxation no Tyranny*, which he said did not sell. Mr. Thrale told him such and such members of both Houses admired it. "And why did you not tell me this?" quoth Johnson. Thrale asked him what Sir Joshua Reynolds said of it. "Sir Joshua," quoth the doctor, "has not read it." "I suppose," quoth Thrale, "he has been very busy of late?" "No," says the doctor, "but I never look at his pictures, so he won't read my writings." Thrale then asked him if he had got Miss Reynolds's opinion, for she, it seems, is a politician. "As to that," quoth the doctor, "it is no great matter; for she could not tell, after she had read it, on which side of the question Mr. Burke's speech (on American taxation) was."

WINE.—Boswell, arguing in favour of a cheerful glass, adduced the maxim, *in vino veritas*. "Well," says Johnson, "and what then, unless a man has lived a lie?" Boswell then urged that it made a man forget all his cares. "That, to be sure," says Johnson, "might be of use if a man sat by such a person as you."

THE SCOTCH.—Talking of the Scotch (after Boswell was gone), he said, though they were not a learned nation, yet they were far

* Dr. Arbuthnot, born 1675, generally admitted the finest genius of the age that had produced Pope, Swift, and Addison. Wharton says, "He had infinitely more learning than Pope or Swift, and as much

wit and humour as either of them." He died in 1735 of the stone, a malady that had caused Swift to say of him, "that he was a man who could do everything but walk."

removed from ignorance. Learning was new amongst them, and he doubted not but they would in time be a learned people, for they were a fine, bold, enterprising people. He compared England and Scotland to two lions, the one saturated with his bellyful, and the other prowling for prey. But the test he offered, to prove that Scotland, though it had learning enough for common life, yet had not sufficient for the dignity of literature, was that he defied any one to produce a classical book written in Scotland since Buchanan. Robertson, he said, used pretty words, but he liked Hume better, and neither of them would he allow to be more to Clarendon than a rat to a cat. "A Scotch surgeon," says he, "may have more learning than an English one, and all Scotland could not muster learning enough for Louth's 'Prelections.'"

IRELAND.—Turning to me, he said, "You have produced classical writers and scholars; I don't know," says he, "that any man is before Usher, unless it may be Selden, and you have a philosopher, Boyle, and you have Swift and Congreve; but the latter," says he, "denied you," and he might have added the former too. He then said, "you certainly have a turn for the drama, for you have Southerne and Farquhar, and Congreve, and many living authors and players." Encouraged by this, I went back to assert the genius of Ireland in old times, and ventured to say the first

professors of Oxford and Paris, &c., were Irish. "Sir," says he, "I believe there is something in what you say, and I am content with it, since they are not Scotch."

ADDISON.—Talking of Addison's timidity keeping him down, so that he never spoke in the House of Commons, was he said much more blameworthy than if he had attempted and failed, as a man is more praiseworthy who fights and is beaten, than he who runs away.

SCOTLAND.—Boswell lamented there was no good map of Scotland. "There never can be a good map of Scotland," says the doctor sententiously. This excited Boswell to ask wherefore. "Why, sir, to measure land a man must go over it, and who could think of going over Scotland."

ARTHUR MURPHY.—Johnson said that he was fit for nothing but to stand at an auction-room with his pole.

HANGING.—Says Boswell, "I wonder he (Johnson) has not been hung in effigy from the Hebrides to England." "I shall suffer them to do it corporeally," says the doctor, "if they can find me a tree to do it upon."

BOSWELL.—"Boswell's conversation consists entirely in asking questions, and it is extremely offensive."

[A few specimens of the wit of Boswell will form a proper appendage to Johnson's Table-talk. The character of Boswell as drawn by

BOSWELL'S TABLE-TALK.

himself in his "Life of Johnson," is well known. That character was confirmed in the years 1855-7 by the publication of his letters and a volume of *Boswelliana*. But though these publications darken the shades of his character, they considerably exalt the quality of his wit. His biography must always represent him as a sprightly talker, a shrewd observer, and a man who was capable in an eminent degree of calling out the talents of others. But in the posthumous publications he is presented not only as a thinker, but as possessed of humour that may certainly challenge comparison with that of many of the most notable of his contemporaries and of those that followed him. His vanity, which was inordinate, rather improved his humour than lowered it. It was a rouge to the complexion of his mind. Miss Hawkins tells a story of his having come to her father, Sir John, after the publication of his "Life of Johnson," and remonstrated with him for having termed him *Mr. James Boswell*; Miss Hawkins believed he wished it written *THE Boswell*. But this trait of vanity is not half so great as that which he himself records. "Talking of myself to Abbate Corti," says he, "a Corsican priest, and regretting that the king had not yet promoted me, I said, *Monsieur, il ne manque que la base. Je suis déjà la statue.*" (*The pedestal only is wanting. I am already the statue.*) But let us have some of his thoughts and jokes.]

He was one day sauntering with Erskine in Leicester Fields, and talking of the scheme of squaring the circle. "Come, come," says Boswell, "let us circle the square, and that will do as good."

Erskine complained that Boswell's hand was so large that his letters contained very little. "My lines," replied Boswell, "are like my ideas, very irregular, and at a great distance from each other."

He said, "My head is like a tavern in which a club of low punch-drinkers have taken up the room that might have been filled with lords that drink Burgundy; but it is not in the landlord's power to dispossess them."

"The Honourable Mrs. Stuart, in a pretty expressive manner, told me that she had fairly asked a respectable friend if he had ever been unfaithful to his wife, and that he answered, "No, madam, never; I must not allow myself to run any risk of liking another woman better than my wife." This she told me as an instance of exemplary fidelity, not without a sly reference to the licenses of her husband the colonel, and myself. I turned it off I think with a pretty ingenious readiness. Said I, "He has not been so certain of losing his wife as some others of us; we are so conscious of inviolable affection and regard, that we are not afraid of little risks."

"Lord Montstuart said it was observed I was like Charles Fox. 'I have been told so,' said I.

'You're much uglier,' said Colonel James Stuart, with his sly drollery. I turned to him full as sly and as droll, 'Does your wife think so, Colonel James?' Young Burke said, 'Here there was less meant than meets the ear.'

"When I was warm, talking of my own consequence and generosity, my wife made some cool, humbling remark upon me. I flew into a violent passion and said, 'If you throw cold water upon a plate of iron much heated, it will crack to shivers.'"

"I always wished to go to the English bar. When I found I could labour, I said it was a pity to dig in a lead-mine when I could get to a gold one."

"Lord Auchinleck and his son were very different men. My lord was solid and composed; Boswell was light and restless. My lord rode very slow. Boswell was one day impatient to get on, and begged my lord to ride a little faster. 'Oh,' said he, 'it is not the exercise that fatigues me, but the hinging upon a beast.' His father replied, 'What's the matter, man, how a chield hings, if he dinna hing upon a gallows.'"

A stupid fellow was declaiming against that kind of raillery called *roasting*, and was saying, "I am sure I have a great deal of good-nature, I never roast any." "Why, sir," said Boswell, "you are an exceedingly good-natured man, to be sure; but I can give you a better reason for never roasting

any. Sir, you never roast any, because you have got no fire."

"Monsieur d'Ankerville paid me the compliment that I was the man of genius who had the best heart he had ever known, instancing Montesquieu, Rousseau, Voltaire. Monsieur said, 'In general, the mind burns up the heart.'"

Boswell and John Hume met with a man in their walk one morning who said he was aged 103. "What a stupid fellow," said Boswell, "must that be who has lived so long!"

Boswell was one day complaining that he was sometimes dull. "Yes, yes," cried Lord Kaimes, "Homer sometimes nods." Boswell being too much elated with this, my lord added, "Indeed, sir, it is the only chance you have of resembling Homer."

At the Court of Saxe-Gotha there were two ladies of honour, very pretty, but very little. Boswell said to a Baron of the Court, "Monsieur, you must take them as you take larks—by the half-dozen."

Boswell said that "Berkeley reasoned himself out of house and home."

When Boswell came first into Italy, and saw the extreme profligacy of the ladies, he said, "Italy has been called the Garden of Europe—I think it is the Covent Garden."

"In talking of Dr. Armstrong's excessive indolence to Andrew

Erskine, I used this strong figure, 'He is sometimes so idle, that his soul cannot turn itself in its bed.'"

"There are a variety of little circumstances in life which, like pins in a lady's dress, are necessary for keeping it together, and giving it neatness and elegance."

"I said that a drunken fellow was not honest. 'A stick,' said I, 'kept always moist becomes rotten.'"

Boswell said, "A man is reckoned a wise man rather for what

he does not say than for what he says."

[Boswell's character has been discussed *ad nauseam*. Nothing can be said that has not been said. Those, however, who draw their conclusions of him from his book would do well to consider whether such wit as the above illustrates but poorly, could emanate from so "pitiful" a fellow as he has represented himself, and as he has been represented in the brilliant sketches of Macaulay, Irving, and Forster.]

HORACE WALPOLE.

1718—1797.

[Horace Walpole, youngest son of the great minister Sir Robert Walpole, was born in 1718. He was some time in Parliament, but in 1768 he withdrew from public business. In his retirement, however, we are told that he was consulted by the leaders of the Opposition. In 1747 Walpole purchased a small tenement near Twickenham, which he altered and enlarged until he had converted it into a handsome residence. In 1791 he became, through the death of his nephew, Earl of Orford: he was then seventy-four. He died at Berkeley Square, March 22nd, 1797. He is best known by his letters and by the "Castle of Otranto." He was the friend of Gray and Mason, of Hannah More and Mrs. Clive. Of these and George Selwyn he appears to have spoken well; but of the rest of his contemporaries, from Dr. Johnson to Dr. Hill, from David Garrick to Thomas Davies, his censure is uniform and foppish.]

Martha Blount.

Patty Blount was red-faced, fat, and by no means pretty. Mr. Walpole remembered her walking to Mr. Bethell's, in Arlington Street, after Pope's death, with her petticoats tucked up like a sempstress. She was the decided mistress of Pope, yet visited by respectable people.

Lord Radnor.

Lord Radnor, who lived at Twickenham, and is one of the subscribing witnesses to Pope's will, was kept in subjection by the poet, who, he feared, would ridicule his false taste. Pope availed himself of this, and used to borrow his chariot for three months at a time.

Conyers Middleton.

Conyers Middleton wrote a treatise against prayer, which he showed to Lord Bolingbroke, who dissuaded him from publishing it, as it would set all the clergy against him. On this ground he counselled him to destroy the manuscript, but secretly kept a copy, which is probably still in being.

Sir Robert Walpole.

He read Sydenham's works, and admired them much; but this admiration was the cause of his death. For meeting with Dr. Justin's pamphlet on Mr. Steeven's medicine for the stone, and thinking that Justin's hypothesis agreed with Sydenham's, he took the medicine, which dissolved the stone, but lacerated his bladder in such a way as to be the cause of his death.

Sir Robert lived about three years after being dismissed from office, and created Earl of Orford. He spent about half the time at Houghton, and the remainder in London. Being afflicted with the gravel, he could not take much exercise, but sometimes rode out.

Biographia.

I happened to say that the *Biographia Britannica* was an apology for everybody. This reached the ears of Dr. Kippis, who was publishing a new edition, and who retorted that the life of Sir Robert Walpole should prove that the Bio-

graphia was not an apology for everybody. Soon after I was surprised with a visit from the doctor, who came to solicit materials for my father's life. You may guess I very civilly refused.

Atheism.

Atheism I dislike. It is gloomy, uncomfortable, and, in my eye, unnatural and irrational. It certainly requires more credulity to believe that there is no God than to believe that there is. The fair creation, those magnificent heavens, the fruit of matter and chance? O impossible!

Lord Chesterfield.

The reason why Lord Chesterfield could not succeed at Court was this. After he returned from his embassy at the Hague, he chanced to engage in play at Court one night, and won £1,500. Not choosing to carry such a sum home, at so late an hour, he went to the apartment of the Countess of Suffolk, the royal mistress, and left the money with her. The queen's apartment had a window which looked into the staircase leading to those of the countess, and she was informed of the transaction. She ruled all, and positively objected to Chesterfield ever being named.

Countess of Suffolk.

This Countess of Suffolk had married Mr. Howard; and they were so poor, that they took a re-

solution of going to Hanover before the death of Queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Such was their poverty that, having invited some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a small remittance, she was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion; and her hair being fine, long, and fair, produced twenty pounds.

Mankind.

In my youth I thought of writing a satire on mankind; but now in my age I think I should write an apology for them.

"Every Man has his Price."

I never heard him (Sir Robert Walpole) say that all men have their prices; and I believe no such expression ever came from his mouth.

History.

Smollett's History of England was written in two years, and is very defective. Thinking to amuse my father once, after his relief from the ministry, I offered to read a book of history. "Anything but history," said he, "for history must be false."

Style.

With regard to style, I think Addison far inferior to Dryden; and Swift is much more correct. Every newspaper is now written in a good style. When I am con-

sulted about style, I often say, "Go to the chandler's shop for a style." Our common conversation is now in good style. When this is the case by the natural progress of knowledge, writers are apt to think that they must distinguish themselves by an uncommon style; hence elaborate stiffness and quaint brilliance. Had the authors of the silver age of Rome written just as they conversed, their works would have vied with those of the golden age. What a prodigious labour an author often takes to destroy his own reputation! As in old prints with curious flowered borders, uncommon industry is exerted—only to ruin the effect.

Fame.

Much of reputation depends on the period in which it rises. The Italians proverbially observe that one-half of fame depends on that cause. In dark periods, when talents appear they shine like the sun through a small hole in the window-shutter. The strong beam dazzles amid the surrounding gloom. Open the shutter, and the general diffusion of light attracts no notice.

Portraits of Mary Queen of Scots.

The false portraits of Mary Queen of Scots are infinite; but there are many genuine, as may be expected of a woman who was Queen of France, Dowager of France, Queen of Scotland. I have a drawing by Vertue from a genuine portrait unengraved. That artist

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was a Papist and a Jacobite, and idolized Mary. At Lord Carleton's desire, and being paid by him, Vertue engraved a pretended Mary, in that nobleman's possession, but loudly declared his belief. Yet has this portrait been copied in Freron's curious *Histoire de Marie Stuart*, and in many other works; while the genuine Mary, by Vertue, with the skeleton and her age, has not been re-engraved.*

Thomas Gray.

Gray was a deist, but a violent enemy of atheists, such as he took Voltaire and Hume to be; but in my opinion erroneously. The quarrel between Gray and me arose from his being too serious a companion. I had just broke loose from the restraints of the university, with as much money as I could spend, and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, &c., while I was for perpetual balls and plays. The fault was mine. Gray was a little man of very ungainly appearance.

William III.

William III. is now termed a scoundrel, but was not James II. a fool? The character of William is generally considered on too small a scale. To estimate it pro-

perly we must remember that Louis XIV. had formed a vast scheme of conquest, which would have overthrown the liberties of all Europe, have subjected even us to the caprice of French priests and French harlots. The extirpation of the Protestant religion, the abolition of all civil privileges, would have been the infallible consequence. I speak of this scheme, not as a partisan, but from the most extensive reading and information on the topic. I say that William III. was the first, if not sole, cause of the complete ruin of this plan of tyranny. The English revolution was but a secondary object, the throne a mere step towards the altar of European liberty. William had recourse to all parties merely to serve this great end, for which he often exposed his own life in the field, and was devoured by constant cares in the cabinet.

Republics.

Though I admire republican principles in theory, yet I am afraid the practice may be too perfect for human nature. We tried a republic last century and it failed. Let our enemies try next. I hate political experiments.

Gibbon.

The first volume of Gibbon's

* At the exhibition of portraits of Queen Mary, collected and shown in Edinburgh a few years ago, the conclusion arrived at was that the pictures were

of two classes, and probably were originally portraits of Mary of Guise, her mother, as well as her own.

history is so highly finished that it resembles a rich piece of painting in enamel. The second and third volumes are of inferior composition. The three last seem to me in a medium between the first volume and the two next.

• *Fox.*

What a man Fox is! After his long and exhausting speech on Hastings' trial, he was seen handling ladies into their coaches with all the gaiety and prattle of an idle gallant.

• *Female Quarrels.*

A man of rank hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?" "No." "Well, well, I shall soon reconcile them."

Maxim of Writing.

We must speak to the eyes if we wish to affect the mind.

• *Compliment.*

A French officer being just arrived at the Court of Vienna, and the Empress hearing that he had the day before been in company with a great lady, asked him if it were true that she was the most handsome princess of her time? The officer answered with great gallantry, "Madam, I thought so yesterday."

Useless Reading.

Dr. Bentley's son reading a novel, the doctor said, "Why

read a book which you cannot quote?"

Pearls.

We read more of pearls than of diamonds in ancient authors. The ancients had not skill enough to make the most of diamonds; and the art of engraving on them is not older than the sixteenth century. The most remarkable of modern pearls is that in the Spanish treasury, called *the Pilgrim*. It was in the possession of a merchant, who had paid for it 100,000 crowns. When he went to offer it for sale to Philip IV., the King said, "How could you venture to give so much for a pearl?" The merchant replied, "I knew there was a king of Spain in the world." Philip, pleased with the flattery, ordered him his own price.

Legacy Forfeited.

A French peer, a man of wit was making his testament; he had remembered all his domestics, except his steward. "I shall leave him nothing," said he, "because he has served me these twenty years."

• *A Well deer.*

A father wished to dissuade his daughter from any thoughts of matrimony. "She who marries does well," said he, "but she who does not marry does better." "My father," she answered meekly, "I am content with doing well; let her do better who can."

Bishop Burnet.

Bishop Burnet's absence of mind is well known. Dining with the Duchess of Marlborough, after her husband's disgrace, he compared this great general to Belisarius. "But," said the Duchess eagerly, "how came it that such a man was so miserable and universally detested?" "Oh, Madam! (exclaimed the *distract* prelate) he had such a brimstone of a wife!"

Sentiment.

What is called sentimental writing, though it be understood to appeal solely to the heart, may be the product of a bad one. One would imagine that Sterne had been a man of a very tender heart; yet I know, from indubitable authority, that his mother, who kept a school, having run in debt on account of her extravagant daughter, would have rotted in a jail if the parents of her scholars had not raised a subscription for her. Her son had too much sentiment to have any feeling. A dead ass was more important to him than a living mother.

Singular Marriage.

It is singular that the descendants of Charles I. and Cromwell intermarried in the fourth degree.

French Nationality.

The Abbé Raynal came, with some Frenchmen of rank, to see me at Strawberry Hill. They were standing at a window looking at

the prospect of the Thames, which they found flat, and one of them said in French, not thinking that I and Mr. Churchill overheard them: "Everything in England only serves to recommend France to us the more." Mr. Churchill instantly stepped up, and said: "Gentlemen, when the Cherokees were in this country they could eat nothing but train-oil."

Use of Old Costume.

An old general used to dress in a fantastic manner by way of puff. It is true people would say, "Who is that old fool?" But it is true that the answer was, "That is the famous general who took such a place."

Premature.

A man married a girl who brought him a child in six weeks. His friends rallying him, and saying the child had come too soon, "You are mistaken," answered he, "it was the ceremony which was too late."

Knowledge of the World.

We never think nor say that knowledge of the world makes a man more virtuous. It renders him more prudent, but generally at the expense of his virtue. Knowledge of the world implies skill in discerning characters, with the arts of intrigue, low cunning, self-interest, and other mean motives that influence what are called men of the world. Men of genius are commonly of a simple character. Their

thoughts are occupied in objects very remote from the little arts of men of the world.

J. J. Rousseau.

Rousseau's ideas of savage life are puerile. He is equally absurd in supposing that no people can be free if they intrust their freedom to representatives. What is everybody's business is nobody's business. The people would soon be sick of such freedom. They must attend to their own private business, else they could not live. The people of France are easily electrified. We are too solid for such dreams. Amber may draw straws: we do not gravitate so easily.

Books.

I prefer the quarto size to the octavo. A quarto lies free and open before one. It is surprising how long the world was pestered with unwieldy folios. A Frenchman was asked if he liked books in *folio*. "No," says he, "I like books in *fructu*."

Isis.

We talk of the Thames and the Isis. There is no such river as the Isis, either in our old geography or in modern tradition, I mean uneducated tradition. This Isis is a mere invention of pedantry, from the name of the Ouse, a stream that runs into the Thames.

Public Virtue.

The history of public virtue in

this country is to be found in *protests*.

Lounging Books.

I sometimes wish for a catalogue of lounging books—books that one takes up in the gout, low spirits, *ennui*, or when one is waiting for company. Some novels, gay poetry, odd whimsical authors, as Rabelais, &c. &c. A *catalogue raisonné* of such might be itself a good lounging book. I cannot read mere catalogues of books: they give me no ideas.

Naïve Ignorance.

An old officer had lost an eye in the wars, and supplied it with a glass one, which he always took out when he went to bed. Being at an inn he took out his eye, and gave it to the simple wench who attended, desiring her to lay it on the table. The maid afterwards still waiting and staring: "What dost wait for?" said the officer. "Only for the other eye, sir."

Use of Monasteries.

An envoy from Cairo to Lorenzo de Medici asked that wise prince how it came to pass that there were so few madmen at Florence, while the capital of Egypt presented great numbers. Lorenzo, pointing to a monastery, said, "We shut them up in those houses."

Prince Eugene.

Prince Eugene was at one time so great a favourite in England that an old maid bequeathed to

him £2,500. Nay, a gardener, left him £100 by will.

Truth.

In all sciences the errors precede the truths, and it is better they should go first than last.

Farces.

About the middle of the last century a hundred crowns was paid in Paris to the authors of a successful play. Till the year 1722 farces were not given after plays in France till the eighth or ninth representation. This leading to the opinion that a farce was a symptom that the main piece was on the decline, La Mothe desired a farce might be given after the first representation of his "Romulus." The example became universal.

Old Farce.

The most ancient of the French farces, *Peter Patelin*, written about 1450, is full of *naïveté* and laughter.

Mills.

Windmills were introduced here after the Crusades. Before that time handmills were used.

Carpets.

Carpets are mentioned in the twelfth century; but they would not do for our old vast apartments, and straw was necessary for warmth.

Historical Chapters.

I believe it was Hume who introduced or revived those long heterogeneous things called *chapters*, in modern history. Do you re-

member any ancient history in chapters? "Yes sir, 'Florus,' for one." True; but they were real chapters, heads, *capita*, very short. Livy and Dio you know have about fifty books each. Guicciardini is in books; all classical histories are in books. Gibbon says that if he came to give a complete revision and new edition of his work, he would call his chapters books. How would you like Milton's "Paradise Lost" in chapters? The very idea is a solecism, whether in verse or prose.

A State Compliment.

The Duke of Bourbon demanded one of the grand-daughters of George I. as a wife for Louis XV. The old king was pleased with the proposal, but answered as was expected, that the laws of the country prevented such an alliance. The French court knew this, but the offer was highly flattering; and this was its sole intention.

Reynolds.

Sir Joshua Reynolds gets avaricious in his old age. My picture of the young ladies Waldegrave is doubtless, very fine and graceful; but it cost me 800 guineas.

King and Republic.

I have sometimes thought that a squire and a vestry were a king and republic in miniature. The vestry is as tyrannic in its way as the squire in his. Any power necessarily leads to abuses of tha'

WALPOLE'S TABLE-TALK.

power. It is difficult to stop any *impetus* of nature.

Beards.

Francis I. of France, amusing himself with his courtiers one winter's day, was struck on the chin with a piece of a tile, which chanced to be taken up in a snow-ball. As the wounded part could not be shaved, he let his beard grow, and the fashion was revived after it had been dropped for a century.

Bossuet.

I confess that Bossuet's conduct to the meek and inoffensive Fénelon was so infamous that I do not wish to be pleased with his writings.

Dr. Johnson.

I cannot imagine that Dr. Johnson's reputation will be very lasting. His dictionary is a surprising work for one man; but sufficient examples in foreign countries show that the task is too much for one man, and that society should alone pretend to publish a standard dictionary. In Johnson's Dictionary I can hardly find anything I look for. It is full of words nowhere else to be found, and wants numerous words occurring in good authors. In writing it is useful; as if one be doubtful in the choice

of a word it displays the authorities for its usage. His essays I detest. They are full of what I call *triptology*, or repeating the same thing thrice over, so that three papers to the same effect might be made out of any one paper in the "Rambler." He must have had a bad heart—his story of the sacrilege in his voyage to the western islands of Scotland is a lamentable instance.*

Comedy and Tragedy.

I estimate the difficulty of writing a good comedy to be greater than that of composing a good tragedy. Not only equal genius is required, but a comedy demands a more uncommon assemblage of qualities—knowledge of the world, wit, good sense, &c., and these qualities superadded to those requisite for tragical composition.

Congreve.

Congreve is said to have written a comedy at eighteen. It may be; for I cannot say that he has any characteristic of a comic writer except wit, which may sparkle bright at that age. His characters are seldom *genuine*, and his plots are sometimes fitter for tragedy.

Sheridan.

Mr. Sheridan is one of the most

Walpole probably refers to Johnson's description of the church of Elgin (Johnson's works, vol. viii. pp. 233-4), in which he speaks of the "tumultuous violence" of Knox, and of the Scotch

army that stripped the lead off two churches and shipped it to be sold in Holland. But why had Johnson a bad heart for relating an historical fact?

perfect comic writers I know, and unites the most uncommon qualities ; his plots are sufficiently deep without the clumsy entanglement and muddy profundity of Congreve ; characters strictly in nature, wit without affectation. What talents ! The complete orator in the senate or in Westminster Hall, and the excellent dramatist in the most difficult province of the drama.

Two Georges.

George I. did not understand English. George II. spoke the language pretty well, but with a broad German accent. My father "brushed up his old Latin," to use a phrase of Queen Elizabeth, in order to converse with the first Hanoverian sovereign, and ruled both kings in spite of even their mistresses.

Duke of Newcastle.

The chief apprehension of the Duke of Newcastle (the minister) was that of catching cold. Often in the heat of summer the debates in the House of Lords would stand still, till some window were shut, in consequence of the duke's orders. The peers would be all melting in sweat, that the duke might not catch cold. When Sir Joseph Yorke was ambassador at the Hague, a curious incident happened of his idle apprehension. The late king going to Hanover, the duke must go with him, that his foes might not injure him in

his absence. The day they were to pass the sea a messenger came, at five o'clock in the morning, and drew Sir Joseph's bed-curtains. Sir Joseph, starting, asked what was the matter. The man said he came from the Duke of Newcastle. "For God's sake," exclaimed Sir Joseph, "what is it? is the king ill?" "No." After several fruitless questions, the messenger at length said, "The duke sent me to see you in bed, for in this bed he means to sleep."

Two Ministers.

Mr. Pitt's plan when he had the gout was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bedclothes. At his house, at Hayes, he slept in a long room, at one end of which was his bed and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him and read him a lecture. The duke was sent for once, and came when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was as usual no fire in the room ; the day was very chilly, and the duke as usual afraid of catching cold. The duke at first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place ; then drew up his legs into it as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bedclothes. A person, from whom I had the story, suddenly going in, saw the two ministers in bed

at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose and black beard, unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque of the scene.

Conjugal Affection.

A French gentleman, being married a second time, was often lamenting his first wife before his second, who one day said to him, "I assure you, sir, no one regrets her more than I."

A Metaphor.

A young lady marrying a man she loved, and leaving many friends in town to retire with him into the country, Mrs. D — said prettily, "She has turned one and twenty shillings into a guinea."

Weak Nerves.

A clergyman at Oxford, who was very nervous and absent, going to read prayers at St. Mary's, heard a showman in the high street, who had an exhibition of wild beasts, repeat often, "Walk in without loss of time. All alive! alive, ho!" The sounds struck the absent man, and ran in his head so much, that when he began to read the service, and came to the words in the first verse, "and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," he cried out with a louder voice, "Shall save his soul alive! all alive! alive, ho!" to the astonishment of his congregation.

A Bull.

I will give you what I call a

king of bulls. An Irish baronet walking out with a gentleman, who told me the story, was met by his nurse, who requested charity. The baronet exclaimed vehemently, "I will give you nothing. You played me a scandalous trick in my infancy." The old woman in amazement asked him what injury she had done him? He answered, "I was a fine boy, and you changed me." In this bull even personal identity is confounded.

Courage.

A certain Earl having beaten Anthony Henley at Tunbridge for some impertinence, the next day found Henley beating another person. The peer congratulated Henley on that acquisition of spirit. "Oh, my lord," replied Henley, "your lordship and I know whom to beat."

Composition.

I wrote the "Castle of Otranto" in eight days, or rather eight nights; for my general hours of composition are from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning, when I am sure not to be disturbed by visitants. While I am writing I take several cups of coffee.

Hume.

I am no admirer of Hume. In conversation he was very *thick*; and I do believe hardly understood a subject till he had written upon it.

Burnet.

Burnet I like much. It is observable that none of his facts have been controverted, except his relation of the truth of the Pretender, in which he was certainly mistaken—but his very credulity is a proof of his honesty. Burnet's style and manner are very interesting. It seems as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his reader, in plain, honest terms, what he has seen and heard.

Monks and Friars.

What you say is perfectly just. Some degree of learning is necessary, even to compose a novel. How many modern writers confound monks and friars! Yet they were almost as different as laymen and priests. Monachism was an old institution for *laymen*. The friars, *frères* or brothers, were first instituted in the thirteenth century, in order, by their preaching, to oppose the Lollards. They united priesthood with monachism; but while the monks were chiefly confined to their respective houses, the friars were wandering about as preachers and confessors. This gave great offence to the secular clergy, who were thus deprived of profits and inheritances. Hence the satiric and impure figures of friars and nuns in our old churches.

▪ *Royal Favour.*

A low Frenchman bragged that

the king had spoken to him. Being asked what his Majesty had said, he replied, "He bade me stand out of his way."

Queen Caroline.

Queen Caroline spoke of shutting up St. James' Park, and converting it into a noble garden for the palace of that name. She asked my father what it might probably cost, who replied, "*Only three crowns*"

▪ *Dr. Garth.*

Let me correct a story relating to the great Duke of Marlborough. The duchess was pressing the duke to take a medicine, and with her usual warmth said, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it, then, my lord duke; for it must be of service in one way or another."

A Novel.

I am firmly convinced that a story might be written, of which *all* the incidents should appear supernatural, yet turn out natural.

▪ *Physiognomy.*

Lavater, in his "Physiognomy," says that Lord Anson, from his countenance, must have been a very wise man. He was one of the most stupid men I ever knew.

▪ *Milton.*

If Milton had written in Italian,

he would have been, in my opinion, the most perfect poet in modern languages ; for his own strength of thought would have condensed and hardened that speech to a proper degree.

Lord William Poulet.

Lord William Poulet, though often chairman of committees of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and could scarce read. Being to read a bill for naturalizing Jemima, Duchess of Kent, he called her Jeremiah, Duchess of Kent. Having heard south walls commended for ripening fruit, he showed all the four sides of his garden for south walls. A gentleman, writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him an *equivalent*. Lord William replied that the horse was at his service, but he did not know what to do with an *elephant*. A pamphlet, called "A Snake in the Grass," being reported (probably in joke) to be written by this Lord William Poulet, a gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William professed his innocence, and that he was not the author ; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen and began, "This is to scratify that the buk called the Snak"—"Oh, my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied : your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

Young Authors.

It is imprudent in a young author to make any enemies whatever. He should not attack any living person. Pope was, perhaps, too refined and Jesuitic a professor of authorship ; and his arts to establish his reputation were infinite, and sometimes, perhaps, exceeded the bounds of severe integrity. But in this he is an example of prudence, that he wrote no satire till his fortune was made.

George I.

I do remember something of George I. My father took me to St. James's while I was a very little boy. After waiting some time in an ante-room, a gentleman came in, all dressed in brown, even his stockings ; and with a ribbon and star. He took me up in his arms, kissed me, and chatted some time.

Dr. Robertson.

Dr. Robertson called on me t' other day. We talked of some political affairs ; and he concluded his opinion with, "For you must know, sir, that I look upon myself as a moderate Whig." My answer was, "Yes, doctor, I look on you as a *very* moderate Whig."

Don Quixote.

Don Quixote is no favourite of mine. When a man is once so mad as to mistake a windmill for a giant, what more is to be said, but an insipid repetition of mistakes, or an

uncharacteristic deviation from them?

** Low Cunning.*

It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science, and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.

Murder of Mountfort.

Mr. Shorter, my mother's father, was walking down Norfolk-street, in the Strand, to his house there, just before poor Mountfort, the player, was killed in that street, by assassins hired by Lord Mohun. This nobleman, lying in wait for his prey, came up and embraced Mr. Shorter by mistake, saying, "Dear Mountfort!" It was fortunate that he was instantly undeceived, for Mr. Shorter had hardly reached his house before the murder took place.

Oppositions.

Our opposition parties seldom form a regular battalion. Even the leaders have often detached views. To form a firm array, even the common soldiers should be valued by the chiefs, and have their encouragements and rewards. The scaffolding is neglected after the house is built, but the necks of the builders may be hazarded by neglecting it before.

Lady Coventry.

Towards the close of the reign

of George II., the beautiful Countess of Coventry, talking to him on shows, and thinking only of the figure she herself should make in a procession, told him, "the sight she most wished to see was a coronation."

The Clerical Gown.

Mr. Suckling, a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, "Doctor, your gown is your protector," replied, "It may be mine, but it shall not be yours;" pulled it off and thrashed the aggressor.

Lord Bute.

Lord Bute was my schoolfellow. He was a man of taste and science, and I do believe his intentions were good. He wished to blend and unite all parties. The Tories were willing to come in for a *share* of power, after having been so long excluded; but the Whigs were not willing to grant that share. Power is an intoxicating draught; the more a man has the more he desires.

Face-Painting.

Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white, so as to stop the perspiration. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was more prudent. She went often into the hot bath to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

Sacerdos.

Mr. Gostling, a clergyman of Canterbury, was, I am told, the writer of an admirable parody on the noted grammatical line, *Bifrons, atque Custos, Bos, Fur, Sus, atque Sacerdos.*

It runs thus :—

Bifrons ever when he preaches ;
Custos of what in his reach is ;
Bos among his neighbours' wives ;

Fur in gathering of his tithes ;
Sus at every parish feast ;
 On Sunday, *Sacerdos* the Priest.

Quin.

Quin sometimes said things at once witty and wise. Disputing concerning the execution of Charles I., "But by what law," said his opponent, "was he put to death?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them."*

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

1728—1774.

[Oliver Goldsmith was born at Pallas, in the county Longford. He studied medicine at three universities. His careless, easy nature obstructed his advancement in a walk that demands, at least, tact, for its successful prosecution. After traversing the greater part of Europe he reached England, and became an usher. Disgust speedily drove him from this trade, and he began to write for the periodicals. In 1765 appeared "The Traveller." This was followed by "The Vicar of Wakefield." Then came the "Good-natured Man," "The Deserted Village," and "She Stoops to Conquer." He died at his chambers in the Temple in 1774. Of his conversation little has been recorded.]

Curiosity.

When people live together who have something as to which they disagree, and which they want to shun, they will be in the situation mentioned in the story of "Blue

Beard," "You may look into all the chambers but one." But we should have the greatest inclination to look into that chamber, to talk of that subject.

* James Quin, a celebrated actor, was born in 1693 and died in 1766. Many are the anecdotes that are told of his wit. He had a good deal of Johnson's ferocity in his address without all his good sense. Of his *style* here is an anecdote. Being one day in a shop at Bath buying a pair of gloves, Quin was detained by a milliner who bored him with expressions of her ardent desire to see him make love ;

to which Quin at last answered, "Madam, I never *make* love ; I always buy it *ready made*." But he once met his match. On a visit to Lord Holmes, in the Isle of Wight, he lost his dog ; and meeting a poor man said, after telling his loss, "I hope you are honest here." "I believe we are," replied the man, "but there is a stranger down at my lord's, and mayhap he may know of your dog."

Making a Monarchy of a Republic.

One evening (says Boswell), in a circle of wits, Goldsmith found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honour of unquestionable superiority. "Sir," said he, "you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."

Poetical Reputation.

I have come too late into the world, for Pope and other poets have taken up their places in the Temple of Fame; so that as but a few at any period can possess poetical reputation, a man of genius can hardly now acquire it.

Dr. Johnson.

There is no arguing with Johnson; for if his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it.

Johnson, to be sure, has a roughness in his manner; but no man alive has a more tender heart. He has nothing of the bear but his skin.

Religion.

As I take my shoes from the shoemaker, and my coat from the tailor, so I take my religion from the priest.

Literary Fame.

I consider an author's literary reputation to be alive only while his name will insure a good price for his copy* from the booksellers.

* *I.e.* his manuscripts.

Argument.

I always get the better when I argue alone.

Historical Writing.

An animated debate took place whether Martinelli should continue his History of England to the present day.

GOLDSMITH.—"To be sure he should."

JOHNSON.—"No, sir, he would give great offence. He would have to tell of almost all the living great what they do not wish told."

GOLDSMITH.—"It may, perhaps, be necessary for a native to be more cautious; but a foreigner who comes among us without prejudice may be considered as holding the place of a judge, and may speak his mind freely."

JOHNSON.—"Sir, a foreigner, when he sends a work from the press, ought to be on his guard against catching the error and mistaken enthusiasm of the people among whom he happens to be."

GOLDSMITH.—"Sir, he wants only to tell his history and tell truth; one an honest, the other a laudable motive."

JOHNSON.—"Sir, they are both laudable motives. It is laudable in a man to wish to live by his labours; but he should write so as he may *live* by them, not so as he may be knocked on the head. I would advise him to be at Calais before he publishes his history of the present age. A foreigner who

attaches himself to a political party in this country is in the worst state that can be imagined ; he is looked upon as a mere intermeddler. A native may do it from interest."

BOSWELL.—"Or principle."

GOLDSMITH.—"There are people who tell a hundred political lies every day, and are not hurt by it. Surely, then, one may tell truth with safety."

JOHNSON.—"Why, sir, in the first place, he who tells a hundred lies has disarmed the force of his lies. But, besides, a man had rather have a hundred lies told of him than one truth which he does not wish should be told."

GOLDSMITH.—"For my part, I'd tell truth and shame the devil."

JOHNSON.—"Yes, sir, but the devil will be angry. I wish to shame the devil as much as you do, but I should choose to be out of the reach of his claws."

GOLDSMITH.—"His claws can do no harm when you have the shield of truth."

Laurence Sterne.

GOLDSMITH.—"A very dull fellow."

JOHNSON.—"Why, no, sir."

Knowledge.

Knowledge is not desirable on its own account, for it often is a source of unhappiness.

"The Beauties of English Poetry."

Two hundred pounds being given Goldsmith for this compilation,

surprise was expressed at the magnitude of the sum. Goldsmith : "Why, sir, it may seem large ; but then a man may be many years working in obscurity before his taste and reputation are fixed or estimated, and then he is, as in other professions, only paid for his previous labours."

Dramatic Authors.

Otway I consider the greatest dramatic genius which England has produced after Shakespeare. Farquhar was truer to nature, and possessed the spirit of genuine comedy in a superior degree to any other modern writer, because people are rarely so witty in their conversation as Congreve makes them, whereas they frequently display that life, spirit, and vivacity which is so conspicuous in Farquhar, though, unhappily, he was often coarse and licentious, as much from the taste of the age as probably from being less accustomed to good society than his contemporaries.

Unbelief.

Whatever be my follies, my mind has never been tainted by unbelief.

Prose and Poetry.

I cannot afford to court the draggle-tail muses, they will let me starve ; but by pursuing plain prose I can make shift to eat and drink and wear good clothes.

London.

In London nothing is to be got

for nothing. You must work, and no man who chooses to be industrious need be under obligations to another, for here labour of every kind commands its reward.

Lord Kaimes's "Elements of Criticism."

It is easier to write that book than to read it.

Acting.

I should sooner that my play were damned by bad players, than merely saved by good acting.

His Character.

People are greatly mistaken in me. A notion goes about that when I am silent, I mean to be impudent; but I assure you, gentle-

men, my silence proceeds from bashfulness.

Mental Evacuation.

There is a relief to the mind in disburthening itself of all its thoughts, of whatever description; men in writing books are obliged to please others, but in talking they may be permitted to please themselves.

Novelty.

Dr. Johnson told Dr. Burney that Goldsmith said when he first began to write he determined to commit nothing to paper but what was *new*; but he afterwards found that what was *new* was generally false, and from that time was no longer solicitous about novelty.

EDMUND BURKE.

1730—1797.

[There is no doubt that Burke was the best talker of his age after Johnson; and if Coleridge is to be believed, he was a better talker than Johnson. What Johnson himself said of Burke's conversational power will be found in his table-talk. "His conversation is delightful," exclaimed Miss Burney. "Since we have lost Garrick I have seen nobody so enchanting. I can give you, however, very little of what was said, for the subject was not *unrepeated*, Mr. Burke darting from subject to subject with as much rapidity as entertainment. Neither is the charm of his discourse more in the matter than the manner; all therefore that is related *from* him loses half its effect by not being related *by* him." But the most extraordinary instance of his powers is contained in the following anecdote. In passing through Lichfield Burke had gone with a friend to look at the cathedral. One of the clergy seeing two gentlemen somewhat at a loss in the vast building politely offered to be their cicerone. They entered into a conversation, and he was speedily struck by the knowledge and brilliancy of one of the strangers. "I have been conversing," he afterwards told a friend, "for this half-hour with a man of the most extraordinary powers of mind and extent of information which it has ever been my fortune to meet, and I am now going to the inn to a certain, if possible, who this stranger is." He there learned that the stranger's name was Edmund Burke. It is much to be deplored that almost nothing of the table-talk of this great man has been recorded.]

Dr. Johnson.

"His ladies are all Johnsons in petticoats," speaking of the female characters in the "Rambler." Referring to the innumerable lives, anecdotes, &c., which followed Johnson's death: "How many maggots," he said, "have crawled out of that great body." "Johnson," he said, "showed more powers of mind in company than in his writings. But he argued for victory, and when he had neither a paradox to defend nor an antagonist to crush, he would preface his *assent* with a "why, no, sir!"

His Politics.

I pitched my whiggism low that I might keep by it.

Erskine.

Of Erskine's opinion on Warren Hastings's trial he said, "What! a mis-prius lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment! As well might a rabbit that breeds fifty times a year pretend to understand the gestation of an elephant!"

Parliament.

It is very well worth while for a man to speak well in Parliament. A man who has vanity speaks to display his talents; and if a man speaks well he gradually establishes a certain reputation and consequence in the general opinion, which sooner or later will have its reward. Besides, though not one

vote is gained, a good speech has its effect. Though an Act which has been ably opposed passes into law, yet in its progress it is modified, it is softened in such a manner that we see plainly the minister has been told that the members attached to him are so sensible of its injustice or absurdity from what they have heard, that it must be altered.

The House of Commons is a mixed body. I except the minority, which I hold to be pure; but I take the whole House. It is a mass by no means pure; but neither is it wholly corrupt, though there is a large proportion of corruption in it. There are many members who generally go with the minister, who will not go all lengths. There are many honest, well-meaning country gentlemen who are in Parliament only to keep up the consequence of their families. Upon most of these great speech will have influence.

Croft's "Life of Young."

When Boswell praised the life of Young, written by Herbert Croft, in "The Lives of the Poets," as a good imitation of Johnson's style, Burke said vehemently, "No, sir, it is not a good imitation of Johnson; it has all his pomp without his force; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength." Here Boswell thought he had done, but he burst out again: "It has all the contortions of the sibyl, without the inspiration."

Proser and Jokers.

A dull proser is more endurable than a dull joker.

France.

England is a moon shone upon by France. France has all things within herself, and she possesses the power of recovering from the severest blows. England is an artificial country. Take away her commerce and what has she?

Earl of Chatham.

He is the only person I do not name in Parliament without caution. But Lord Chatham has obtained so preponderating a height of public favour that though occasionally I cannot concur in its enthusiasm, I would not attempt to oppose its cry.

Pitt.

William Pitt has not only the most extraordinary talents, but appears to be immediately gifted by nature with the judgment which others acquire by experience. Though judgment is not so rare in youth as is generally supposed, I have commonly observed that those who do not possess it early are apt to miss it late.

Warburton.

Mr. Burke, speaking of Dr. Warburton, told me* he was much struck by him the first time

* Edmond Malone. This and the following are from the "Malonianna."

they dined together in company that he conjectured it must be Warburton who was talking and sitting next him. After some little conversation, he could not help exclaiming, "Sir, I think it is impossible I can mistake. You must be the celebrated Dr. Warburton, *aut Erasmus aut Diabolus*." Warburton, though so furious a controversialist in print, was very easy and good-humoured in company, and sometimes entertaining.

Warburton's Edition of "Pope."

Mr. Burke—who avowed he knew little of art, though he admired it, and knew many of its professors—was acquainted with Blakey, the artist who made the drawing for the frontispiece to Warburton's edition of Pope. He told him it was by Warburton's particular desire that he made him the principal figure, and Pope only secondary, and that the light, contrary to the rules of art, goes upward from Warburton to Pope.

* De Grammont married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir George Hamilton. She was young, beautiful, witty, and, what was very wonderful for that age, virtuous. In the midst of the profligate court, of which she was the greatest ornament, she possessed and preserved a reputation for modesty and discretion, which the most slanderous wits did not dare attempt to impeach. One of her first lovers was the Duke of York, who became enamoured of her through her picture, which he saw at Sir Peter Lely's. Miss Hamilton took no notice of the homage of her royal lover at first; and when at last his attentions were forced

Bolingbroke.

Mr. Burke told me a few days ago that the first Lord Lytleton informed him that Lord Bolingbroke never wrote down any of his works, but dictated them to a secretary. In company he was very eloquent, speaking with great fluency and authority on every subject, and generally in the form of *harangue* rather than colloquial table-talk. His company all looked up to him, and very few dared to interrupt or contradict him.

Grammont's "Memoirs."

Old Grammont, whose memoirs are so entertaining, was a very cross, unpleasant old fellow. Count Hamilton, who really wrote the book, *invented* several of the anecdotes told in it, and mixed them with such facts as he could pick up from the old man, who was pleased to hear these tales when put into a handsome dress.*

upon her so obtrusively as to make her blindness a rather vicious kind of coquetry, we are told "*elle prenait peine de s'en divertir avec tout le reste du monde*." The Duke of Richmond was another suitor; the king even interposed on his behalf; but she refused him. She also declined to become Duchess of Norfolk. Other peers met with the same rejection. At last De Grammont made love to her; and she, who had declined the greatest names in the kingdom, yielded to the killing leers of the scampish conquering Frenchman. Yet he appears to have cared so little about the victory for which half the court

FRANCIS JOSEF HAYDN.

1732--1809.

[Francis Josef Haydn was born at Rohrau, a small town thirty or forty miles from Vienna, on March 31, 1732. When quite young he became a chorister in St. Stephen's, and was afterwards appointed by Prince Esterhazy head of his private chapel. He served the Prince for twenty years. He is said to have been very religious. At the beginning of all his scores he wrote either *In Nomen Domini* or *Soli Deo gloria*, and at the end of them all *Laus Dei*. Whilst composing it was his custom, when stopped by some difficulty, to leave the piano and run over his rosary. Late in life he purchased a small house near Vienna, where he died, 1809.]

The Music-Seller.

Amusing myself one morning in shopping (in London), I inquired of a music-seller if he had any select and beautiful music? "Certainly," replied the shopman; "I have just printed some sublime music of Haydn's," "Oh, I'll have nothing to do with that." "How, sir! You will have nothing to do with Haydn's music! And pray, what fault have you to find with it?" "Plenty. But it is useless talking about it, since it does not suit me. Show me some other." The music-seller, who was a warm Haydnist, replied, "No, sir. I have music, it is true, but not for

such as you," and turned his back upon me. As I was going away, a gentleman of my acquaintance accosted me by my name. The music-seller, still out of humour, turned around at the name, and said to the person who had just entered the shop, "Haydn! Aye, here is a fellow who says he does not like that great man's music!" The Englishman laughed, an explanation took place, and the music-seller was made acquainted with the man who found fault with Haydn's music.

*Old Compositions.**

Many of these compositions,

were envying him, that he protracted the counting until the roses in her cheeks made way for the lilies. Indeed he even tried to evade his engagement, and sneaked away from London with the design of returning to France. But he was pursued by the brothers of the young lady, Anthony and George Hamilton, who caught him at Dover. "Count," said they, "have you not forgotten some-

thing in London?" "Pardon me," gentlemen," replied the Count, "in my hurry I had quite forgotten to marry your sister." It may be questioned whether the high-spirited girl knew of this when she married him.

* Referring particularly to those of Pergolesi, Leo, Durante, and others of that period.

HAYDN'S TABLE-TALK.

which had transported me to the skies when I studied them in my youth, appeared much less beautiful to me forty years after. They had the same melancholy effect upon me as the sight of an ancient mistress.

Naval Captain.

A gentleman of the navy came to me one morning. "Mr. Haydn, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "Are you willing to compose me a march for the troops I have on board? I will give you thirty guineas, but I must have it done to-day, because I sail to-morrow for Calcutta." I agreed to do it. As soon as the captain was gone, I opened the pianoforte, and in a quarter of an hour the march was ready. Feeling some scruples at

so easily what appeared to me a very considerable sum. I returned home early in the evening, and wrote two other marches, intending first to give the captain the choice of them, and afterward to make him a present of all three, as a return for his liberality. Early the next morning came the captain. "Well, where's my march?" "Here it is." "Will you just play it on the piano?" I played it. The captain, without saying a word, counted the thirty guineas on the piano, took the march, and walked away. I ran after to stop him. "I have written two others which are better; hear them, and then make your choice."—"I like

the first very well, and that is sufficient." The captain marched downstairs and would hear nothing. I pursued him, crying, "I make you a present of them." The captain, quickening his pace, replied, "I won't have them." "But at least hear them!" "The devil should not make me hear them." Much piqued, I hastened to the Exchange, inquired what ship was on the point of sailing for the Indies, and the name of the commander. I then rolled up the two marches, enclosed a polite note, and sent the parcel on board to the captain. The obstinate fellow, suspecting that I was in pursuit of him, would not even open the note, and sent back the music. I tore the marches into a thousand pieces.

Early Love of Music.

From the most tender age, music has given me unusual pleasure. At any time I would rather listen to any instrument whatever than run about with my little companions. When at play with them in the square, near St. Stephen's, as soon as I heard the organ, I quickly left them and went into the church.

"The Devil on Two Sticks."

I had more trouble in finding out a mode of representing the motion of waves in a tempest of this opera than I afterwards had in writing fugues with a double subject.

Curtz*, who had spirit and taste, was difficult to please; but there was also another obstacle. Neither of us had ever seen sea or storm. How can a man describe what he knows nothing about? Curtz, all agitation, paced up and down the room where I was seated at the pianoforte. "Imagine," said he, "a mountain rising, and then a valley sinking; and then another mountain and then another valley; the mountains and the valleys follow each other rapidly; at every moment alps and abysses succeed each other." This fine description was of no use. In vain did harlequin add the thunder and lightning. "Come, describe for me all these horrors," he repeated incessantly, "but particularly represent these mountains and valleys." I drew my fingers rapidly over the key-board, ran through the semitones, tried abundance of *sevenths*, passed from the lowest notes of the bass to the highest of the treble. Curtz was still dissatisfied. At last, out of all patience, I extended my hands to the two ends of the instrument, and bringing them rapidly together, exclaimed, "The devil take the tempest!" "That's it! that's it!" cried the harlequin, springing upon my neck and almost stifling me. When I crossed the Straits of Dover in bad weather many years after, I laughed during the whole

of the passage, on thinking of the storm in "The Devil on Two Sticks."

Air.

Let your *air* be good, and your composition, whatever it may be, will be so likewise, and will assuredly please. It is the soul of music; it is the life, the spirit, the essence, of a composition. Without this, Tartini may find out the most singular and learned chords, but nothing is heard but a laboured sound; which, though it may not offend the ear, leaves the head empty and the heart cold.

Haydn and the Nobleman.

A nobleman, passionately fond of music, came to me one morning (in London), and asked me to give him some lessons in counterpoint, at a guinea a lesson. Seeing that he had some knowledge of music, I accepted his proposal. "When shall we begin?" "Immediately, if you please," replied the nobleman; and he took out of his pocket a quartette of mine. "For the first lesson," continued he, "let us examine this quartette, and tell me the reason of certain modulations, and of the general management of the composition, which I cannot altogether approve, since it is contrary to the rules." A little surprised, I said that I was ready to answer his questions. The nobleman began, and from the very first bar found something to remark upon every note. I found myself a good deal embarrassed, and re-

* Bernadotte Curtz, a celebrated harlequin of that period.

plied continually, "I did so because it has a good effect; I have placed this passage here because I think it suitable." The Englishman, in whose opinion these replies were nothing to the purpose, still re-

turned to his proofs, and demonstrated very clearly that the quartette was good for nothing. "But, my lord, arrange this quartette in your own way; hear it played, and you will then see which of the two is the best." "How can yours, which is contrary to the rules, be the best?" "Because it is the most agreeable." My lord still returned to the subject. I replied as well as I was able; but at last, out of patience, "I see, my lord," said I, "that it is you who are so good as to give lessons to me, and am obliged to confess that I do not merit the honour of having such a master." The advocate of rules went away, and cannot this day understand how an author who adheres to them should fail of producing a *Matrimonio Segreto*.

The Art of Music.

The whole art consists in taking up a subject and pursuing it.

Work.

I always enjoy myself most when I am at work.

Haydn was sixty-three when he commenced this great work. It occupied him two years. When urged to conclude

Mrs. Billington.

I found her one day sitting to Reynolds. He had just taken the portrait of Mrs. Billington, in the character of St. Cecilia, listening to the celestial music, as she is usually drawn. Mrs. Billington showed me the picture. "It is like," I said, "but there is a strange mistake." "What is that?" asked Reynolds, hastily. "You have painted her listening to the angels; you ought to have represented the angels listening to her." Mrs. Billington sprang up and threw her arms around my neck.

God.

Whenever I think of God I can only conceive Him as a Being infinitely great and infinitely good. This last quality of the Divine nature inspires me with such confidence and joy that I could have written even a *miserere* in *tempo allegro*.

Handel.

This man is the father of us all.

"The Creation."

When I was employed upon "The Creation" I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to the pianoforte I prayed to God with earnestness that he would enable me to praise Him worthily.*

it, he replied, "I spend much time over it, because I intend it to last a long time."

Mozart.

I declare to you before God,
and on my honour, that I regard

your son as the greatest composer
I ever heard of.*

DR. WILLIAM PALEY.

1713- 1805.

[William Paley was born at Peterborough in 1743. He became a fellow of Cambridge in 1766, and resided there ten years. He was collated to a prebend in the Cathedral of Carlisle, became archdeacon, and in 1785 chancellor; was in 1793 instituted to the prebend of St. Pancras, London, and subsequently promoted to the archdeaconry of Lincoln. Died 1805. His best-known works are "The Evidences," "Horæ Paulinæ," and "The Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy."

Payment.

A man should never pay money
if he can help it; something may
happen.

Check on the Imagination.

I always desire my wife and
daughters to pay ready money. It
is of no use to advise them to buy
only what they want. They will
always imagine they want what
they wish to buy. But that paying
ready money is such a check upon
the imagination.

This was of course addressed to
father of Mozart. Mozart repaid the
compliment. He once said to a Viennese
professor, who was pointing out certain
inaccuracies (as he termed them) in some
of Haydn's symphonies or quartettes,
"Sir, if you and I were both melted
down together, we should not furnish
materials for one Haydn." The opinions
of Mozart on other musicians are inter-
esting. Of Handel he was accustomed
to say, "Handel knows best of all of us
what is capable of producing a great

Candour.

A little girl not quite four years
old came to me one day with a pink
ribbon tied round her throat. "Why
do you put on that silly bit of rib-
bon?" "To make me look
pretty." Purposes may be divined,
but ingenuousness is rare; nay, it
is a bad compliment to the under-
standing of those who are to be con-
ciliated, and therefore may very
fairly be laughed at as a blunder,
but still a venial blunder.

effect. When he chooses he strikes like
the thunderbolt." Of Jomelli, who died
in 1775, he said, "This artist shines, and
will always shine, in certain departments;
but he should have confined himself to
them, and not have attempted to write
sacred music in the ancient style." He
had a poor opinion of Vincenzo Martini,
whose "*Cosa Rara*" was at that time
popular. He said, "There are some
very pretty things in it, but twenty years
hence nobody will think of it."

Tailors.

I have always asserted, and still maintain it, that all tailors are cowards. They brought against me the example of many tailors who had enlisted themselves as soldiers. No argument at all in disproof of my assertions: these men had minds impatient of tailoring.

His Education.

My father rode to Peterborough, and I rode after him on a horse that I could not manage. I tumbled off. My father, without looking back, cried out, "Get up again, Will."

A Good Scholar.

A lad came to us at Cambridge; he had been seven years at Eton and could not spell out.

A Coat of Arms.

When I set up a carriage it was thought right that my armorial bearings should appear on the panels. Now, we had none of us ever heard of the Paley arms; none of us dreamt that such things existed, or had ever been. All the old folks of the family were consulted; they knew nothing about it. Great search was made, however, and at last we found a silver tankard, on which was engraved a coat of arms. It was carried by common consent that these *must* be the Paley arms. They were painted on the carriage, and looked very handsome. The carriage went on very well with

them; but it was not till six months afterwards that we found out that the tankard had been *bought at a sale!*

University Teaching.

"You may do anything with young men by encouragement, by prizes, by honours, and distinctions. See what is done at Cambridge. But there the stimulus is too strong: two or three heads are cracked by it every year.—Q. "Do you mean that they really go mad by studying the mathematics?" "Why, some of them go mad; others are reduced to such a state of debility, both of mind and body, that they are unfit for anything during their lives. I always counselled the admixture of the study of natural philosophy, of classics and literature, and that university honours should be accorded to all. One thing I always set my face against, and that is, exercises in English composition. This calling upon lads (lads, be it understood, is the old-fashioned university word for under-graduates), this calling upon lads for a style before they have got ideas, sets them upon fine writing, and is the main cause of the puffy, spungy, spewy, washy style that prevails at the present day."

Pitt's Lords.

The writers of novels have a very fair ground of quarrel against Mr. Pitt; he has made so many new lords and such pretty-sounding

titles ending in *mont* and *ville* and such novel-like terminations, that the writer of a novel can hardly have a lord in his work without fear of incurring the penalties of *scandalum magnatum*.

Word.

When an author has once defined a word, he has a right to use that word in the sense so defined, be the sense whatever it might.

Lies.

Boys begin to tell lies at two years old and girls at one.

Formerly I used to believe nothing, now I believe everything; men tell lies about circumstances, but they do not invent.

The Irish.

There are two orders of the Irish peasantry: the lower order live with the pig; the higher order apart from the pig.

Harbours.

no harbour is not sufficient a commercial town: Ireland has the finest harbours in the world but few commercial ports. Where there is a rich country, ports are made, but the harbours of Ireland, especially in the west, are backed by a country poor and miserable.

Estimates.

A friend of mine told me, that when he was about to undertake any building, or to have anything

to do with masons or carpenters, it was his practice to order three estimates, and to take the middle one as that to be relied on. "Nay," said some one present, "surely the highest is most likely to be true in fact." I told him he had better take the three estimates and add them all together.

Habit of Composing.

When I wanted to write anything particularly well, to do better than ordinary, I used to order a post-chaise and go to Longtown; it is the first stage from Carlisle towards the north; there is a comfortable quiet inn there. I asked for a room to myself; there then I was, safe from the bustle and trouble of a family, and there I remained as long as I liked, or till I had finished what I was about.

His Horsemanship.

I am so bad a horseman, that if any man on horseback was to come near me when I am riding, I should certainly have a fall; company would take off my attention, and I have need of all I can command to manage my horse and keep my seat. I have got a horse, the quietest creature that ever lived, one that at Carlisle used to be covered with children from the cars to the tail.

Swindling.

I have often thought that if I was to turn swindler, I would try to swindle in the character of a

dignified ecclesiastic. It would be quite a new thing, and nobody would suspect it. Bishops, however are too well known; it would not be safe to pretend to be a bishop. Even an *English* dean might appear *in propria persona*, and push one out of one's place; but an *Irish* dean; ay, that would do very well; even the titles of Irish deans are, many of them, unknown to England; for example, the Dean of Aghadoe. Well, I would take a house at the west-end of the town, or in Marybone, and I would have a fine brass plate on my door, on which should be inscribed, in grand uncial letters, "Dean of Aghadoe." Then I would wear a short cassock—nothing to be done without a black apron. So I would begin to run in debt; nobody would refuse to trust the Dean of Aghadoe. I would order in goods, every sort of thing that could be easily disposed of, and before I had exhausted my credit, before any one began to suspect, I would be off, and the Dean of Aghadoe would be returned *non inventus*.

Dr. Ogden.

Ogden had the strangest tone of voice I ever knew; a most solemn,

drawling, whining tone; he seemed to think he was always in the pulpit. I met him one day in company with a friend, who said, "Ogden and I went into the country yesterday to dine with——." "What had you for dinner?" "Nothing but a boiled leg of mutton;" to which Ogden subjoined with a cadence as if concluding a sentence in delivering a sermon, "No capers!"

A Lord.

The appearance of——the butcher answered admirably to my idea of a lord. So long, and so lank, and so pale, and unwholesome, with something of the shabby genteel about the fellow—he was *intended* for a lord.

Dining.

"Mr. Sub-dean, what will you be pleased to eat?" PALEY. "Eat, madam? Eat everything from the top of the table to the bottom from the beginning of the first course to the end of the second. (Then with an air of grave doubt.) There are those pork steaks: I had intended to proceed regularly and systematically *through* the ham and fowls, *to* the beef; but those pork steaks stagger my system."

JAMES NORTHCOTE.

1746—1831.

[James Northcote was born at Plymouth in 1746. His father was a watchmaker. While young he came to London, and through the interest of Dr. Mudge, became a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds. On leaving this great artist, Northcote commenced portrait-painting, which he prosecuted with great success. In 1787 he became a Royal Academician. He was a shrewd, sarcastic man, disposed to envy and resentment, but rather feared than disliked. He died 1831.]

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Sir Joshua was not spoiled by flattery, and yet he had as much of it as anybody need have; but he was looking out to see what the world said of him, or thinking what figure he should make by the side of Correggio or Vandyke, not pluming himself on being a better painter than some one in the next street, or being surprised that the people at his own table spoke in praise of his pictures. It is a little mind that is taken up with the nearest object, or puffed up with immediate notice; to do anything great, we must look out of ourselves and see things upon a broader scale.

Genius.

True genius as well as wisdom is ever docile, humble, vigilant, and ready to acknowledge the merit it seeks to appropriate from

* Thomas Hobbes, born 1588, died 1679. The "Leviathan" was published in 1651. His opinions were, during his life, extraordinarily popular; and Hobbesism was as much a fashion as the peacock

every quarter. That was Fuseli's mistake. Nothing was good enough for him that was not a repetition of himself. So once, when I told him of a very fine Vandyke, he made answer, "And what is it? a little bit of colour. I wouldn't go across the way to see it." On my telling this to Sir Joshua, he said, "Aye, he'll repent it! he'll repent it!" Wordsworth is another of those who would narrow the universe to their own standard.

Goldsmith.

When Goldsmith entered a room, sir, people who did not know him became silent from awe of his literary reputation; when he came out again they were riding on his back.

*Hobbes, Locke, Tom Paine, and Dr. Watts.**

It is not Hobbes's capacity that

heard and the camel cloak. Of these opinions, it is enough to say, that he considered the soul material, that religion had no other foundation than the law of the land, and that the will of the king

people dispute, but they object to his character. The world will not encourage vice, for their own sakes, and they give a casting vote in favour of virtue. Mr. Locke was a modest, conscientious inquirer after truth, and the world had sagacity to see this and to be willing to give him a hearing; the other, I conceive, was a bully, and a bad man into the bargain, and they did not want to be bullied into truth or to sanction licentiousness. This is unavoidable; for the desire of knowledge is but one principle of the mind. It was the same with Tom Paine. Nobody can deny that he was a very fine writer, and a very sensible man; but he flew in the face of a whole generation, and no wonder that they were too much for him, and that his name is become a byword with such multitudes for no other reason than that he did not care what offence he gave them, by contradicting all their most inveterate prejudices. If you insult a room-full of people you will be kicked out of it. So neither will the world at large be insulted with impunity. If you tell a whole country that they are fools and knaves,

they will not return the compliment by crying you up as the pink of wisdom and honesty. Nor will those who come after be very apt to take up your quarrel. It was not so much Paine's being a republican or an unbeliever, as the manner in which he brought his opinions forward, which showed self-conceit and want of feeling, that subjected him to obloquy. People did not like the temper of the man; it falls under the article of moral virtue. There are some reputations that are great merely because they are amiable. There is Dr. Watts; look at the encomiums passed on him by Dr. Johnson; and yet to what, according to his statement, does his merit amount? Why only to this, that he did that best which none can do well, and employed his talents uniformly for the welfare of mankind. He was a good man, and the voice of the public has given him credit for being a great one. The world may be forced to do homage to great talents, but they only bow willingly to those when they are joined with benevolence and modesty: nor will they put weapons

was the standard of men's actions and beliefs.

John Locke, born 1632, died 1704. The "Essay on the Human Understanding" appeared in 1690.

Thomas Paine, born 1737, author of "The Rights of Man" and "The Age of Reason," among various other works. He died in America in 1809.

Dr. Isaac Watts, born 1674, died 1748. His name is now chiefly associated with his poems for children; but his more ambitious works exhibit at times a true poetical feeling, and many of his conceptions are almost sublime. His "Improvement of the Mind" was highly praised by Dr. Johnson.

in the hands of the bold and unprincipled sophist to be turned against their own interests and wishes.

Burke.

You have seen his picture? There was something I did not like; a thinness in the features, and an expression of *hauteur*, though mixed with condescension and the manners of a gentleman. I can't help thinking he had a hand in the "Discourses;" that he gave some of the fine, graceful turns; for Sir Joshua paid a greater deference to him than to anybody else, and put up with freedoms that he would only have submitted to from some peculiar obligation. Indeed, Miss Reynolds used to complain that when any of Burke's poor Irish relations came over, they were all poured in upon them to dinner; but Sir Joshua never took any notice, but bore it all with the greatest patience and tranquillity. To be sure there was another reason; he expected Burke to write his life, and ensure him immortality that way. This was what made him submit to the intrusions of drunken Boswell, to the insipidity of Malone, and to the magisterial dictation of Burke; he made sure that, out of these three, one of them would certainly write his life, and ensure him immortality that way.

Impertinence.

There is nothing more painful

than to have one's own opinion disfigured or thrust down one's throat, by impertinence and folly. Once when a pedantic coxcomb was crying up Raffaele to the skies, I could not help saying "If there is nothing in Raffaele but what *you* can see, we should not now have been talking of him."

Real Claimants of Fame.

None but great objects can be seen at a distance. If posterity look at it with your (Hazlitt's) eyes, they may think Wordsworth's poetry curious and pretty. But consider how many Sir Walter Scotts, how many Lord Byrons, how many Dr. Johnsons there will be in the next hundred years, how many reputations will rise and sink in that time; and do you think, amid these conflicting and important claims, such trifles as descriptions of daisies and idiot-boys (however well they may be done) will not be swept away in the tide of time, like straws and weeds by the torrent? No, the world can only keep in view the principal and perfect productions of human ingenuity; such works as Dryden's, Pope's, and a few others, that, from their unity, their completeness, their polish, have the stamp of immortality upon them, and seem indestructible like an element of nature. There are few of these; I fear your friend Wordsworth is not one.

Portrait Painting.

Portrait painting often runs into history, and history into portrait, without our knowing it. Expression is common to both, and that is our great difficulty. The greatest history painters have been always the ablest portrait painters. How can a man paint a thing in motion if he cannot paint it still? But the great point is to catch the prevailing look and character; if you are master of this, you can make almost what use of it you please. If a portrait has force, it will do for history; and if history is well painted, it will do for portrait. This is what gave dignity to Sir Joshua; his portraits had always that determined air and character, you knew what to think of them as if you had seen them engaged in the most decided action. So Fuseli* said of Titian's picture of Paul III. and his two nephews, "That is true history." Many of the groups in the Vatican by Raffaele are only collections of fine portraits. That is why West, Barry, and others pretended to despise portrait, because they could not do it, and it would only expose their want of truth and nature. No! if you can give the look, you need not fear painting history. Yet how difficult that is, and on what slight causes it depends. It is not merely to be seen, unless it is at the same time felt. How odd it seems, that often

while you are looking at a face, and though you perceive no difference in the features, yet you find that they have undergone a total alteration of expression! What a fine hand then is required to trace what the eye can scarcely be said to distinguish! So I used to contend against Sir Joshua that Raffaele had triumphed over this difficulty in the Miracle of Bol-seno, where he has given the internal blush of the unbelieving priest at seeing the wafer turned into blood.

Admiration.

Admiration is a forced tribute, and to extort it from mankind (envious and ignorant as they are) they must be taken unawares.

Goldsmith and Burke.

Burke came into Sir Joshua's painting-room one day, when I, who was then a young man, was sitting for one of the children in Count Ugolino. (It is the one in profile, with the hand to the face.) I was introduced as a pupil of Sir Joshua's, and on my looking up, Mr. Burke said, "Then I see that Mr. Northcote is not only an artist, but has a head that would do for Titian to paint." Goldsmith and Burke had often violent disputes about politics, the one being a stanch Tory, and the other at that time a Whig and outrageous anti-courtier. One day he came into the room when Goldsmith was there, full of

* Henry Fuseli, 1739—1825.

ire and abuse against the late king, and went on in such a torrent of the most unqualified invective, that Goldsmith threatened to leave the room. The other however persisted, and Goldsmith went out, unable to bear it any longer. So much for Mr. Burke's consistency and pretended loyalty! When I first came to Sir Joshua I wished very much to see Goldsmith; and one day Sir Joshua, on introducing me, asked why I had been so anxious to see him? "Because," said I, "he is a *notable* man." This expression *notable*, in its ordinary sense, was so contrary to Goldsmith's character, that they both burst out a laughing very heartily. Goldsmith was two thousand pounds in debt at the time of his death, which was hastened by his chagrin and distressed circumstances; and when "She Stoops to Conquer" was performed, he was so choked all dinner-time, that he could not swallow a mouthful. A party went from Sir Joshua's to support it. The present title was not fixed upon till that morning. I went off with Ralph, Sir Joshua's man, into the gallery to see how it went off; and after the second act there was no doubt of its success.

Respect to Rank.

However ridiculous it (respect

to rank) might seem, it was no more than the natural expression of the highest respect in other cases. For instance, as to that of bowing out of the king's presence backwards, would not you do the same if you were introduced to Dr. Johnson for the first time? You would contrive not to turn your back upon him until you were out of the room.

Royalty.

You violent politicians make more rout about royalty than it is worth. It is only the highest place, and somebody must fill it, no matter who: neither do the persons themselves think so much of it as you do. They are glad to get into privacy as much as they can; nor is it a sinecure. The late king, I have been told, used often to have to sign his name to papers, and do nothing else for three hours together, till his fingers fairly ached, and then he would take a walk in the garden, and come in to repeat the drudgery for three hours more.

*Opie.**

I wish you had known Opie: he was a very original-minded man. Mrs. Siddons used to say, "I liked to meet Mr. Opie, for then I always hear something I

* John Opie, the historical painter, 1761—1807. His early patron was Wolcot, the satirist. He was the author

of a "Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," and some lectures on painting, published after his death in 1809.

did not know before." I do not say that he was always right; but he always put your ideas into a new track that was worth following. I was very fond of Opie's conversation; and I remember once, when I was expressing my surprise at his having so little of the Cornish dialect, "Why," he said, "the reason is, I never spoke at all until I knew you and Wolcott." He was a true genius.

Writing and Speaking.

In writing, you address the average quantity of sense or information in the world; in speaking, you pick your audience, or, at least, know what they are prepared for, or previously explain what you think necessary. No; there is a limit, a conversational license, which you cannot carry into writing. This is one difficulty I have in writing; I do not know the point of familiarity at which I am to stop; and yet I believe I have ideas, and you (Hazlitt) say I know how to express myself in talking.

Penalties of Literature.

I remember myself once saying to Opie how hard it was upon a poor author or player to be hunted down for not succeeding in an innocent and laudable attempt, just as if they had committed some heinous crime! And he said, "They *have* committed a heinous crime in the eyes of mankind, that of pretending a superiority over

them." Do you think that party abuse and the running down authors is anything new? Look at the manner in which Pope and Dryden were assailed by a set of reptiles. Do you believe the *John Bull* and *Blackwood* had not their prototypes in the party publications of that day? Depend upon it, what you take for political cabal and hostility is (nine parts in ten) private pique and malice oozing through those authorized channels.

Learning.

You are to consider that learning is of great use to society; and though it may not add to the stock, it is a necessary vehicle to transmit it to others. Learned men are the cisterns of knowledge, not the fountain-heads. They are only wrong in often claiming respect on a false ground, and mistaking their own province. They are so accustomed to ring the changes on words and received notions that they lose their perception of things.

Monks.

The monks have been too hardly dealt with. Not that I would defend many abuses and instances of oppression; but is it not as well to have bodies of men shut up in cells and monasteries, as to let them loose to make soldiers of them, and to cut one another's throats? And out of that lazy ignorance and leisure what bene-

fits have not sprung? It is to them we owe those beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture, which can never be surpassed; many of the discoveries in medicine and mechanics are also theirs; and I believe the restoration of classical learning is owing to them. Not that I would be understood to say that all or a great deal of this could not have been done without them; but their leisure, their independence, and the want of some employment to exercise their minds, were the actual cause of many advantages we now enjoy; and what I mean is, that nature is satisfied with imperfect instruments.

*Benjamin West.**

I remember when we were young, and were making remarks upon the neighbours, an old maiden aunt of ours used to say, "I wish to God you could see yourselves!" And yet perhaps, after all, this is not very desirable. Many people pass their whole lives in a very comfortable dream, who, if they could see themselves in the glass, would start back with affright. This has often struck me in West; how happy it was for him that he lived and died in the belief that he was the greatest painter that had ever appeared on the face of the earth. Nothing could shake

him in this opinion, nor did he ever lose sight of it. It was always "my Wolfe, my Wolfe!" I do assure you, literally, you could not be with him five minutes at any time without his alluding to this subject; whatever else was mentioned, he always brought it round to that. He thought Wolfe owed all his fame to the picture; it was he who had immortalized Wolfe, not Wolfe who had immortalized him. I remember once being at the Academy, when Sir Joshua wished to propose a monument to Dr. Johnson in St. Paul's, and West got up and said, "That the King, he knew, was averse to anything of the kind, for he had been proposing a similar monument in Westminster Abbey for a man of the greatest genius and celebrity—one whose works were in all the cabinets of the curious throughout Europe—one whose name they would all hear with the greatest respect"—and then it came out, after a long preamble, that he meant Wollett, who had engraved his Death of Wolfe. I was provoked, and I could not help exclaiming, "My God! why, do you put him on a footing with such a man as Dr. Johnson—one of the greatest philosophers and moralists that ever lived? We have thousands of engravers at any time!" And there was such a burst of

* Benjamin West, an American painter, was born in 1738, died 1820. His great works are "The Death of General

Wolfe," and "Christ Healing the Sick in the Temple." From 1792 to 1805 he was President of the Royal Academy.

laughter at this—Dance, who was a grave, gentlemanly man, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and Farrington used afterwards to say to me, "Why don't you speak in the Academy, and begin with 'My God!' as you do sometimes?" But the thing that provoked me was, I knew West was only thinking of the engraving of Wolfe, who had already a monument erected to him in the select part of Westminster Abbey, and West thought, if he could get a monument to Wollett there also, he should come in between them.

Women Painters.

It is not that women are not often very clever (cleverer than many men), but there is a point of excellence which they never reach. Yet the greatest pains had been taken with several. Angelica Kauffman had been brought up from a child to the art, and had been taken by her father (in boy's clothes) to the Academy to learn to draw; but there was an effeminate and feeble look in all her works, though not without merit. There was not the man's hand, or what Fuseli used to call the "fist," in them, that is, something coarse and clumsy enough, perhaps, but still with strength and muscle. Even in common things you would see a carpenter drive in a nail in

a way that a woman never would; or if you had a suit of clothes made by a woman, they would hang quite loose about you, and seem ready to fall off. Yet it is extraordinary too, that in what has been sometimes thought the peculiar province of man, courage and heroism, there have been women fully on a par with any men; such as Joan of Arc and many others, who have never been surpassed as leaders of battle.

*Mrs. Inchbald.**

There was no affectation in Mrs. Inchbald. I once took up her "Simple Story," which my sister had borrowed from the circulating library, and looking into it I said, "My God! what have you got here?" and I never moved from the chair till I had finished it. Her "Nature and Art" is equally true—the marrow of genius. II. "She seemed to me like Venus writing books." Yes, women have certainly been successful in writing novels and plays too. I think Mrs. Centlivre's are better than Congreve's. Their letters, too, are admirable; it is only when they put on the breeches and try to write like men that they become pedantic and tiresome. In giving advice, too, I found that they excelled; and when I have been irritated by any circumstance, and have laid

* Elizabeth Inchbald, died 1821. Her "Simple Story" was published in 1791; "Nature and Art," 1796. She was the

writer of several comedies, and edited a popular series of modern dramas. Her life is written by James Boaden.

more stress upon anything than it was worth, they have seen the thing in a right point of view, and tamed down my asperities.*

SAMUEL PARR.

1747-1825.

[Samuel Parr was born at Harrow-on-the-Hill in 1747. His life presents few or no features of interest, for its routine consisted largely of passing from one school to another, as usher or head-master. In 1783 he obtained the perpetual curacy of Hatton. A few years later he exchanged Hatton for the rectory of Wadenhoe, which in 1802 he again exchanged for the rectory of Graffham, presented to him by Sir Francis Burdett. He died in 1825. Sidney Smith said of him, "that he was a great scholar, as rude and violent as most Greek scholars are, unless they happen to be bishops. He has left nothing behind him worth leaving; he was rather fitted for the law than the church, and would have been a more considerable man had he been knocked about among his equals."]

Pitt.

Pitt is a mere rhetorician—a very able one, I admit.

The Three Professions.

Of the three professions physicians are the most learned, lawyers the most entertaining—then comes my profession.†

Critic.

No man can be a good critic who is not well read in human nature.

Emendations.

Emendations of the texts of ancient authors ought not to be

* From Hazlitt's "Conversations with Northcote," originally published in the "New Monthly Magazine," from which these extracts are taken.

† This resembles Bishop Warburton's answer, on being asked to what profession he should devote his son. Warburton

entrusted to rash hands. We ought to approach them with timid solicitude, as a son examines the wounds of his parent.

Jeremy Taylor.

Few persons can obtain the copiousness of Taylor; but to fill even a bucket at his salient and sparkling well is no mean acquirement.

Burke.

Burke would have been as redundant as Jeremy Taylor if he had been left to himself. But then, sir, Burke lived at an age

said he would determine according to his son's ability. "If he proved himself a lad of good parts he should make him a lawyer; if but mediocre, he should breed him a physician; but if he turned out a very dull fellow, he should put him into the church."

when criticism had imposed sumptuary laws upon fine writing. Yet with all his taste, for no man had more, he sometimes forgets his restraints, and bounds, like Homer's horse, over his pastures, when he is emancipated from the chariot. Nothing could pass through Burke's mind without gathering fresh beauties and expanding into additional greatness.

*Crowe.**

Madam, I love him ; he is the very brandy of genius mixed with the stinking water of absurdity.

Bishop Hurd.

From a farmhouse and village school Hurd emerged, the friend of Gray and a circle of distinguished men. Whilst Fellow of a small college he sent out works praised by foreign critics, and not despised by our own scholars. He enriched his understanding by study, and

sent from the obscurity of a country village a book, sir, which your royal father is said to have declared made him a bishop. He made himself unpopular in his own profession by the defence of a fanatical system. He had decriers—he had no trumpeters: he was great in and by himself.†—*Conversation with the Prince of Wales (George IV.).*

Dedication of Burney's "History of Music."

There is the true refinement of compliment without adulation. In the short compass of a few lines are comprised no small degree of the force and nearly all the graces, and the harmonies of the English language. But Burney did not write it. Johnson wrote it; and on this, as on other occasions, showed himself an accomplished courtier. Jimmy Boswell ought to have known that Johnson wrote

* Crowe was the author of a poem entitled "Lewesdon Hall," that was greatly popular in his day.

† Hurd was born in 1720. His admiration of Bishop Warburton was too servile ; it was such as to debase his character. He was also a precisian, and justified Dr. Johnson's description (see *ante*, p. 117). As a critic he was keen and liberal ; and his style deserves to be studied for its purity and harmony. Though eminently pious, he was without bigotry, and there is a story told of him that is singularly illustrative of the goodness of his heart. Being in the habit of preaching frequently, he observed a poor man among his congregation so particularly attentive, that, to encourage his

devotion, he constantly made him little presents. Before long, however, he missed him ; and meeting him one day, inquired, "How is it I do not see you at church as usual?" The man answered, "My lord, I went the other day to hear the Methodists. I understand their plain words so much better than yours, that I have attended them ever since." Hurd put his hand in his pocket and gave the man a guinea. "God bless you," said he ; "go wherever you can receive the greatest profit to your soul." A characteristic description of Hurd was given by Gray when asked what sort of a man the bishop was. "He was the last person," said Gray, "who left off stick-topped gloves."

it. *I* had it on good authority: besides, it is Johnson's internally.

Puns.

The richest language will be found the least susceptible of puns. The Greek is too copious for puns. It supplies many words, at the same time, for every shade and variety of thought, and never drives you to use words of similar sound but different acceptation. The Greek language is that music of the mind, which the slightest equivocation of words would derange and put out of tune. Not that there are no Greek puns. You will find plenty if you look into Athenæus; and some of Aristophanes gave great delight to his audience; but then they were elaborated by mere force from the Attic language. They did not come to hand spontaneously, as the puns of an English punster; but they were hammered out like the lightnings which were forged by the hammers of the Cyclops. Yet Ælian gives us a tolerably good pun, which must have been an instantaneous one. He tells it of a Greek courtesan; for you know well enough that the Greek courtesans were the only Grecian ladies who were at all accomplished. She happened to be in company with a conceited, loquacious tra-

veller, who had wearied the whole party with the various places he had seen, and the different countries that he had visited. "And yet, after all," said she, addressing herself to the fop, "after all the cities and towns you have seen, you appear never to have been at *Σύνη*." Now, *Sigè* was a well-known town in Attica, and the equivoque silenced him.

Windham.

Windham, sir, is a good man, but he is fond of paradox; he often flutters, and entangles himself in the web that he weaves to entangle others. Windham's mind takes a lofty flight; but it is too centrifugal to keep within the orbit of vulgar opinion.

Cowley.

Hardly any compositions in the language are superior to the prose writing of Cowley. It has not the gaudy imagery nor the majestic grandeur of Milton, nor the dithyrambic greatness of Jeremy Taylor, nor the dignified march of Hooker; but it is always animated, always vigorous, and flows with that inimitable ease which, combined as it is with great strength, no two writers ever attained but Cowley and Dryden.

*Richard Bentley.**

When *he* was angry, sir, his roar shook the forests.

* Richard Bentley, born 1662, died 1742. "His works," says Joseph Warton, "exhibit the most striking marks of accurate and extensive erudition, and

a vigorous and acute understanding." Macaulay declares him to have been "the greatest scholar that had appeared in Europe since the revival of letters."

*Lord Kenyon.**

Lord Kenyon, who was an honest, though choleric man, but a bad scholar, was fond of quoting Latin from the bench, and had once quoted a whole line from Juvenal, as an aphorism of Lord Nottingham's. It was in some argument in a criminal case, when the judge observed, that it was a maxim of my Lord Nottingham's—

“—Cunctatio longa est;”

and an excellent maxim it was, and every way worthy of Lord Nottingham's humanity and good sense. Kenyon did not know that it was a verse at all, much less that it was one of Juvenal's!

Barnabas Lemon's English Derivative Dictionary.

“A fat, corpulent, Norwich alderman, of the name of Beseley, refused to subscribe, when Lemon brought him his proposals. So, sir, old Barnabas had him in his dictionary, thus, in a string of pretended derivations under the word OBESITY; or, oh beastly! a natural exclamation when we see old Beseley.”

“Beauties of Sterne.”

Sterne had no “beauties.” Everything he says is constrained in order to appear easy. All his flowers are stercoraceous: I mean, hot-bed beauties; not natural sentiments taking root in

the heart, but forced and impelled into growth.

Dramatic Unities.

I rejoice that in this respect (*i.e.* of the unities) Shakespeare was a dramatic outlaw. Had he arisen in France, his genius would have sighed in hopeless captivity. A languid, feeble elegance, an uninteresting symmetry of form, a system of conventional beauty, were the utmost emanations from those rules. *Æschylus* cared nothing about them. The French tragedies never warmed me; they were laid out like French gardens, into regular vistas, and corresponding walks, which fettered and deformed what they were meant to improve. Yet it was otherwise with regard to comedy. A good comedy ought not to comprehend any considerable portion of time. The whole action ought to be constantly tending to its end. If the plot hung fire, everybody would yawn or hiss. Comedy being chiefly conversant with domestic scenes, is rather sedentary than excursive.

Comedy.

Nothing is more undefinable than comedy. Its essence is to the opposite of tragedy;—to produce mirth where tragedy excited sorrow.

Greek and Latin.

Greek and Latin are consecrated temples, which are only to be entered through the vestibule.

* Lord Kenyon, chief justice of the King's Bench, born 1732, died 1802.

History of Human Error.

A very philosophical and amusing book might be written upon the history of human error. Sir Thomas Browne confined his excellent treatise to common and vernacular errors. The errors of learning would be more instructive. I have seen a voluminous work to prove the possibility of a blind man's generating children that could see. A philosopher had explained the production of the loadstone in a learned and scientific research, by ascribing it to atoms drawn from the North Pole by the heat of the torrid zone, and thus sent down into the bowels of the earth, where, coming into contact with condensate matter, that matter grew into the stone, and thus endued it with magnetic properties.

Vanity of Conjecture.

All human science here is but methodized ignorance. It is not, indeed, impiety; but let it be remembered that intellect was not given to man that he might be enabled to pile towers to scale heaven. The divine nature is far, far beyond the rashness of human speculation.

Attempts on Established Literary Dogmas.

Bryant has attempted to cheat us of the Trojan war. Bentley once ventured on a fearful paradox—that the whole text of the

Iliad and the Odyssey was supposititious. But, sir, on graver consideration he relinquished it. The manuscripts of some of his lucubrations on Homer were once in Cumberland's possession. Wolfe afterwards professed the same scepticism as to Homer's text. But Payne Knight would cheat us of Homer himself. I, sir, for one would stick to Homer, even if he never existed! The truth seems to be this. The versification must be Homeric; the story Homeric: the text, not altogether, but essentially, Homeric. What he owed to the early Athenians, who methodized his poems; what interpolations were inflicted on him by the rhapsodists who travelled about reciting his verses: that is uncertain; but the text, as it was reformed by the grammarians of Alexander, and acquiesced in by the critics of the lower empire, I consider to be the text as it now stands.* The verses, however, cited from the Iliad by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and even some quoted by Cicero, do not exactly correspond with our Homeric vulgate.

Paley.

Sitting one day with Parr, we were talking of principles, and the strange perversions of some minds that could reconcile to their belief almost any guide of human action

* See p. 168, where he expresses a very different opinion to Thomas Moore.

rather than simple justice. "Fox," said Parr, "always beat Pitt in argument by taking this ground. Pitt dwelt with eloquence upon the expediency, policy, necessity of a measure, rarely on the justice, for it seldom suited him to do so. Paley fails here." "Yet how many take his principle as their guide!" "They had better take a purse," replied Parr.—*Anecdotal Recollections.*

Sterne.

Sterne had little or no book-learning. Whilst he was about his "Tristram Shandy" he was seen in Becket's shop, or at old Mr. Paine's, transcribing from obscure books. Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, had detected his thefts from Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," a work once almost forgotten, but which owed its resurrection to the inordinate praise of Sam Johnson. But the most bare-faced of Sterne's plagiarisms occurred in the sermon read by Corporal Trim, nearly the whole that relates to ecclesiastical persecution having been remorselessly taken from a fine sermon preached by Doctor Bentley before the University of Cambridge. The pathetic picture of the victims perishing by the inquisition was plundered from it. The admired passage of "the soul (adverting to the lingering deaths) hovering upon the yet quivering lips, as if loth to depart," was word for word Bentley's.

Impatience of Flippancy.

He once rebuked a Mr. F——, a barrister, in good set terms. The gentleman had somewhat inconsiderately observed, that it was human authority only that had set the seal of authenticity on the books of scripture, and that the Councils of Trent and Nice had decided those that were apocryphal and those that were not so.

DR. PARR. "Mr. Frith, or Mr. Forth, or Mr. Froth,—excuse me if I forget your name—I have not the honour of your acquaintance, and the specimen you have just given us of your theological science, does not make me highly ambitious of it. Sir, give me leave to tell you, that you are as far from correct chronology in your remark as from right reasoning. Those two councils which sat at widely remote periods of time, have nothing to do with the distinctions of the books at present received in our church; it arose from the consent of the early churches, and is built upon the authority of the ancient fathers. You have ventured an opinion on a subject which you ought never to have approached, and have betrayed ignorance without modesty, and pedantry without learning. Leave these matters to maturer knowledge and sounder understandings."

Bertie Greathead's Play.

Bertie wrote a tragedy, which he called "The Regent." It came out

whilst the great question of the Regency was pending, and so hotly debated by Pitt and Fox. Of course people flocked to see a play with such a name, thinking, no doubt, that it related to the great party question of the day. But it was a Spanish story, and had nothing to do with the Regency; and everybody was disappointed. Mrs. Siddons, by her excellent acting, kept it up for some nights; but it was only a faint, languishing state of existence. At last some wags in the pit set up a laugh at a ridiculous passage in the dialogue, and then it sank for ever. Somebody asks one of the personages where he had left the king, and is answered thus—

"Within his tent, surrounded by a friend
Or two, he sits and mocks at fortune."

Now, if the word had been "attended" all would have been well; but the idea of a man *surrounded*

by a friend or two was most egregiously absurd.

*O'Coighly.**

One day Mackintosh had vexed him by calling O'Coighly "a rascal." Parr immediately rejoined, "Yes, Jamie, he was a bad man, but he might have been worse; he was an Irishman, but he might have been a Scotchman; he was a priest, but he might have been a lawyer; he was a republican, but he might have been an apostate."

Sir James Mackintosh.†

Mackintosh came up from Scotland with a metaphysical head, a cold heart, and open hands.

Mackintosh is decidedly the greatest metaphysician of the age. But this is only known to *Jemmy's* friends; the public know nothing of it.

* O'Coighly was an Irish priest, hanged for treason. For an account of the conspiracy and trial of O'Coighly and his accomplices see Twiss's "Life of Eldon."

† Sir James Mackintosh, born 1765, died 1832. Though Parr *ex ore* ridiculed Mackintosh, he has given him in his writings the honour that is his due. "I think him," he says, "a better philosopher and a better citizen than Paine; in whose book there are great irradiations of genius, but none of the glowing and generous warmth which virtue inspires; that warmth which is often kindled in the bosom of Mackintosh." Sidney Smith and Macaulay are emphatic in their praise of Mackintosh; but theirs is rather the praise of friendship than criticism.

The admiration of the early Edinburgh Reviewers for him is almost ludicrous; it is impossible to turn half-a-dozen pages of that publication, in its early numbers, nay, even down to the year 1850, without meeting with a quotation from Mackintosh. Coleridge, who was an impartial critic, sums him up most justly. "Sir James Mackintosh," he said, "is the king of the men of *talent*. He is a most elegant converser. He is uncommonly powerful in his own line; but it is not the line of a first-rate man. After all his fluency and brilliant erudition, you can rarely carry off anything worth preserving. You might not improperly write on his forehead, *warehouse, to let*."

*Mrs. Opie.**

Sir, Mrs. Opie combines in herself qualifications which are seldom combined in the same female. She is well looking; she writes well, talks well, sings well, dances well, and is, altogether, not only a very amiable, but a very fascinating woman.

Warburton's "Divine Legation of Moses."†

It is a subtle argument constructed to refute the Free-thinkers, by proving, that without the belief of future rewards and punishments no human society could exist; and that so essentially necessary as this principle in human affairs, that the Jews, who did not embrace his great tenet, were for that reason placed under a theocracy, the immediate government of the Supreme Being; and, therefore, being an exception to all other human communities, stood in no need of

that important sanction. The foundation of Warburton's argument is false; the Jews actually believed in the soul's immortality, from which a belief in a state of happiness or suffering, flowed as a corollary. They believed that Samuel's soul appeared after its separation from the body; and Solomon, in the Ecclesiastes, expressly states that the spirit returned to God that gave it. A state of separate souls hereafter, necessarily implied reward or punishment, in the greater or less degrees of happiness or misery which they had to undergo, according to their different degrees of virtue or vice in the body.

Greek Scholars.

The first Greek scholar living is Porson;‡ the third is Dr. Bunney;—I leave you to guess who is the second.

* Amelia Opie, wife of the painter, author of "Simple Tales," "Tales of Real Life," &c., died December, 1853.

† The "Divine Legation of Moses" was published in 1738. Macaulay denies Warburton's claims to be considered as a great scholar. "Though," says he, "he quotes on a vast range of authors, I cannot help suspecting that he generally quotes second-hand." The prolific genius of Warburton was guilty of many extravagances; much of his reasoning is false, and many of his conclusions untenable; but, as it has well been observed, amidst his intellectual vagaries he never lost sight of the great principles of the Gospel; they were held and taught by the reformers, "and any departure from these principles no man was more quick to observe and more anxious to reprobate."

‡ Richard Porson was born in 1759, and died in 1808. He was an amiable, warm-hearted man, despite a suifness that repelled many who knew him but slightly. He was the greatest philologist of his age. Parr calls him "a giant in literature, a prodigy in intellect." Sir Egerton Brydges more coldly says, "his gift was a surprising memory; he appeared to me a mere linguist, without any original powers of mind." Byron wrote of him as "a disgusting brute, sulky, abusive and intolerable." But Byron only saw him in his drunken hours, when the great scholar would mount upon the dinner-table at an under-graduates' private party (at Cambridge) and "hiccup Greek like a Spartan." There is, no doubt, however, that he was a drunkard—as great a drunkard as he was a scholar,

Conversations with Thomas Moore.

HOMER.—He said there was no such man as Homer; that there were various poems tacked together by a collector who was called "Ομηρος (from ὁμοῦν, *simul*, and ἄνω, *afro*)—that this was now the general opinion of the learned.

ST. PATRICK.—He had told me

At a dinner-party, he would often return to the dining-room vacated by the guests, empty the drops in the wine-glasses into a tumbler and swallow the mixture

readers must accept the surjomed specimens as but poor illustrations of Porson's conversational powers:—

"Pitt carefully considered his sentence before he uttered them; but Fox threw himself into the middle of his, and left it to God Almighty to get him out again."

"If I had a carriage, and I saw a well-dressed person on the road, I would always invite him in, and learn of him what I could."

He has been asked to stay to dinner, and has replied, "Thank you, no; I dined yesterday."

"When smoking began to go out of fashion, learning began to go out of fashion also."

"I was occupied two years in composing the 'Letters to Travis;' I received £30 for them from Egerton, and I am glad to find he lost £16 by the publication."

Speaking of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," he said: "There could not be a better exercise for a schoolboy than to turn a page of it into English."

"Every man ought to marry *once*."

"Every one," said he, "might become quite as good a critic as I am, if he would only take the trouble to make himself so. I have made myself what I am by tense labour. Sometimes in order to

before dinner that we Irish started with a blunder in the name we gave our St. Patrick, which meant the devil, his real name being *Succat*: but the pagan priests called him *Patric*, which meant an evil spirit; then took down Valancey's "Collectanea" to prove it.

CRASSUS.—He mentioned after

impress a thing on my memory, I have read it a dozen times and transcribed it six."

He was asked, "Wasn't Bentley a Scotchman?" He replied, "No, sir; Bentley was a great Greek scholar."

"If I had a son, I should endeavour to make him familiar with French and English authors, rather than with the classics. Greek and Latin are only luxuries."

"If I live," he exclaimed, "I will write an essay, to show the world how unjustly Milton has been treated by Dr. Johnson."

Speaking of Southey's "Madoc," he said, "'Madoc' will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten." [There is a burlesque criticism in the "Rolliad" on a tragedy by Richard Cumberland, which is almost the same thing.]

On the eve of the publication of Wakefield's *Diatribæ Imperialis in Euripidis Hecubam*, Porson was at a club consisting of seven members and a president. The president proposed that a name should be given, and a quotation from Shakespeare tacked to it by each of the guests. Porson happened to be drunk, and, what was worse, prostrate. The president, thinking him as good as dead, was about to pass over him, when Porson cried out, "It is my turn! Gilbert Wakefield!" "Very well," said the president; "but you must quote, please, as well as name, Mr. Professor." Whereupon Mr. Professor roared out, "What's—hic—hic—hic—Hecuba to him, or he to—hic—hic—hic—Hecuba?"

dinner the witticism that made Crassus (I think) laugh for the only time in his life: "Similes habent labra lactucas." He said it was in Bayle. I mentioned that I had also, I thought, seen it in Erasmus's "Adagia." "Very likely. What a book that is! what a condensation of learning!"

MORHOF.—I quoted Morhof's "Polyhistor." "Have you a Morhof?" he exclaimed: "read him day and night."

IRISH SCHOLARS.—He has a contemptuous opinion (which he is but too well justified in) of our

Irish scholars: says we have had none since Archbishop Usher.

ENGLISH.—His models of good English writing are, among others, Bishop Shipley, Uvedale Price, and Sheridan.* He mentioned the freedom with which he had criticised, to Fox himself, his letter to the electors of Westminster. "Your acquittal I confidently expect"—a false use of the word; also his use of the word "defer" (which Fox, by-the-bye, has employed in the same manner in his "History"), and the cant phrase of "I am free to say." He had

He went once (says Mr. Watson's "Life of Porson," 1861) to the Bodleian to collate a manuscript; and as the work would occupy him several days, Routh, the president of Magdalen, who was leaving home for the long vacation, said to him at his departure, "Make my house your home, Mr. Porson, during my absence; for my servants will have orders to be quite at your command, and to procure you whatever you please." When he returned, he asked for the account of what the professor had had during his stay. The servant brought the bill, and the doctor glancing at it, observed a fowl entered in it every day. "What," said he, "did you provide for Mr. Porson no better than this, but oblige him to dine every day on a fowl?" "No, sir," replied the servant; "but

asked the gentleman, the first day, what he would have for dinner, and as he did not seem to know very well what to order, we suggested a fowl. When we went to him about dinner every day afterwards, he always said, 'The same as yesterday,' and this was the only answer we could get from him."

* He was once dining with Mackintosh, who expressed a wish that he

should accompany him on the following day to Holland House, to meet Fox. Porson made some reply that sounded like consent; and Mackintosh encountering Mr. Maltby the next morning, told him that Porson was going to Lord Holland's. Maltby meeting with Porson shortly after, observed to him, "I hear that you are to dine at Holland House to-day." "Who told you so?" "Mackintosh." "But I certainly shall not go," rejoined Porson; "they invite me merely out of curiosity; and after they have satisfied it, would like to kick me down stairs." "But Fox is coming expressly from St. Ann's Hill to be introduced to you." The attraction was ineffective; Porson persisted in staying away.

• Much that is creditable is told of Porson. He refused to enter the church "because I found that I should require about fifty years' reading to make myself thoroughly acquainted with divinity—to satisfy my mind on all points—and therefore I gave it up. There are fellows who go into the pulpit assuming everything, and knowing nothing; but I would not do so."

• Probably Thomas Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley.

corrected me the day before for saying "medicinal," which he ac-

cents medicinal; he would say, also, inexorable, irrevocable, &c.

GOETHE.

1749—1832.

[J. Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 1749. In 1774 appeared the "Sorrows of Werter," a performance that achieved great popularity, and produced a remarkable effect on the literature of Germany. In 1782, Goethe entered the service of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who appointed him director of the theatre, where, with those of Schiller, he produced his own dramatic works. He died at Weimar on the 22nd of March, 1832.]

The Beautiful.

Nothing can be more beautiful than that which is inspired by truth, and which conforms to the laws of nature.

High Art.

The highest art lies in the knowledge of limitation, and in the power of self-isolation.

Restlessness.

The mind is found most acute and most uneasy in the morning. Uneasiness is, indeed, a species of sagacity—a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.

Old Age.

One should be careful not to carry any of the follies of youth into old age; for old age has follies enough of its own.

Court Life.

Court life may be compared to

a concert, where every musician counts his measures and pauses.

Courtiers, who run the risk of dying of ennui, invented ceremony to fill up the time.

Capacity.

Light is above us, and colour surrounds us; but if we have not light and colour in our eyes, we shall not perceive them outside us.

Time.

Be always resolute with the present hour. Every moment is of infinite value, for it is the representative of eternity.

Translation.

When one attempts to render those expressive English monosyllables by our German words, which are either polysyllabic or composite, one loses all the freshness and force of the original.

*Lessing.**

Lessing once said, that were God to offer him the gift of truth, he would refuse it, in preference to the labour of seeking it.

Definition.

I cannot help laughing at those thinkers who worry themselves for a definition of that undefinable thing we call the Beautiful. The Beautiful is a phenomenon which is never apparent of itself, but is reflected in a thousand different works of the Creator. It is as various and diverse as nature herself.

The World.

I have said often, and I repeat, that the world would never exist were it not that it is so simple. During thousands of years that poor sun there has worked, and its power remains the same. A little rain, a little sunshine, and the spring grows green again. And thus it is for ever.

Culture.

Our natural powers develop themselves, so to speak; but those germs and qualities of our nature which grow from day to day, and which are not so vigorous, demand our careful culture, that they may achieve equal power (with our natural forces). As I have often said, a young singer may have

certain superfluities, but all him, which leave sustained impoverished; but he will, before notes less pure, less vigorous, full. These notes he must cope to with the stronger by culture.

Consequences.

All our actions are attended with consequences; but a just and wise action is not always attended with a happy result. And in the same way a foolish action has not always a regretful issue. Often, indeed, it is quite the contrary. Some time ago I made a mistake, and was sorry to have done so. But such was the consequence that it would have been a great mistake had I not made that mistake. Such experiences are often repeated in life; and thus it is that men of the world, who are in the secret, go to work with great hardihood and assurance.

Alexander Humboldt.

Alexander Humboldt was with me this morning for some hours. What a man! I have known him a long time, and yet he gives me new occasion for surprise each time we meet. In natural philosophy he has no equals. His general knowledge is immense. He is at home in every topic you start, and overwhelms you with intellectual treasures.

* Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, born 1729, died 1781. His best-known works

are "Nathan the Wise" and "Emile Galotti."

corrected me the day
saying "medi'cin'."

could be symbolical ;
every situation should be
want of itself, though it should
en up a view of a situation more
important still. Molière's "Tartuffe" is, in this sense, a great model. Think only of the first scene—what an exposition ! It is interesting from the beginning and foreshadows scenes of deeper interest. The opening of Lessing's "Minna de Barnhelm" is also excellent, but that of the "Tartuffe" stands alone. Of its kind, it is the best and the noblest in the world.

Shakespeare.

Shakespeare wrote his plays just as nature dictated them. Neither the age he lived in, nor the exigencies of the stage which then flourished, required more. Whatever Shakespeare wrote was accepted and approved. Had he written for the court of Madrid, or for that of Louis XIV., his genius would doubtless have been restricted by severer rules. But not the slightest regret need be felt that Shakespeare should have written as he did, for what he lost as a dramatist, he gained as a poet. Shakespeare is a great psychologist, and whatever can be known of the heart of man may be found in his plays.

"The Deformed Transformed."

I have just been reading the "Deformed Transformed" again ;

and I must say Byron's genius appears greater each time I read him. His Devil is the offspring of my Mephistopheles, but it is not an imitation. It is entirely original and new, rich with sense and spirituality. There is not a weak passage in the whole piece ; there is not a fragment of it, though no larger than a pin's head, where you miss the creative inspiration of his genius. But for his hypochondriasm and reserve, he would have been as great as Shakespeare and the ancients.

Victor Hugo.

He has real genius, over which our German literature has exercised some influence. His poetical youth has been unhappily crippled by a kind of classic pedantry. I compare him with Manzoni. He possesses great power of observing external nature, and he seems to me quite as remarkable as Lamartine and Delavigne. If you wish to know how Victor Hugo can write, read his poem on Napoleon, "Les Deux Iles."

French Poetry.

What I chiefly applaud in the French is, their poetry never departs from the solid ground of reality. Though you translate their poetry into prose, the essential spirit remains. The French owe this to their power of perception. But we foolish Germans think we shall impair our talents if we weary them in the acquisition of knowledge. Genius should

strengthen itself by incessant instruction. By this means only can it achieve the complete employment of its powers. It is not surprising that the French should abandon their pedantry and elevate their poetry to a more liberal art. Before the Revolution Diderot and minds like his sought to open up this road. Then the Revolution itself and the Napoleonic era were favourable to this new cause of poetry. If the long years of war, in diminishing the attractions of poetry, were adverse to the Muses for the time being, they generated nevertheless a crowd of high-minded men, who now, in this time of peace, collect and exhibit their remarkable geniuses.

Actors.

An actor should take lessons from a painter and a sculptor. For an actor to represent a Greek hero it is imperative he should have thoroughly studied those antique statues which have lasted to our day, and mastered the particular grace they exhibited in their postures, whether sitting, standing, or walking. Nor should he make attitude his only study. He should highly develop his mind by an assiduous study of the best writers, ancient and modern, which will enable him not only to understand his parts, but to communicate a nobler colouring to his manners and mien.

Self-Respect.

Much may be gained by seve-

riety, much by gentleness, but almost everything by sustained patience and impartial justice, before which all private considerations are mute. It was mine once to have to defend myself against two enemies. One enemy was my passionate love of genius, which might have rendered me partial. The other you will conjecture without my naming it. Our theatre was not wanting in young and beautiful women, of brilliant minds and seductive graces. I fell in love with several of them, and they met me halfway. But I re-collected my energies, and cried, "No further!" I knew my place, and what was due to it. Had I once entered upon an amorous intrigue, I should have resembled a compass which will not point the right way until a loadstone is brought to act upon it. But as I wholly preserved my purity, as I remained entirely lord of myself, I also remained master of the theatre, and never was that respect denied me without which all authority is lost.

Menander.

After Sophocles there is no one I admire more (than Menander). We find in him, in the highest degree, purity, nobleness, grandeur, serenity. His grace is inimitable. It is a great misfortune that we possess so few of his writings; but those fragments are priceless, and from them a gifted man may gain immensely.

Calderon.

It is necessary that he from whom we desire to learn should have a nature in harmony with our own. Thus, for example, in spite of his grandeur, in spite of my great admiration for him, Calderon does not influence me in the slightest degree, whether for good or evil. But he would have been dangerous to Schiller—he would have misled him. It is also fortunate that Calderon was not generally known in Germany until after Schiller's death. In a scenic and technical sense Calderon's merit is limitless; but Schiller surpasses him in the solidity, the gravity, and the grandeur of his aims; and it would have been a pity had he lost his own peculiar merit without gaining that of Calderon.

*Schiller.**

I read Schiller with genuine pleasure and with deep admiration for certain scenes in his great dramas; but from time to time I meet with a want of fidelity to nature that brings me to a full stop. I have found this the case even with "Wallenstein." I cannot help believing that Schiller's philosophical speculations have in-

jured his poetry. For to them he owes that love of ideas which prevails over his love of nature. According to his creed, whatever the mind has the power to think, it has the power to realize, whether nature will or not! It is painful to see a man endowed with such rare gifts tormented by philosophical systems which must be useless to him. Humboldt brought me some letters which Schiller wrote to him during this distressing period of speculations. You may see how he injured himself by eliminating from sentimental poetry every element of naïveté. Schiller could not write without self-consciousness. He could not allow his instinct to dictate. All was wrought by reflection. Nor did he ever cease to talk everywhere of his poetical projects; and he and I have had discussions over every scene in his later plays. For my part, I never could discuss the poetical scenes I might be meditating, even with Schiller himself. I mature my fancies in silence, and commonly no one sees a line of any composition of mine until it is completed. When I gave "Hermann and Dorothea" to Schiller he was amazed; for he had not received a hint from me

* Frederick von Schiller was born at Murbach, in Wurtemberg, in 1759. In his youth he studied medicine. In his twenty-second year he produced the "Robbers," a melodrama which achieved enormous popularity. "Fiesco," "Love and Intrigue," and "Don Carlos" fol-

lowed. In 1789 he was appointed professor of history in the university of Jena; but his health precluding him from lecturing, the Prince of Denmark settled a pension of a thousand dollars for three years upon him. He died in 1805.

that I was engaged on any work of the kind.

Reproduction.

Before talent can felicitously develop itself there must be much intellect current in the nation. We admire the tragedies of the ancient Greeks; but we should admire rather the nation that rendered them possible, than the authors themselves. For if these pieces vary a little in merit, if one of them appears a little more grand and perfect than another, yet viewed collectively they all bear the same unique character of grandeur, solidity, health: of perfection within the limits of human perfectibility; of the highest practical sagacity of life; of sublimity of thought, of observation of the Beautiful and the Powerful; and what other qualities might I not enumerate? And these qualities are not only found in the dramatic works which have survived, but in their lyrics and epics. We find them in their philosophers, in their orators, in their historians, and in an equal degree in their sculptures. You may be sure that these qualities were not restricted to a few individuals, but that they were diffused among the nation. . . . Take Burns. He owed his greatness to those ancestral songs which were to be found in the mouths of the people. They were sung around his cabin, and his genius matured among them.

Poetry.

The world is so grand and so inexhaustible that subjects for poems should never be wanted. But all poetry should be the poetry of circumstance; that is, it should be inspired by the Real. A particular subject will take a poetic and general character precisely because it is created by a poet. All my poetry is the poetry of circumstance. It wholly owes its birth to the realities of life.

Subjects.

What can be of greater importance than the choice of a subject? all your art-theories go for nothing in comparison with it. If the subject be worthless, the exercise of talent is absolutely lost. Modern art vegetates first, because the faculty of hitting on the right subjects is missing.

Science.

Scientific theories are very often theories of being or existence. A single discovery may achieve celebrity for a man and prove the foundation of his fortune. That is the reason why you find so much rudeness, so much dogmatism, so much jealousy of the discoveries of others among scientific men. In the Empire of the Beautiful there is more sweetness and calm; there there is more or less an innate propriety in thoughts which are common to all men; the merit lies in knowing how to apply these thoughts, and there is

naturally less room for rancorous jealousy. A solitary thought may serve as the nucleus of a hundred brilliant conceptions; you are disquieted by one reflection only:—Who is the poet who, in presenting this thought to the imagination, knew those vehicles of expression which should best convey it? But in the sciences the vehicle is nothing. All the merit lies in the discovery. Amongst them there is little that is common to us all. The phenomena which conceal the laws of nature stand before us, motionless, mute and imperturbable as sphinxes. Each phenomenon that is explained is a discovery, and the discovery belongs to him who made it. If but one of these discoveries be approached, the owner rushes passionately forward to protect it.

“Theory of Colours.”

Have I not the right to feel proud when for upwards of twenty years I have known that the great Newton and the mathematicians, and all the sublime calculators along with them, have been profoundly in error in the theory of light; and that of the millions who compose this world I alone have witnessed the truth in this grand mystery of nature? It was the just sense of superiority that enabled me to support the stupid pretensions of my adversaries with patience. They have sought in every way to attack my theory and render me ridiculous; but my

delight at having finished my work is not lessened. All their attacks have only illustrated the humanity in their weakness.

Love and Intellect.

What has love to do with intellect? We love a young woman for everything *but* her intellect—for her beauty, her youth, her seductiveness, her candour, her faults, her caprices, and heaven knows for what other inexpressible things—but we don't love her for her intellect. We may *esteem* her for intellect, if she is clever; and a young girl gains much in our sight by being clever. Intellect may enslave us if we are predisposed to like it; but intellect cannot warm us or inspire us with passion.

Shakespeare.

A young dramatist, if he had talent, could not ignore Shakespeare,—could not be prevented from studying Shakespeare. But in studying he would speedily grow convinced that Shakespeare had already exhausted human nature in all its breadth and height and depth; and had left nothing to be said. How should a young dramatist have the courage to write after he had once surveyed the sublime and inimitable beauties of his predecessor? Fifty years ago, in my dear Germany, I was more at my ease; my predecessors did not trouble me. They were not of a kind to arrest me by a sense of their unapproachableness.

quitted German literaturespeedily
 --I ceased to study it, and abandoned myself to the contemplation of life and nature. By this means I developed my abilities in a natural manner, and fitted myself for the production of works which I successfully studied from time to time. In this parallel progress of my life and my mental development, never once was my idea of perfection superior to what I believed myself capable of realizing. But had I been born in England had I at the commencement of my career as a young man been dazzled by the *chefs-d'œuvre* of English literature, their strength and beauty would have confounded me, and I should have ventured nothing. I should have lost the freedom of my gait, the freshness of my courage, and action would have been suspended in long reflections, in tedious hesitation, whilst I sought for a new voice.

Society.

It was my fortune to be born in times which produced the greatest actions in the history of the world. These actions have been prolonged throughout my long life. I was a living witness of the Seven Years' War, afterwards of the separation of America from England, later of the French Revolution, and finally of the Napoleonic era, to the ruin of the chiefs and the events which followed. I have also arrived at conclusions which must totally differ from the opinions which

those who are now born will hold, got by the help of books which they will not understand. What the future may hold it is impossible to predict; but I do not think we shall very soon enjoy tranquillity. It is not given to the world to be moderate—to the great to deny in themselves the use of their power—to the populace to be satisfied with a humble position while they await the progress of ameliorative action. If one could make humanity perfect, one might indulge in the fancy of a perfect society. But as it is eternally swaying from right to left, one portion must suffer while the other portion is happy. Egoism and envy are two foul demons who eternally torment us, and party struggles will never cease. The most reasonable course is that every one should do his own business—that he was born to and which he has learned,—and that he should not prevent others from doing theirs; that, the cobbler should stick to his bench and the labourer to his plough; and that the king should know the science of governing, for that also is a business which must be learned, and which must not be simulated when it is not understood.

Literary Character.

It is commonly the personal character of a writer which gives him his public significance. It is not imparted by his genius. Napoleon said of Corneille, "Were

he living I would make him a king;" but he did not read him. He read Racine, yet he said nothing of the kind of Racine. It is for the same reason that La Fontaine is held in such high esteem among the French. It is not for his worth as a poet, but for the greatness of his character which obtrudes in his writings.

Change.

The march of time is eternal. The aspect of human things changes every fifty years, and the nature that is perfect in 1800, may be vicious in 1850. But there is nothing good for a people but that which the people themselves generate. That which may be wholesome nourishment for the people of one age, may be poison for the people of another. All attempts to introduce foreign novelties are foolish, if the desire of change has not its roots in the very heart of the nation; and every revolution of this kind must be without result, because God is not with it. But if the need of a great reform be felt among the people, God will be with such a revolution, and it will be successful. God was evidently with Christ and with His first disciples, for this innovation of a new doctrine of love met the wants of the people. God was also with Luther, for he was equally needed to purify the doctrine that had been corrupted by the clergy. The two great powers I have named were no friends to the established

faith. Their inspiration was the necessity of purifying the creeds they had found, and to prove that the world cannot continue working in falseness, imperfection, and injustice.

Candour in Art.

If intellect and an exalted culture of the mind were common to all men, the poets would be happier than they are. They could be wholly truthful, and no fear would attend the expression of their best inspirations. But as things go, they are obliged to occupy a certain level; they are forced to remember that their works will get into the hands of a mixed public; and this compels them to speak guardedly, lest too great a candour should scandalize the good folk. Time is a strange thing: it is a capricious tyrant, who presents himself every century with a new face for what is said and done. That which was allowed to be said among the ancient Greeks, is now no longer sufferable, and that which delighted the robust contemporaries of Shakespeare, is no longer tolerated by the England of 1820, which, in these latter times, has even felt the want of a "Family Shakespeare."

The Hunchback of Notre Dame's

Victor Hugo has great genius but he is wholly taken with the unfortunate romantic bent of his age, which leads him to a weakness

most beautiful pictures alongside the most intolerable and deformed. To-day I read his "Notre Dame de Paris," and I needed not a little patience to endure the tortures which its perusal inflicted. It is the most appalling book that was ever written! And after the agonies it forces you to suffer, you are not compensated by the pleasure you find in studying human nature and human character accurately depicted. There is neither nature nor truth in this book of his. His principal personages are not made of flesh and blood; they are mere puppets, subservient to his caprices, which he works into the contortions and grimaces he finds needful for the effect he desires to produce. What an age must be that which not only provokes and makes practicable such a work, but which finds it readable and entertaining!

Sir Walter Scott.

"You will find in all Sir Walter Scott's works a precision and wealth of portraiture which is due to an intimate acquaintance with the real world, which he acquired little by little, by study, by lifelong observation, and by daily relations with important matters; and did to this the activity and extent of his genius!" Do you remember Carlyle's comparisons of the poets of the singers, some of whom of masters of a few notes only, follow others have a perfect conclusion the gamut? Walter Scott differ from.

is among the latter. In the "Fair Maid of Perth," you do not find a single passage illustrative of any deficiency, whether of talent or knowledge. He always tops every subject he touches. The king, the king's brother, the priest, the magistrate, the citizen, the artisan, the mountaineer, are depicted with the utmost accuracy, are all delineated with the same wonderful fidelity.

Influence.

He who wishes to exert a useful influence must be careful to insult nothing. Let him not be troubled by what seems absurd, but let him consecrate his energies to the creation of what is good. He must not demolish, but build. He must raise temples where mankind may come and partake of the purest pleasures.

Style.

Philosophical speculation is, in general, bad for Germans, in so far as it tends to make their style muddy, obscure, and difficult. The more they surrender themselves to the teaching of certain schools, the worse they write. On the other hand, those Germans who write the best are men of business, men of the world, familiar only with practical ideas. Among our women there are some who write an absolutely good style, who in composition, indeed, surpass many of our most esteemed writers. All the English write well. They are

born eloquent, and being a practical people, care only for the real. The style of the French does not falsify their character. They are naturally sociable, and never forget the public they address. They study to be clear in order to persuade, and to be agreeable in order to please their readers. A writer's style is the counterproof of his character. He that would write clearly must first classify his intellect; and he who aspires to a sublime style must possess a sublime mind.

Human Nature.

It is a great mistake to expect to find men in agreement with us. I have never expected this. I have always regarded every man as a being existing only for himself, whose original character I have obliged myself to inspect and study; but from whom I have ~~never asked~~ sympathy. In this way I have succeeded in keeping up my friendly relations with every kind of being; and in this way only is it possible to acquire a knowledge of human nature.

The Soul.

When one has reached sixty-five one can hardly help thinking sometimes on death. But this thought leaves me perfectly calm, for I have a firm conviction that the soul is an absolutely indestructible essence which will continue to exist from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which disappears

from our mortal eye, but which in reality never disappears, but ceaselessly gives light in his progress.

Lord Byron.

Though Byron died so young, literature lost nothing by his death—in respect, that is, of his mental development. In one way, Byron could not go further. He had attained the height of his creative power, and though he might have done much more *within* it, he could not have enlarged the limits which restricted his genius. In his inconceivable poem, “The Vision of Judgment,” he produced the loftiest work he was capable of writing.

History.

Roman history is not for our age. We have become too humane to enjoy the triumphs of Cæsar. Grecian history likewise yields us little we can relish. I admit that when these people turned upon their outer enemies their grandeur was amazing; but we find their parcelling of estates, and their internal dissensions, when Greek fought with Greek, as insupportable as their other conduct was great. Our contemporaneous history is very wonderful. The battles of Leipsic and Waterloo will stand so high in history that they will throw Marathon and such days as that, into the shade. We also possess men who stand in the very first rank. The French marshals, Blucher, Wellington, may justly

take their place at the side of the great heroes of antiquity.

Poets.

Few notice that the true force and effect of a poem lie in its situation—in its motive. There are thousands of poems written in which there are no motives, and which simulate a kind of life by a sonorous versification and a succession of sentiments. Amateurs and women for the most part have but the feeblest ideas of poetry. They fancy that if they are acquainted with the technicalities of the art, they have mastered the essentials and are accomplished poets. But they make a great mistake.

His Works.

My works can never become popular. He who thinks the contrary, and labours to make them popular, mistakes. They are not written for the mass, but for men who, desiring and seeking it, I desired and sought, and on the same road that I have pursued.

Plastic Art.

My predilection for the practice of the plastic arts was a mistake. I had no natural taste for them, and any development of the kind in me was impossible. I had a delicate idea of the picturesque in sites, which bred hopes of my subsequent success. But my visit to Italy destroyed all the satisfaction I was wont to experience in contemplating my works. I enlarged my views indeed; but I lost that

facility of labour which pleased me before.

Fit Work.

I have wasted much time in labours which were foreign to my calling. When I reflected on the numberless volumes of Lope de Vega, the quantity of my poetical works appeared very small. I should have stuck to my proper business. Had I not busied myself with stones, and had I applied my energies to works more fitted to my genius, I might have possessed a fine show of diamonds by this time.

Schiller.

RIEMER.—“Schiller's attitude, his walk, every movement of his, was full of pride. His eyes only were soft.” GOETHE.—“Yes, everything about Schiller illustrated pride and grandiosity; but his eyes were soft. His genius resembled his body. He entered boldly into a subject; examined it, turned it here and there, and considered it from every point of view. Yet he only regarded his subject, so to speak, from without; it did not suit him to suffer its slow development from within. There was a species of active mobility in his genius. He was never decided. He could never make an end. He began a work boldly, but he did not seek to give plenty of motives to its action. I know how much his ‘William Tell’ troubled me when he would make

Gesler simply pick an apple and place it on the head of the boy to be shot at. It was a mode of composition quite opposed to my views, and I persuaded him to ripen this crudity by representing the boy proudly telling Gesler his father could hit an apple on a tree a hundred paces away. At first Schiller would not consent to the alteration; but my prayers finally prevailed, and he did as I wished. As for me, my love of giving my plays *motives*, holds them from the theatres. Schiller's genius was purely theatrical. Every piece of his marked his progress towards perfection. Yet his love of crudity, which took root after the production of the 'Robbers,' never wholly left him. I well remember in the prison scene in 'Egmont,' when *Egmont's* condemnation was read to him, that Schiller made the Duke of Alva appear in the background, dark and cloaked, that he might gloat over *Egmont's* emotions. It was one way of exhibiting the Duke of Alva's insatiable love of revenge and cruelty. I protested, and the Duke was remitted. Schiller was a great, but a singular man. In every work he progressed towards greater novelty and greater perfection. Each time we met I found him more deeply read, more profound, more vigorous in his judgment. His letters are the finest souvenirs I possess of him, and they are a portion of what he has written best."

Carlyle.

Criticism is our weak point. We shall have to wait a long time before we meet with such a man as Carlyle. Fortunately (thanks to the kindly relations which subsist between the French, the Germans, and the English) we are now susceptible of mutual correction. This is the grand advantage of a universal literature, and this advantage will prove more and more productive.

Carlyle in his "Life of Schiller" has judged the poet in a manner a German would have found difficult. In revenge, we have a very complete idea of Byron and Shakespeare, and know better how to appreciate their genius than the English themselves.

What is chiefly admirable in Carlyle is, that his judgments on German authors are less biassed by the artistic conditions of their work, than the spirit that inspires them. He has a great future before him, and it is impossible to predict what he will do and the influence he will some day exercise.

Presentiment.

We walk in the midst of secrets—we are encompassed with mysteries. We know not what takes place in the atmosphere that surrounds us—we know not what relations it has with our minds. But one thing is certain, that, under certain conditions, our soul, through the exercise of

mysterious functions, has a greater power than reason, and that the power is given it to antedate the future,—ay, to see into the future.

Interrogation.

You must interrogate nature slowly and gently if you wish to win an answer from her. When I was busy with researches into natural history, if an idea entered my mind, I did not expect that

nature would give me an immediate reply. No, I went on, quietly observing and experimentalizing, and was quite satisfied if from time to time she condescended to confirm my theories. When she contradicted me, she would sometimes exhibit some novelty of which she would prove the justice. It was in this way I studied, always following nature.

LORD ELDON.

1751—1838.

[John Scott, Earl of Eldon, was born on the 4th of June, 1751. In 1766 he was admitted a commoner of the University of Oxford. Marrying, in 1772, Miss Surtees,* he resolved to adopt the law as a profession, and, in 1773, became a member of the Middle Temple. Three years later he was called to the bar. In 1783, he was returned for the borough of Weobly, and became a stanch Pittite. He was Solicitor-General in 1788; Attorney-General, 1793; Chief Justice of Common Pleas and Baron Eldon 1799; Lord Chancellor 1801—1827. He was created Earl in 1821. Died January 3rd, 1838.]

Oxford.

An examination for a degree at Oxford was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in history. "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?" I replied, "Golgotha." "Who founded University College?" I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted) that King Alfred founded

it. "Very well," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree."

The most awkward thing that ever occurred to me was this: immediately after I was married, I was appointed deputy professor of law at Oxford, and the law professor sent me the first lecture, which I had to read *immediately*

* He fell in love with Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a leading banker at Newcastle. The banker, alarmed by young Scott's attentions to his daughter, sent Elizabeth to Henley-on-Thames. She returned to Newcastle; and one

dark September night, a ladder was placed against Miss Surtees' window, and the young lady airily descended into her lover's arms, who straightway deposited her in a postchaise.

to the students, and which I began, without knowing a single word that was in it. It was upon the statute of young men running away with maidens. Fancy me reading, with about one hundred and fifty boys and young men all giggling at the professor! Such a tittering audience no one ever had.

Dr. Johnson.

I had a walk in New Inn Hall garden, Oxford, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and ungentlemanly. "Sir," said Sir Robert, "my neighbour is a Dissenter." "Oh," said the doctor, "if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can."

First Experiences.

When I was called to the bar, Bessie and I thought all our troubles were over; business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers.

What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But, however, so it was; *that* was our agreement, and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea, eightpence went for fees, and Bessie got nine shillings. In the other eleven months I got not one shilling.

*Lord Mansfield.**

Lord Mansfield used to hold levees on the Sunday evenings, and of course all the young lawyers attended as soon as they had a gown to their backs. Well, I went, and it so happened, on that evening, I was the first; and the then Duke of Northumberland came second. He had just been at Bath, and was expatiating on the enjoyment he had had there. "But," added his grace, "there is one comfort I could not have. I like to read the newspapers at breakfast, and at Bath the post does not come in till one o'clock—that was a drawback to my pleasure." "So," said Lord Mansfield, "your grace likes the *comfort* of reading the newspapers—the *comfort* of reading the newspapers. Mark my words! You and I shall not live to see it, but this young gentleman, Mr. Scott, may—or I may be a little later—but a little

* William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, born at Perth, 1705. Solicitor-General 1742; Attorney-General 1754; Chief

Justice of King's Bench and a peer 1756; Earl 1782. Died 1783.

sooner or later, these newspapers, if they go on as they do now, will most assuredly write the Dukes of Northumberland out of their titles and possessions, and the country out of its king. Mark my words, for this *will* happen."

*Lord Chief Justice de Grey.**

Lord Chief Justice de Grey was a severe sufferer from the gout. I have seen him come into court with both hands wrapped in flannel. He would not take a note, and had no one to do so for him. I have known him try a cause that lasted nine or ten hours, and then from memory sum up all the evidence with the greatest correctness. I have known counsel interrupt him in his summing up, and represent that he had misstated evidence. "I am right," he would say, "I am sure I am right. Refer to your shorthand writer's notes." He invariably proved to be correct.

The Commandments.

You will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that I was first brought into notice on that circuit (the Northern) by breaking the Ten Commandments. I'll tell you how it was. I was counsel in a cause,

the fate of which depended on our being able to make out who was the founder of an ancient chapel in the neighbourhood. I went to view it. There was nothing to be observed which gave any indication of its date or history. However, I observed that the Ten Commandments were written on some old plaster, which, from its position, I conjectured might cover an arch. Acting on this, I bribed the clerk with ten shillings to allow me to chip away a part of the plaster, and after two or three attempts, I found the keystone of an arch, on which were engraved the arms of an ancestor of one of the parties. This evidence decided the cause; and I ever afterwards had reason to remember, with some satisfaction in having, on that occasion, broken the Commandments.

Earl of Chatham.

The ablest man I ever knew in the cabinet was Lord Chatham. He sat apparently inattentive to what was going on; but when his turn came to deliver his opinion, he *topped* over all the others.

Lord Sandwich.†

The Lord Sandwich, who was

* Of this judge Lord Eldon related a curious story:—"Lord Walsingham, the son of Lord Chief Justice de Grey, told me that his father, the chief justice, gave a dinner to his family and friends on account of his being to have the great seal as chancellor the next morning; but that in the interim, between the dinner

and the next morning, Mr. Justice Bathurst it was determined should be chancellor, and received the seal."

† John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, born 1718, earned the nickname of "Jemmy Twitcher," was generally hated and liberally libelled. He died in May, 1776.

first Lord of the Admiralty in 1771, was, as the world said, very profligate, and without religious principles. Dr. Scott, of Simonbourn, dined at his table, and as report stated, was about to say grace before dinner, when Lord Sandwich said, "Stay, doctor, I have a chaplain of my own who is coming into the room;" and immediately a monkey was introduced dressed in canonicals. Scott then apologized for having obtruded his services, assuring Lord Sandwich that he did not know his lordship had a relation in orders.

Schoolmasters.

In my time, on the Northern circuit, the first toast after "The King" was "The Schoolmasters." In those days they made wills, &c., which furnished frequent employment to the lawyers.

Parliament.

Parliament cannot be called together before the day appointed by the prorogation, unless under particular circumstances. This is regulated by act of parliament. When I was in office, we wished that Parliament should meet before the day fixed by the prorogation. We felt great difficulty about it. I explained the law to the cabinet, and told them that unless there were some strong ground for it, such as a disturbance or riot of the people, it could not be done. "Oh," said Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord — (I forget his

name, but never mind that), "if that's all, I can soon get up a very pretty riot in Scotland."

Case of Murder.

I have heard some very extraordinary cases of murder tried. I remember in one where I was counsel, for a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all, and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated deceased had been killed by a shot, a gunshot, in the head, and he produced the matted hair, and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared,—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.

Member of Parliament.

Under the old bribery laws, an artful fellow contrived the following cheap and safe trick for getting into Parliament as the representative of a cheap borough. At an election there, prior to the occasion on which he calculated that his object would be accomplished, he presented himself as a candidate, and making no promises or

presents, obtained, as he had expected, a very few supporters. With these few, however, numbering some half-dozen, he went to the poll, and shortly afterwards sent a handsome amount of head-money to each of them. This was soon noised abroad, and produced the expected effect upon the electoral mind throughout the borough. At the general election he reappeared, was received with universal acclamation, and came in at the head of the poll without giving or promising sixpence. The head-money was naturally expected as before, but this expectation was never realized. Of course, the honourable member could never show his face again in that borough; but at least he had been a member in one parliament, without danger and without costs.

William IV.

I went with Dr. Gray, the late Bishop of Bristol, to present an address. After it had been presented, as I was passing, the King stopped me, and said, "My lord, political parties and feelings have a very high, and I am afraid I have made observations upon your lordship which now—" I immediately said, "I entreat your Majesty's pardon, a subject must not hear the language of apology from the lips of his sovereign;" and passed on.

Retrospection.

I have employed the leisure of

my latter years in looking back upon my past life; and I hope I may say without presumption that my mind is at ease. I may have been in the wrong, but I always tried to judge and to act by the best powers of my mind, unswayed by any impure motive.

Fruits of Leisure.

I will tell you what I did one day. I really was in a great deal of pain, and I wished to beguile the time, and divert my attention, if possible, by any nonsense I could; so as I sat at my window, looking into Piccadilly towards St. James's Park, I counted all the long petticoats that went past, and all the short ones;—short petticoats beat long hollow.

Honours.

I can assure you that all the honours that have been heaped upon me always came unsought by me. I may safely say that I never stepped across the kennel out of my way to secure preferment.

Church Preferment.

There is one view of the subject (*i. e.* stalls and church preferment) which I take, and I cannot help persuading myself that it has a good deal in it. The most valuable works in divinity which we have have been written by men who held stalls or some good preferment; and if they had not done so, those works could not

have been given to the public on account of expense. Now I argue that a man who publishes a learned work, at an expense of probably five hundred pounds, benefits the whole of the clergy; for immediately there is a cheap edition, and that which cost five hundred pounds in the first instance can be had for three and sixpence; and thus is sound learning diffused over all.

Parry and Erskine.

After Captain Parry returned from his voyage of discovery, he was asked at a dinner party, where my successor and predecessor, Lord Erskine, was present, what he and his crew had lived upon when they were frozen up in the Polar Sea. Parry said they lived upon the seals. And very good living, too," said Erskine, "if you can keep them long enough."

Lord Norbury.

An attorney in Dublin having died exceedingly poor, a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his burial. Most of the attorneys and barristers having subscribed, one of them applied to Toler, afterwards Lord Chief Justice Norbury, expressing his hope that he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling," said Toler, "only a shilling to bury an attorney? Here is a guinea; go and bury one-and-twenty of them."

Religion.

Religion is a natural feeling of the human mind; and if rulers do not provide proper instructors and proper places to receive instruction, the people will provide schism, shops for themselves.

Dr. Johnson.

He was a good man; he sent me a message on his death-bed to request that I would make a point of attending public worship every Sunday, and that the place should be the Church of England.

"Letters of Junius."

I cannot tell you who the author is, but I can tell you what he is not—a lawyer.

Pitt.

Mr. Pitt has sent for me on the morning of a day on which a debate was to come on, and said to me, "Attorney-General, you must speak on such a one's motion to-night." Upon my representing that I was utterly ignorant upon the subject, and could not possibly be prepared to speak, he would say, "Sit down, and I will soon give you sufficient information." Accordingly, in half an hour he would give me almost all that was worth knowing in a clear, concise statement; and would conclude by saying, "There, now you are quite as equal to debate the subject as I am. You must follow Mr. So-and-so in the debate."

*Lord Thurlow.**

Lord Thurlow built a house in the neighbourhood of London. Now he was first cheated by his architect and then he cheated himself, for the house cost more than he expected, so he never would go into it. Very foolish, but so it was. As he was coming out of the Queen's drawing-room a lady, whom I knew very well, stopped him and asked him when he was going into his new house? "Madam," said he, "the Queen has just asked that impudent question, and as I would not tell her, will not tell you!"

A Living.

Lord Thurlow, upon the point

* Of Lord Thurlow (see note to Rogers's Table-Talk) many curious stories are told. Burke, referring to his courtesy to the king and his severity in the House, said, "Thurlow was a sturdy oak at Westminster, and a willow at St. James's." When he was asked how he got through all his business as chancellor, he answered, "Just as a pick-pocket gets through a horse-pond; he *won't* get through." He once lodged with a surgeon, whose house faced a butcher's shop. Lord Thurlow asked the landlord "whether he or his opposite neighbour killed the most?" He had a huge contempt for Lord Loughborough, a lawyer, and was once heard to utter, when Lord Loughborough was expressing an adverse opinion, "If I was not as lazy as a toad at the bottom of a well, I could kick that fellow, Loughborough, heels-over-head any day of the week." His bluntness is well illustrated by his answer to one who hinted on him from the Prince to re-

of giving a clergyman a living, stated to him that he must desire he would continue the same curate who had been there in the time of his predecessor, and whom he believed to be a deserving man. The clergyman represented that his intending arrangements were such that he could not do so. "Very well," replied Lord Thurlow, "if you will not take him for your curate, I will make him the rector." And he did so.

Wilkes.

One day at dinner I happened to sit next to Wilkes; and we were talking of one of the forms of government which the French had successively taken up. I spoke of

quest his opinion: "Tell the Prince I am always ready to offer his royal highness the best advice I am able to give him, and that I observe that his royal highness is always ready to ask it; but that it may be as well to know, before I give it, whether there is anybody that means to follow it." It is also told of Thurlow, that he made a Welsh counsel very angry by franking a letter for him—

—Price, Esquire,
Wales,

Near Chester.

Lord Campbell, in his life of Thurlow, preserves many droll stories of this chancellor. Being at Scarborough, he was one day walking, in company with many high people, in the grounds of a nobleman. The host, eager to be polite, on their coming to the hothouses, asked Thurlow if he would not walk in and partake of some grapes. "Grapes!" said Thurlow; "did I not tell you just now I had got the gripes?" On the occasion of a public procession, the

it with disapprobation. Said Wilkes, "They had it from my friend Jekyll, *who told them it was the English Constitution.*"

George III.

I don't know what made George III. so fond of me; but he *was* fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him he had his coat buttoned thus (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part), and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying "I give them to you *from my heart.*"

Napoleon's Threat of Invasion.

We had a meeting of the ministers at the time of the French threat of invasion, to consider the pro-

Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.), who had taken offence at something Thurlow had said, or done, rudely stepped in before the chancellor. Thurlow observed, "Sir, you have done quite right, I represent your royal father; majesty walks last. Proceed, sir." The secretary of a bishop called upon him and said, "My lord of — sends his compliments to your lordship, and believes the next turn to present to — belongs to his lordship." Thurlow said, "Give my compliments to his lordship, and tell him that I will see him damned first, before he shall present." "This, my lord," said the secretary, "is a very unpleasant message to deliver to a bishop." "You are right," was the answer, it is so; therefore tell the bishop that I will be damned first, before he shall present." When on the woolsack, having mentioned some public functionary, of whose conduct he disapproved, he added, "But far be it from me to

priety of allowing of volunteered regiments; and the minister avowed that they were afraid of incurring such an expense. When I had to give my opinion I said, "Do as you please, but if these men do not volunteer for you, they will against you." The volunteers saved the country; Buonaparte acknowledged it. I think the finest sight I ever beheld was the great review in Hyde Park before the King George III. The king in passing addressed Tom Erskine, who was colonel, asking him the name of his corps. He answered, "The Devil's Own." The Lincoln's Inn volunteers always went by the name of the Devil's Invincibles.

Legal Honours.

Let me warn you, never be an-

express any blame of any official person, whatever may be my opinion; for that I well know would be sure to bring down upon me a panegyric on his character and his services." Happening to be at the British Museum, viewing the Townley marbles, when a person came in and announced the death of Pitt, Thurlow was heard to say, "A d—d good hand at turning a period," and no more. A solicitor once had to prove a death before him, and being told upon every statement he made, "Sir, that is no proof," at last exclaimed, much vexed, "My lord, it is very hard that you will not believe me; I knew him well, to his last hour. I saw him dead and in his coffin, my lord. My lord, he was my client." "Good God, sir!" exclaimed Thurlow, "why did you not tell me that before? I should not have doubted the fact one moment; for I think nothing can be so likely to kill a man as to have you for his attorney."

tious of the highest honours of the land. Believe me, when I give you my word, that I have not known a single day of full freedom from anxiety since I have held the great seals. I have not known real happiness since I exchanged the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas for that of Lord Chancellor. If it were to do gain, with my present knowledge, nothing should induce me to give up a situation of ease and comfort for the highest honours, accompanied as they are by incessant anxiety. As Chief Justice of the Common Pleas I was completely happy.

Wilkes.

Wilkes dined once in company with George IV., then Prince of Wales. It was about that time when the laudable custom of drinking toasts, the health of ladies, was giving way to sentiments, as they were called. Now Wilkes overheard the Prince talking of him pretty freely; so in due time, when Wilkes' sentiment was called for, he gave, 'The king, and long may he live!'

* The only redeeming feature in Wilkes's character was his wit, to which may be added his engaging manners. But this said, all the rest must be censure. In his religion, he was an infidel; in his amours, he was a heartless profligate; in his politics, he was an impudent uncoat. To deformity of character was added hideousness of face. His eyes had a horrible squint; his mouth wore a urdonic grin. But to his conversational powers both his enemies and his friends have borne testimony. Gibbon declared he had never met with a better com-

"Why, when did you become so loyal?" exclaimed the Prince. "Ever since I had the honour of knowing your Royal Highness," answered Wilkes. After this, Wilkes attended very constantly the levees. On one occasion George III. addressed him (this George III. told me himself) inquiring after his friend Serjeant Glynn. The serjeant had been many years very intimate with Wilkes—had been engaged with him in many of his seditious transactions, and employed for him as his counsel in all his Westminster Hall trials and transactions. "*My friend, sir,*" says Wilkes to the king, "he is no friend of mine." "Why," said the king, "he *was* your friend—and your counsel in all your trials." "Sir," replied Wilkes, "he *was* my *counsel*—one *must* have a counsel, but he was no *friend*; he loves sedition and licentiousness, which I never delighted in. In fact, sir, he was a Wilkite, *which I never was.*" The king said, the confidence and humour of the man made him forget for the time his impudence.*

panion. Lord Mansfield said he was the politest gentleman and best scholar he ever knew. His advice to a barrister on his behaviour in court was the principle of his own conduct: "Be as impudent as you can, as merry as you can, and say whatever comes uppermost." How excellent is this remark on Burke! "Amidst all the brilliancy of Burke's imagination, and the exuberance of his wit, there is a great want of *taste*. It was observed of Apelles' Venus that her flesh seemed as if it had been nourished by roses; his oratory would some-

Greenwood the Agent.

I dined once with the Duke (of York), when I and another were the only guests not connected with the army. One of the party was the army agent, Mr. Greenwood, of whom most of the others, including the duke himself, had borrowed money. After the wine had gone round a few times, one of the young officers begged his royal highness permission to give, as a toast, the health of a gentleman at the table—"A gentleman to whom they were all much indebted, and to whom they were likely long to owe much—whom indeed they never could hope to repay." The duke said, "Certainly, sir." "Then, sir," said the young officer, "I give you the health of Mr. Greenwood."

Lord Collingwood.

Lord Collingwood and I are

times make one suspect that he eats potatoes and drinks whisky." His satire was often bold, and always original. "Among all the bold flights of Shakespeare's imagination," said he, "the boldest was making Birnam wood march to Dunsinane; creating a wood where there never was a shrub!—a wood in Scotland!!" "Fish," said he, shrewdly, "is almost the only rare article by the sea-side." He once quoted a happy remark of Goldsmith: "I do not think so badly of Boswell; he can be an honest fellow. Goldsmith's description of him is the best. Some one, under momentary irritation, I forget now on what occasion, called him a 'Scotch cur.' 'No, no,' replied Goldsmith, playing upon the word, 'you are too severe; he

memorable instances of the blessings to be derived from the country of our birth and the constitution under which we live. He and I were class-fellows at Newcastle. We were placed at that school because neither his father nor mine could afford to place us elsewhere; and now if he returns to this country to take his seat in the House of Lords, it will be my duty to express to him, sitting in his place, the thanks of that House (to which neither of us could expect to be elevated) for his eminent services to his country."

Bishop Porteus.

Bishop Porteus, whom, in all conversations about him, George III. called the Queen's bishop, was asked by Her Majesty, at a period when all ladies were employed (when they had nothing better to do) in knotting, whether she might knot on a Sunday? He

is merely a Scotch *bur*. Tom Davies threw him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of *sticking*." When Lord Townshend, the notorious "Jimmy Twitcher," once brutally asked him whether he meant to die by the gallows or a certain disease, "That, my lord," answered Wilkes, "depends upon whether I embrace your lordship's principles or your mistress." During the prosecution carried on against him by the administration, being in France, and at court, Madame Pompadour said to him, "You Englishmen are fine fellows; pray, how far may a man go in his abuse of the royal family among you?" "I don't at present know," replied Wilkes, drily, "but I am trying."

answered, "You may not," leaving her Majesty to decide whether, as knot and not were in sound alike, she was or was not at liberty so to employ herself on that day.

George III.

George III. was a man of firm mind, with whom one had pleasure in acting. He was very slow in forming his opinion—very diligent in procuring every information on the subject—but once convinced, he would act with the most unflinching firmness. His beautiful speech about the Catholic question shows his character: "I can give up my crown, and retire from power; I can quit my palace and live in a cottage; I can lay my head on a block, and lose my life, but I can *not* break my oath." My birthday, the 4th of June, was the same as George III.'s; and I had to appear before him in full robes as Chancellor. On one of these occasions I arrived, and was beginning, "Please your Majesty," when he stopped me. "Stop, stop," said he, "I wish *you* many happy returns of this day. Now you may go on, but remember *I* spoke first."

The present king (George IV.) sits at his levees, George III. always stood. I remember once, when he was becoming old, I asked him if he had not better have a chair. He answered, "No, I cannot sit; for there are so many persons come to these levees who ought not to come, who ought

never to be admitted, the only way I have of not speaking to them is to walk about." Oh, he had many levees at which he did not speak to one-half of the persons present, and *that* not from politics, but from their situation and character.

On one occasion George III., when he came out of the House of Lords, after opening the session of Parliament, said to me, "Did I deliver the speech well?" "Very well, sir." "I am glad of it," replied the King, "for there was nothing in it."

Hanging.

I was exceedingly shocked the first time I attended to hear the Recorder's report at the careless manner in which, as it appeared to me, it was conducted. We were called upon to decide on sentences affecting no less than the *lives* of men, and yet there was nothing laid before us to enable us to judge whether there had or had not been any extenuating circumstances; it was merely a recapitulation of the judge's opinion, and the sentence. I resolved that I never would attend another report without having read and duly considered the whole of the evidence of each case, and I never did. It was a considerable labour in addition to my other duties, but it is now a comfort to reflect that I did do so, and that, in consequence, I saved the lives of several individuals.

They used formerly to hang for street robberies. That was a time when hanging was more in fashion than it is now. In one of the Recorder's reports, there was one man condemned for a robbery in Bedford-square. The King consulted his council whether this man's sentence should be executed, and all the minsters, except one, advised that it should. "I observe," said the King, "that Lord Eldon has not yet spoken: what says he?" I answered: "I will tell your Majesty my opinion. It has been the custom to hang for street robberies, and a very bad crime it is; but I think a distinction might fairly be made between those cases which are attended by personal violence and those which are not; therefore, as this man did not use violence, I differ from the other lords, and think he is not an improper object for your Majesty's clemency." "Well, well," said the King, "since the learned judge, who *lives in Bedford-square*, does not think there is any great harm in robberies there, the poor fellow shall *not* be hanged."

Hard Work.

After all, I think I am a wonderful man, considering how much I have gone through; for mine has been no easy life. I will tell you what once happened to me. I was ill with the gout; it was in my feet, so I was carried into my carriage, and from it was carried

into my court. There I remained all the day and delivered an arduous judgment. In the evening I was carried straight from my court to the House of Lords; there I sat until two o'clock in the morning, when some of the Lords came and whispered to me that I was expected to speak. I told them I really could not, I was ill, and I could not stand; but they still urged, and at last I hobbled in some way or other, with their assistance, to the place from which I usually addressed the House. It was an important question—the Peace of Amiens. I forgot my gout, and spoke for two hours. Well, the House broke up; I was carried home, and at six in the morning I prepared to go to bed. My poor left leg had just got in, when I recollected I had important papers to look over, and that I had not had time to examine them. So I pulled my poor left leg out of bed, put on my clothes, and went to my study. I did examine the papers; they related to the Recorder's report, which had to be heard that day. I was again carried into court, where I had to deliver another arduous judgment, again went to the House of Lords, and it was not till the middle of the second night that I got into bed. These are hard trials to a man's constitution.

Milliners.

I remember, as I was coming,

away from a drawing-room in my full dress as king's counsel (Lord Clarendon, then Mr. Villiers, was with me), we came to the room where the milliners were collected to see the fashions. Said I, "Why, Villiers, I think all the prettiest women are here." One of the girls, and a most amazingly beautiful creature she was, stood up, and said to another, "I am sure that gentleman is a *judge*."

Handsome Offer.

Once I had a very handsome offer made to me. I was pleading for the rights of the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Now, I had been reading in Coke, and I found there that the people of the Isle of Man are no beggars. So in my speech I said, "The people of the Isle of Man are no beggars. I therefore

do not *beg* their rights, I *demand* them." This so pleased an old smuggler who was present, that when the trial was over he called me aside, and said, "Young gentleman, I will tell you what: you shall have my daughter if you will marry her, and one hundred thousand pounds for her fortune." That was a very handsome offer; but I told him that I happened to have a wife who had nothing for her fortune, therefore I must stick to her.

Lord Nelson.

When Lord Nelson first appeared at the levée at St. James's after losing his arm, his Majesty, acknowledging his great services, added, "But your country has a claim for a bit more of you."

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

1760—1844.

[William Beckford, the author of "*Vathek*," was the son of the well-known Alderman Beckford, who is said to have bequeathed him property of the value of one hundred thousand pounds a year. In spite, however, of his colossal fortune, his vast expenses, coupled with the loss of a large portion of his West India property, obliged him in 1822 to dispose of his residence, Fonthill Abbey, with nearly all its rare and costly contents. Beckford was a man of genius and of fine taste. His "*Vathek*," written in French, excited great admiration. Lord Byron declared it to have far surpassed all European imitations of Eastern life. Died in 1844.]

"Vathek."

Q.—"*Vathek*" made a great sensation when it appeared." BECKFORD.—"You will hardly believe how closely I was able to apply myself to study when young. I wrote '*Vathek*' when I was barely twenty-two years of age. I wrote it at one sitting, in French. It cost me three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took off my clothes the whole time. This severe application made me very ill." Q.—"You must needs have been ardent and deeply imbued with the literature of the East." BECKFORD.—"I revelled day and night in that sort of reading for a good while. I preferred it to the classics, and began it as a relief from their dryness. I was a much better Latin than Greek scholar. The Greek and Latin were set tasks. I began Persian of my own accord." Q.

—"The Hall of Eblis Byron praises highly for its sublimity." BECKFORD.—"Byron several times complimented me upon that story." Q.—"I never read in the Eastern writings (though translations, of course), that contains anything like the Hall of Eblis." BECKFORD.—"You could hardly find anything like it there, for that was my own. Old Fonthill had a very ample, loud, echoing hall, one of the largest in the kingdom. Numerous doors led from it into different parts of the house, through dim winding passages. It was from that I introduced the Hall—the idea of the Hall of Eblis being generated by my own. My imagination magnified and coloured it with the Eastern character. All the females in '*Vathek*' were portraits of those in the domestic establishment of Fonthill, their fancied good or ill

character exaggerated to suit my purpose."

First Production.

You were wrong in calling "Vathek" my first literary production. You suppose also that I translated it from the French original. I wrote the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters" before I wrote "Vathek." The translator of "Vathek" I do not know. It was tolerably well done.

"Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters."

"It is a laughable book. The editor of the *Quarterly Review* seems to have read it. He says, 'He is not aware under what circumstances it was given to the world.' I will tell you how it originated. The *Quarterly* complimented me on this work which I threw off as a *jeu d'esprit*. It is true enough, as the reviewer states, that I designed to hit the criticisms and memoirs upon Dutch painters. How could I fail to do so with such an opportunity—their fooleries and trash so very obvious? I will explain the origin of the 'Memoirs.' The house-keeper at old Fonthill, as is customary, used to get her fee by exhibiting the pictures to those who came to see the building. Once or twice I overheard her give the most extraordinary names to different artists. I wondered how such nonsense could enter the

brain of woman. More than this, in her conceit, she would at times expatiate upon excellences of which the picture before her had no trace. The temptation was irresistible, in my humour. I was but seventeen. My pen was quick in hand composing the 'Memoirs.' In future the house-keeper had a printed guide in aid of her descriptions. She caught up my phrases; the fictitious names of the wives too, whom I had given to my imaginary painters, were soon learned in addition; her descriptions became more picturesque, her language more graphic than ever." "To the visitors of old Fonthill?" "Yes, to the sight-seeing people. Mine was the text-book, whoever exhibited the paintings. The book was soon on the tongues of all the domestics. Many were the quotations current upon the merits of Og of Basan and Watersouchy of Amsterdam. Before a picture of Rubens or Murillo there was often a charming dissertation upon the pencil of the Herr Sucrewasser of Vienna or that great Italian artist Blunderbussiana of Venice. I used to listen unobserved, until I was ready to kill myself with laughing at the authorities quoted to the squires and farmers of Wilts, who took all for gospel. It was the most ridiculous thing in effect that you can conceive. Between sixty and seventy years ago people did not know so much of the fine arts as they do now."

Voltaire.

Before I was eighteen I had mingled in French society. I was introduced in Paris to Voltaire, who died the same year. On taking leave of him, he placed his hand upon my head, "There, young Englishman," said he, "I give you the blessing of a very old man." Voltaire was a mere skeleton—a living anatomy—his countenance I shall never forget.

Astronomy.

I repent never having studied astronomy. There is a touch of astrology in "Vathek" I believe; but astrology is a very obscure science, adept in it as I am pronounced to be by many. Except what everybody knows of the stars I know nothing. I wish I was better acquainted with some of those distant worlds. Ten years younger and I would build an observatory on the point of Lansdown towards the Avon, three hundred feet high, furnish it with instruments, and shut myself up until I was master of the science. Ours is a miserable atom of creation—we and all our solar system—amidst the many that dart and sparkle along the infinity of space. How much is to be discovered! How few of these magnificent worlds will glasses ever enable men to see!—what sort of people inhabit them? Is life there—death—original corruption, which Dr. Whitby wrote so well against?

Walpole and Strawberry Hill.

Walpole hated me. I began Fonthill two or three years before his death. Mischief-making people annoyed him by saying I intended buying up all his nicknackery when he was dead. Some things I might have wished to possess—a good deal I would not have taken as a gift. The place was a miserable child's-box—a species of gothic mousetrap—a reflection of Walpole's littleness. I happened to be adding to the Fonthill collection of pictures at the time, and was made a bugbear of. Mrs. Damer and Lord Waldegrave may thank me for their legacy. My having his playthings he could not tolerate, even in idea, so he bequeathed them beyond my reach, as he not improbably surmised. I was thirty-seven when he died. Mortals grope in the dark. He built everything upon family honours and gossip: his writings are portraits of himself. He would have abused my heraldic emblazonments at Fonthill. He was full of spleen. He would have written and talked me and my buildings down to the ground—yet he affected the philosopher.

Lord Brougham.

He's delightful—charming! so malicious! he is as spiteful as any dwarf—an electric eel. He pokes up his cold nose, electrifies the political writers, and the gudgeons

are mesmerized—he ought to be read, he is so clever.

Somerset House.

I was a pupil of Sir W. Chambers when he was building Somerset House. Had the foundations been stronger I would have carried it up twenty feet higher.

Rembrandt.

What a glorious fellow the Dutchman was, without grace or beauty! He threw about his light like another sun. What an expressive colorist; what strength he had—the very Samson of art—his native dams and dykes stagnating all. How unfortunate that he nature he copied partook of his mental constitution—he revelled in Dutch grossness, but even that he made the most astonishing thing in painting; he was a miracle in his day, he is so still—he will be so for ever.

The Peerage.

I pull the peerage about sadly. I have recently amused myself by examining the claims of the peerage to be “gentlemen;” in the heraldic sense, I mean. You cannot think how few there are who can claim ancestral honours, yet all pretend to do so the moment they get a coronet. Nobles in the heraldic sense are not peers exclusively; they are those only who bear a coat of arms, the older the more noble—they need not

have a title at all. A minister may make a peer of anybody, but he can only through the crown make him a noble of inferior rank to a country gentleman whose family has long borne arms.

Raffaële.

What works I have seen of Raffaële's!—what religion there is in his paintings! Go any distance out of your way to see pictures by that master—they breathe all they represent—there is an atmosphere of piety around them. His pencil was baptized in the fire of devotion, as that of no other mortal ever was. “Which do you think his best work?” “The ‘Madonna del Spasimo,’ at Madrid. I have mentioned it in my ‘Sketches’—it produced a more striking effect upon me than any other picture I ever saw.”

Italian Art.

One must become half-Catholic to enter fully into the glories of Italian art: religion with us is a cold, reluctant duty. We acknowledge God, but fear to love him. We are afraid of anything that fits our minds for devotion—we make religion a duty, not an affection—and when the formality of worship is over we have done. The true spirit, superstition, devotion, whatever you will, was in the heart of the Italian artist—it oozed out at the end of his pencil, bathing his work in the beauty of holiness.

Milton.

How gloriously sublime he is!—
Michael Angelo and Raffaele together.

Faccs.

Men's faces are a sort of alphabet to me. I can read their minds as easily as I can read a book.

Sir Thomas Lawrence.

He's a dandy artist; he paints *à la* Almack's; not but his pictures of the Pope and John Kemble are very fine—I mean the small picture of John Kemble as Hamlet.

Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy."

It is a strange work, filled with deep reading. Half your modern works are decanted out of it.

Junius's Letters.

"Do you think these letters were from the pen of Lord Chatham?" "Most decidedly not. None of us ever for a moment thought that they were, and if they had been we should certainly have known it. There is much in them which resembles the peculiarities of Burke, and many of his admirers entertained the opinion so positively, that Burke felt himself called upon to solemnly disclaim the imputation. My opinion is Dr. Wilmot was the author." "Dr. Wilmot?" "Ay, Dr. Wilmot. No man had better opportunities; he was a good scholar, a sincere Whig, and a most intimate friend of Lord Chatham's. He had op-

portunities of being fully acquainted with everything, from his enjoying such an exclusive confidence of George III., which arose from the following singular affair. George III., when Prince George, fell in love with a beautiful Quakeress of the name of Hannah Lightfoot. She resided at a linen-draper's shop at the corner of Market-street, St. James's market. The name of that linendraper was Wheeler. As the prince could not obtain her affections exactly in the way he most desired, he persuaded Dr. Wilmot to marry them, which he did at Kew Chapel in 1759, William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, and Ann Taylor being the parties witnessing; and, for aught I know, that document is still in existence."

Byron.

He is a splendid bouquet of intellectual voluptuousness—a genius—a great genius—but an irregular one; his poetic flight is like that of a firefly, alternate flashes of light and dark.

Lord Jeffrey.

He is a writer of accurate perception, but I do not like these patent intellects of magazines, their writings become biassed—they write too much upon rule, and for party purposes. Jeffrey is too high-dried to please me; he wanted a little of Sydney Smith's liquors.

Raffaëlle and Rubens.

The women of Raffaëlle are Italian in grace; they look round, firm, and well-formed. The ladies of Rubens are Flemish or Dutch, flaccid and oysterish, as if they had been fattened in their own quags or salt marshes.

Fonthill.

There has been a paragraph in the *Times* which states that Fonthill cost me a million. The love of the world for anything but the truth is as great as ever. Can you credit such an absurdity! Now I will tell you what it did cost me to a shilling. My whole outlay on Fonthill was £273,000, some hundreds, it may be over that sum. This was scattered over sixteen or eighteen years in the expenditure.

Theodore Hook.

His plots are not very original, nor does he display much thought. But he relates his stories wonderfully well, and introduces his minor incidents with great judgment and effect.

William Pitt.

* BECKFORD.—“Pitt loved power. He was proud, but he had not the pride of his father, who, a courtier

in manners and fond of power too, would not have suffered the king to rob him of his self-respect. His ambition was more honourable. Pitt was my companion in our minority. He was a year older than I am. I used to visit for days together at Barton Pysent.”

Q.—“Lord Chatham, I believe, took great pains with Pitt's education?” BECKFORD.—“I remember he was very particular about the words he used in conversation. I arrived once at Lord Chatham's when William Pitt had been absent on a visit, but was hourly expected home. I was in the apartment with the father when the son came in. ‘I hope you have spent your time agreeably, William,’ said the Earl. ‘Most delectably,’ replied William Pitt. Lord Chatham put on one of his stern looks—sternly, indeed, with his eagle features he could look when he pleased. ‘Delectably, sir? Never let me hear you utter that affected word again. Delectably, sir!’”

*Lord Chatham and Lord Mayor Beckford.**

Lord Chatham outlived my father and lost a devoted admirer. What chief magistrate of London before or since my father ever gave an

* William Beckford was Lord Mayor of London, 1763 and 1770. His celebrated speech to George III. on the subject of the City of London's remonstrance against the violation of the constitutional law in the case of the Middlesex election

was delivered in May, 1770. So highly gratified were his colleagues by this speech that they ordered it to be inserted in the City books, and afterwards, on his death, on a monument erected in the Guildhall to his memory.

entertainment at the Mansion House that cost £10,000 of his own money? My father's speech was not written by Wilkes, as some have asserted. His recollection was good. He was at Westminster school with Lords Mansfield and Kinnoul. Those three were dubbed the "Triumvirate," being the best verse-makers in the school. He was a bad speaker, but able to write, and a very intrepid man. Feeling indignant at the insult the king had put upon the City by laughing when an address was presented, he determined it should not pass unregarded. The king was as much surprised as angry at the rejoinder. Lord Chatham was too high-minded for George III., who was a man of coarse feelings. High-minded noblemen are not royal favourites. The subject must not touch the hem of the royal robe. I have seen something of courts, both here and abroad. There must be no competition with regality—all must be prostrate to fatten upon its good things.

Dr. Wolcot.

Wolcot was the most delightful company I ever knew. He charmed my visitors at Fonthill with his wit and story-telling. He knew the two worlds well—men and books—he knew both as I do. He came to see me with Lord Nelson.

*Hope's "Anastasius."**

It was a considerable time before I could believe "Anastasius" was written by Hope. Hope exhibited less apparent capacity for the production of so fine a thing than any author I have known. I have read the work again and again. 'The fidelity of colouring—the perfect delineation of Greek character—the knowledge of detail—the mind displayed—make it a matter of mystery to me in some degree still. That any one should live to be old before he produced a literary work of such high character is surprising; the world is full of miracles. What a fine passage was that descriptive of the ruin of Euphrosyne—how heart rending! I was obliged to lay down the book when I read it for the first time before I got to the conclusion—it was agonizing. The picture is worked up to indescribable horror. I asked myself if human nature could reach such a pitch of depravity as is painted there; yet it no doubt has done so. Hope's work is singular—strange. What admirable keeping—the real test of authorship in novel-writing. Just keeping is a secret towards success few attain. Educated persons see glaring discrepancies that escape the generality of readers in this respect, and fling away the work half read. It exhausts patience. The ladies who

* "Anastasius" was first attributed to Lord Byron. Thomas Hope was the nephew of a rich merchant of Amster-

dam, and was born in 1769. He died in 1831.

so admirably hit off the follies of society and describe social life so well, fail in attempting, indeed, what they have no business to try. They cannot describe naval life or military operations. Greece and Rome puzzle them. They are always

caught tripping at consuls and senators. Yet even of men how few succeed. Lockhart has done well in "Valerius." Bulwer has failed altogether in "Pompeii"—there is nothing Roman in the writer or his character.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

1763—1855.

[Samuel Rogers was born at Stoke Newington in 1763. His poetical career can hardly be said to have commenced before 1792, when appeared the "Pleasures of Memory." In 1812 he published the "Voyage of Columbus," and subsequently "Jacqueline" and "Human Life." Byron declared Rogers's "elegance" wonderful, and added that there was not a single vulgar line in his book. His experience was rich and varied: he had mingled in a large circle of acquaintance, and lived on terms of intimacy with the distinguished men of at least three generations. His table-talk is in consequence peculiarly interesting. His benevolence earned him the gratitude or friendship of all who knew him. Thomas Campbell paid him a high but a just compliment when he said, "I firmly believe that he dislikes men when they become prosperous, because he feels he can no longer do them and his own heart good by any aid he can tender them." He died in 1855.]

Composition.

I was engaged on the "Pleasures of Memory" for nine years; on "Human Life" for nearly the same space of time; and "Italy" occupied me little less than sixteen years.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

What a quantity of snuff Sir Joshua took! I once saw him at an Academy dinner, when his waistcoat was absolutely powdered with it.

Haydn.

I recollect when it was still the fashion for gentlemen to wear swords. I have seen Haydn play at a concert with a tie-wig and a sword at his side.

Pope.

I have several times talked to a very aged boatman on the Thames, who recollected "Mr. Alexander Pope." This boatman when a lad had frequently assisted his father in rowing Pope up and down the

river. On such occasions Pope generally sat in a sedan chair.

Gray.

At Brighton during my youth I became acquainted with a lawyer who had known Gray. He said that Gray's pronunciation was very affected: *e.g.*, "What naise (noise) is that?"

New Books.

When a new book comes out I read an old one.

Lamartine.

Lamartine is a man of genius, but very affected. Talleyrand, when in London, invited me to meet him, and placed me beside him at dinner. I asked him, "Are you acquainted with Beranger?" "No. He wished to be introduced to me, but I declined it." "I would go," said I, "a league to see him." This was nearly all our conversation. He did not choose to talk. In short, he was so disagreeable, that some days after both Talleyrand and the Duchess di Dino apologized to me for his ill-breeding.

The Discontents.

"Is that the contents you are looking at?" inquired an anxious author, who saw Rogers's eye fixed on a table or list of the presentation copy of a new work. "No," said Rogers, pointing to the list of subscribers, "the *discontents*."

Marriage.

When he was speaking of some one's marriage in his usual tone, he was reminded that the friends of the bridegroom were very much pleased at it. Rogers replied, "He's a fortunate man, then, for his friends are pleased and his enemies delighted."

Revenge.

Whenever a disagreeable man, or one whom he disliked, married a pretty woman, he would say, "Now we shall have our revenge of him."

Luttrell.

None of the talkers whom I meet in London society can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as Luttrell does.

Lady Donegal.

One day at dinner Lady Donegal called across the table, "Now, Mr. Rogers, I am sure you are talking about me." "Lady Donegal," he answered, "I pass my life in defending you."

Death.

Whenever you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment. Your anger will vanish at once.

Coleridge.

Coleridge was a marvellous talker. One morning when Hookham Frere also breakfasted with

me, Coleridge talked for three hours without intermission about poetry, and so admirably, that I wish every word he had uttered had been written down. But sometimes his harangues were quite unintelligible, not only to myself, but others. Wordsworth and I called upon him one forenoon when he was in a lodging off Pall Mall. He talked uninterruptedly for about two hours during which Wordsworth listened to him with profound attention, every now and then nodding his head, as if in assent. On quitting the lodgings, I said, "Well, for my part, I could not make head or tail of Coleridge's oration: pray, did you understand it?" "Not one syllable of it," was Wordsworth's reply.

*Mrs. Piozzi.**

I was afterwards very intimate with the Piozzis, and visited them often at Streatham. The world was most unjust in blaming Mrs. Thrale for marrying Piozzi; he was a very handsome, gentlemanly, and amiable person, and made her a very good husband. In the evening he used to play to us most beautifully on the piano.

* Mrs. Piozzi was born in 1739. As Mrs. Thrale she is hardly less familiar to us than her friend Dr. Johnson. Rogers was mistaken respecting the enmity between her and her daughters; they were afterwards reconciled. Mrs. Piozzi died at Bath, 1821.

Her daughters never would see her after that marriage; and, poor woman, when she was a very great age, I have heard her say "that she would go down upon her knees to them if they would only be reconciled to her."

Robert Southey.

In all his domestic relations Southey was the most amiable of men; but he had no general philanthropy; he was what you call a *cold man*. He was never happy except when reading a book or making one. Coleridge once said to me, "I can't think of Southey without seeing him either using or mending a pen."

Matthew Gregory Lewis.†

In Monk Lewis's writings there is a deal of bad taste; but still he was a man of genius.

Theodore Hook.

Words cannot do justice to Theodore Hook's talent for improvisation. It was perfectly wonderful. He was one day sitting at the pianoforte singing an extempore song as fluently as if he had had the words and music before him, when Moore happened to look into the room, and Hook

† The author of "The Monk," and many plays and novels. Lockhart calls him "a good-natured fopling." He died on his voyage to Jamaica, 1818.

immediately introduced a long parenthesis :—

And here's Mr. Moore
Peeping in at the door, &c.

The last time I saw Hook was in the lobby of Lord Canterbury's house, after a large evening party there. He was walking up and down singing with great gravity, to the astonishment of the footmen, "Shepherds, I have lost my hat!"

Ignorance.

I was not understood yesterday when I talked to a budding legislator about Sir Andrew Freeport; and here is a young lady who supposes Seged, Emperor of Ethiopia, to be one of the tawdry potentates discovered by Bruce.

Dr. Johnson and Dr. Parr.

My friend Maltby and I had a strong desire to see Dr. Johnson; and we determined to call upon him and introduce ourselves. We accordingly proceeded to his house in Bolt-court; and I had my hand on the knocker, when our courage failed us, and we retreated. Many years afterwards I mentioned this circumstance to Boswell, who said, "What a pity you did not go boldly in; he would have received you with all kindness."

Rogers commonly followed up this anecdote with another of the advice he gave, instead of a letter of introduction, to a young friend who was going to Birmingham, and had a similar desire to see Dr.

Parr. "Well, what did you do?" "Exactly as you told me. I knocked boldly at the door, and asked for Dr. Parr. I was shown into a parlour on the ground floor by the servant. When the doctor appeared, I looked steadily at him for a moment, and then said, 'Dr. Parr, I have taken an inexcusable liberty, and I cannot complain if you order me to be kicked out of your house. On seeing your name upon the door, I could not make up my mind to pass the house of the greatest man in Europe without seeing him. I knocked, was admitted, and here I am.' The doctor seized me by both hands in a kind of transport of welcome, fairly danced me up and down the room, and ended by keeping me to dinner on a roast shoulder of mutton."

Words.

Words are so twisted and tortured by some writers of the present day that I am really sorry for them,—I mean, for the words. It is a favourite fancy of mine that perhaps in the next world the use of words may be dispensed with, that our thoughts may stream into each other's minds without any verbal communication.

Dr. Parr.

Dr. Parr had a horror of the east wind; and Tom Sheridan once kept him prisoner in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weathercock in that direction.

French and English Writers.

We have not a few charming writers in what may be called the middle style—Addison, Middleton, Jortin, &c.; but in the highest prose style we have none to be compared with Bossuet, Pascal, or Buffon. We have far better tragic writers than Corneille or Racine; but we have no one to be compared with Molière—no one *like* him.

*Lord Erskine.**

'To all letters soliciting "his subscription" to anything, Erskine

had a regular form of reply, viz., "Sir, I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe,"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obedient servant," &c.

Illegible Writing.

It is inexcusable in any one to write illegibly. When I was a schoolboy I used to get hold of our writing-master's copies, and trace them by holding them against the window; hence the plain hand I now write.

Erskine's humour was chiefly illustrated by his cross-examination of wit-

He was sometimes condemned for this "nonsense," as it was called; but it was well said that the "nonsense" of Erskine would set up half a dozen of such men as ran it down. Experience had probably shown him that a cause was more often served by upsetting the gravity of a jury than combating the opinions of his opponents. A witness that had baffled his examination, was suddenly asked by him, "You were born and bred in Manchester, I believe?" "I was," answered the witness pompously. "I knew it," said Erskine, "from the absurd cut of your neckcloth." An action was brought by a gentleman who, whilst travelling in a stage-coach that started from the Swan with Two Necks in Lad-lane, had been upset and had his arm broken. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Erskine, "the plaintiff in this case is Mr. Beverley, a respectable merchant of Liverpool, and the defendant is Mr. Wilson, proprietor of the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad-lane,—a sign emblematic I suppose, of the number of necks people ought to possess who ride in his vehicles." Nor was his humour less quick, his wit less keen, when off the boards of his

theatre, the court. Meeting his friend Mr. Maylem at Ramsgate, Maylem said his doctor had ordered him not to bathe. "Oh, then," said Erskine, "you are *Malum prohibitum*." "My wife, however," said the other, "does bathe." "Oh, then," said Erskine exultingly, "she is *Malum in se*." When Erskine was made colonel of the Lincoln's Inn Corps, a friend wishing to banter him on the inferiority of his volunteers, told him "he had just come from the parade of the Excise Corps (then the worst in London), and that they appeared superior to the Lincoln's Inn's." "So they ought," said Erskine; "why, they are all Cæsars!" (seizers). As a forensic speaker, Erskine stood alone; his eloquence was inimitable and irresistible. But when he exercised his powers in Parliament it was found that what operated with extraordinary success in the law courts failed to satisfy the fastidious taste of the House of Commons. His maiden speech was anticipated with great interest: and there is a story told that Pitt, evidently intending to reply, sat with pen and paper in his hand, prepared to catch the arguments of this new and formidable advocate of the cause of Whiggery. Erskine commenced: Pitt wrote a word or two. Erskine proceeded;

. *Topham Beauclerck*.*

Topham Beauclerck (Johnson's friend) was a strangely absent person. One day he had a party coming to dinner; and, just before their arrival, he went upstairs to change his dress. He forgot all about them; thought that it was bedtime pulled off his clothes and got into bed. A person who presently entered the room to tell him that his guests were waiting for him, found him fast asleep.

English Porter.

At a dinner-party in Paris, given by a French nobleman, I saw a black bottle of English porter set on the table as a great rarity, and drunk out of small glasses.

but soon Pitt's attention to the paper relaxed; he assumed a careless look; and at last, when every eye of the House was upon him, with a smile of infinite contempt, he dashed the pen through the paper and flung them on the floor. Erskine, it is said, was dreadfully disconcerted by this well-acted expression of disdain, faltered through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited and shorn of his fame.

* Topham Beauclerck died on the 11th of March, 1780. He was eminent in his day as a wit and conversationist. He married in 1768 Lady Diana Spencer, daughter of Charles, Duke of Marlborough. This lady's first husband was Viscount Bolingbroke, from whom she was divorced only a short time before her marriage with Beauclerck. Hardy, in his "Life of Lord Charlemont," says of Beauclerck, "his conversation could scarcely be equalled. He possessed an exquisite taste, various accomplishments, and the most perfect

. *Thurlow*.†

Lord Thurlow once said to the Prince of Wales, "Sir, your father will continue to be a popular king as long as he continues to go to church every Sunday, and to be faithful to that ugly woman, your mother; but you, sir, will never be popular."

. *Dunning*.‡

Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton) was "stating the law" to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, "If *that* be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and read them."

Sheridan.§

Sheridan had very fine eyes, and

good breeding." Dr. Johnson had a high opinion of Beauclerck. He praised his facility of talent, and declared that after a mot of Beauclerck, his own good things seemed laboured.

† Edward Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, was born 1732, died 1806.

‡ John Dunning, born in 1731. During the Shelburn administration he was raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Ashburton. He was a wit, a clever lawyer, and an industrious politician. Died 1783.

§ To what extent the conversation of Sheridan justified the excessive admiration with which it is spoken of can hardly now be known; for beyond the trite bon-mots attributed to him, few specimens of his table-talk have descended. There can be no question that in his younger days he was a *noble dinner-out*. "He was superb," wrote Byron. "I have seen him cut up

he was not a little vain of them. He said to me on his death-bed, "Tell Lady Besborough that my eyes will look up to the coffin-lid as brightly as ever."

Gibbon.

Gibbon took very little exercise. He had been staying some time with Lord Sheffield in the country; and when he was about to go away his servants could not find his rat. "Bless me," said Gibbon, "I certainly left it in the hall on my arrival here." He had not stirred out of the house during the whole of the visit.

Advice from Women.

Frequently, when doubtful how

Whitbread, quiz Madame de Stael, unphilatelic Colman, and do little less by some others of good fame and ability." Yet Mathews told Sir Walter Scott that Sheridan "was very dull in society, and sat sullen and silent, swallowing glass after glass, rather a hindrance than a help." The only drawback to the best of Sheridan's jokes is that they all wear an air of premeditation. It is notorious that he was in the habit of entering his witticisms in a note-book, to reproduce them at the fitting moments, elaborated and improved. Yet the exquisite felicity of their application was a species of wit in itself: and the best illustration of his keenness in perceiving the point where a joke would most favourably explode, lies in the fact that he never delivered a witticism, whether in the House of Commons or at the dinner-table, that was known to miss fire. It is much to be regretted that more of his conversation has not been preserved; yet both the memoirs of him by Moore and Watkins are singularly

to act in matters of importance, I have received more useful advice from women than from men. Women have the understanding of the *heart*; which is better than that of the head.

The Element of Popularity.

In order to attain general popularity, a poem must have (what it is creditable to our countrymen that they look for) a strong religious tendency, and must treat of subjects which require no previous knowledge in the reader. Cowper's poems are of that description.

Novels.

Nowadays, as soon as a novel has had its run, and is beginning

barren of his mots. Michael Kelly has fortunately preserved a few of his remarks; but those who desire proofs of his ability as a talker must be satisfied to seek them in tradition, or in the pages of those books of humour which are infinitely more misleading than tradition. Here, however, are a few stories of him which are worth repeating, though I fear they are terribly hackneyed; and some sayings which the reader may like to hear. Talking of Burke, "when," said he, "posterity reads the speeches of Burke, they will hardly be able to believe that, during his lifetime, he was not considered as a first-rate speaker, nor even a second-rate one." "Whenever," said he, "any one proposes to give a specific plan of reform, always answer that you are for nothing short of annual parliaments and universal suffrage—*there you are safe*." "They talk of avarice, lust, ambition as great passions," he once remarked; "it is a mistake: they are little passions. Vanity is the great commanding passion of all."

to be forgotten, out comes an edition of it as a "standard novel."

• *Youth and Age.*

One afternoon, at court, I was standing beside two intimate acquaintances of mine, an old nobleman and a middle-aged lady of rank, when the former remarked to the latter that he thought a certain young lady near us was uncommonly beautiful. The middle-aged lady replied, "I cannot see any particular beauty in her." "Ah, madam," he rejoined, "to us old men youth always appears beautiful." (A speech with which Wordsworth, when I repeated it to him, was greatly struck.) The fact is, till we are about to leave the world, we do

It is this that produces the grand and most heroic deeds, or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me but from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant." A Major Brereton, a celebrated gambler, said to Sheridan, "I have had a great misfortune since we met: I have lost Mrs. Brereton." "Indeed," said Sheridan, "how did you lose her—at hazard or at quinzé?" The two Sheridans (says Kelly) were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into parliament. "I think, father," said Tom, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For myself, if I get into parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead in legible characters, 'To be let;' 'And under that, Tom,' said Sheridan, 'write *unfurnished*.'" One evening after we had dined together (says Kelly), I was

not perceive how much it contains to excite our interest and admiration; the sunsets appear to me far lovelier now than they were in other years; and the bee upon the flower is now an object of curiosity, which it was not in my early days.

• *Great Names.*

Do not allow yourself to be imposed upon by the authority of great names; there is not a little both in Shakespeare and Milton that is very far from good. The famous passage in Hamlet, though it has passed into a sort of proverbial expression, is downright nonsense:—

"A custom
More honoured in the breach than the
observance."

telling him that I was placed in a dilemma by a wine-merchant from Hockheim. I had commissioned him to send me six dozen, instead, he had sent me *sixteen*. I expressed a wish to sell a part of it. "My dear Kelly," said Sheridan, "I would take it off your hands with all my heart, but I have not the money to pay for it. I will, however, give you an inscription to place over the door of your saloon—write over it: 'Michael Kelly, composer of wines and importer of music.'" John Kemble was complaining of want of novelty at Drury-lane Theatre, and that as manager he felt uneasy at the lack of it. "My dear Kemble," said Sheridan, "don't talk of grievances now." But Kemble still kept on, saying, "Indeed, we must seek for novelty, or the theatre will sink—novelty, and novelty alone, can prop it up." "Then," replied Sheridan, with a smile, "if you want novelty, act Hamlet, and have music played between your pauses."

How can a custom be honoured in the breach of it? In Milton's description of the lazar-house there is a dreadful confusion of metaphor:—

"Sight so deform, what heart of rock
could long
Dy-y'e'd behold?"

I once observed this to Coleridge who told Wordsworth he could not sleep all the next night for thinking of it.

* *Cold Reviewers.*

If you wish to have your works coldly reviewed, get your intimate friend to write an article on them.

The French Revolution.

The French revolution was the greatest event in Europe since the irruption of the Goths.

* *Like Brothers.*

I once observed to a friend of mine, "Why, you and Mr. — live like two brothers." He replied, "God forbid!" and it must be confessed that most of the "misunderstandings" which we hear of exist between brothers and sisters. These "misunderstandings" often arise from the eminence acquired by some one member of a family, which the others cannot endure.

John Kemble's Jealousy.

When Kemble was living at

* Samuel Horsley, born 1733. He was the opponent of Dr. Priestley. He was eminent as a mathematician, and was

Lausanne, he used to feel rather jealous of Mont Blanc; he disliked to hear people always asking, "How does Mont Blanc look this morning?"

* *Evil.*

Why there should be evil in the world is indeed a mystery. Milton attempts to answer the question, but he has not done it satisfactorily. The three acutest men with whom I was ever acquainted, Sir James Mackintosh, Malthus, and Bobus Smith, were all agreed that the attributes of the Deity must be in some respects limited, else there would be no sin and misery.

The Three Curses of Ireland.

The three great curses of Ireland are, Absenteeism, Middlemen, and the Protestant Establishment.

A Duel

An Englishman and a Frenchman having quarrelled, they were to fight a duel; and, that they might have a better chance of missing one another, they agreed that it should take place in a room perfectly dark. The Englishman groped his way to the hearth, fired up the chimney, and brought down—the Frenchman. (Whenever I tell this story in Paris, I make the Frenchman fire up the chimney.)

* *Monsieur and Bishop Horsley.**

Bishop Horsley one day met

long secretary of the Royal Society. He died in 1836.

Monsey in the Park. "These are dreadful times!" said Horsley; "not only do deists abound, but—would you think it, doctor?—some people deny that there is a God!" "I can tell you," replied Monsey, "what is equally strange,—some people believe that there are three." Horsley immediately walked away.

Old Age.

To any one who has reached a very advanced age, a walk through the streets of London is like a walk in a cemetery. How many houses do I pass, now inhabited by strangers, in which I used to spend such happy hours with those who have long been dead and gone.

Racine.

One of the books which I never tire of reading is "*Mémoires sur la Vie de Jean Racine*," by his son.

Praising Children.

Most people are ever on the watch to find fault with their children, and are afraid of *praising* them for fear of *spoiling* them. Now I am sure that nothing has a better effect upon children than *praise*. I had a proof of this in (Thomas) Moore's daughter. He used always to be saying to her, "What a *good* little girl!" and she continued to grow more and more good till she became too good for this world, and died.

Literature.

When literature is the sole business of life, it becomes a drudgery. When we are able to resort to it only at certain hours, it is a charming relaxation. In my earlier days I was a banker's clerk, obliged to be at the desk every day from ten till five o'clock; and I shall never forget the delight with which, on returning home, I used to read and write during the evening.

Gulliver's Travels.

I don't call "*Robinson Crusoe*" and "*Gulliver's Travels*" *novels*. They stand quite unrivalled for invention among all prose fictions. When I was at Banbury I happened to observe in the churchyard several inscriptions to the memory of persons named Gulliver; and on my return home, looking into "*Gulliver's Travels*" I found, to my surprise, that the said inscriptions are mentioned there as a confirmation of Mr. Gulliver's statement "that his family came from Oxfordshire."

Etiquette and Royalty.

Once when in company with William IV., I quite forgot that it was against all etiquette to ask a sovereign about his health; and on his saying to me, "Mr. Rogers, I hope you are well," I replied "Very well, I thank your Majesty; *I trust that your Majesty*

is quite well also." Never was a king in greater confusion; he didn't know where to look, and stammered out, "Yes—yes—only a little rheumatism."

Fagging.

What a disgusting thing is fagging at our great schools! When Lord Holland was a school-boy, he was forced as a fag to toast bread *with his fingers* for the breakfast of another boy. Lord Holland's mother lent him a toasting-fork. His fagger broke it over his head, and still compelled him to prepare the toast in his old way. In consequence of this process, his fingers suffered so much that they always retained a withered appearance.

Earl Russell.

It is mainly to the noble consistency of his whole career that Lord John owes the high place which he holds in the estimation of the people.

Clairvoyance.

I cannot believe in clairvoyance—*because the thing is impossible.*

Compulsory Enjoyment.

MOORE.—"One would not enjoy even Paradise if one was obliged to live in it." ROGERS.—"No, I dare say when Adam and Eve were turned out, they were very happy."

*Lord Holland.**

He always comes down to breakfast like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune had just fallen.

Dr. Young.

In my youthful days Young's "Night Thoughts" was a very favourite book, especially with ladies; I knew more than one lady who had a copy of it, in which particular passages were marked for her by some popular teacher. Young's poem, "The Last Day," contains, amidst much absurdity, several fine lines; what an enormous thought is this!—

"Those overwhelming armies whose command
Said to one empire 'fall,' another
'stand.'"

*Whose rear lay waft in night, while
breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front and call'd the
battle.*

Butler's "Analogy."

Wilberforce requested Pitt to read Butler's "Analogy." Pitt did so; and was by no means satisfied with the reasoning in it. "My dear Wilberforce," he said, "you may prove anything by analogy."

Mason's "Life of Gray."

I was a mere lad when Mason's "Gray" was published. I read it in my young days with delight,

* Henry Richard Vassal, Lord Holland, nephew of C. J. Fox, born 1773, died 1840.

and have done so ever since. The "Letters" have for me an inexpressible charm; they are as witty as Walpole's, and have what his want, true wisdom.

. *Adam Smith.**

When I first saw Smith he was at breakfast, eating strawberries, and he descanted on the superior flavour of those grown in Scotland. I found him very kind and communicative. He was (what Robertson *was* not) a man who had seen a great deal of the world. Once, in the course of conversation, I happened to remark of some writer that "he was rather superficial—a Voltaire." "Sir," cried Smith, striking the table with his hand, "there has been but *one* Voltaire!"

John Wilkes.

He was quite as ugly and squinted as much as his portraits make him; but he was very gen-

tlemanly in appearance and manners. I think I see him at this moment walking through the crowded streets of the City as chamberlain, on his way to Guildhall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig, the hackney-coachmen in vain calling out to him, "A coach, your honour?"

Churchill.†

With the exception of some good lines, such as—

"Hell in his heart and Tyburn in his face."

Churchill's poetry is, to my thinking, but mediocre; and for such poetry I have little toleration.

. *Cumberland.‡*

Cumberland was a most agreeable companion, and a very entertaining converser. His theatrical anecdotes were related with infinite spirit and humour; his description of Mrs. Siddons coming off the stage in the full flush of

* Adam Smith, the well-known author of the "Wealth of Nations," "Theory of Moral Sentiments," &c., born 1723, died 1790. "Adam Smith," wrote Mr. H. T. Buckle, "by the publication of one solitary work contributed more towards the happiness of man than has been effected by the united abilities of all the statesmen and legislators of whom history has preserved an authentic account."

† Charles Churchill, born 1731. The "Rosciad," a satire on the actors of that day, is as vigorous as anything ever written since the publication of the "Dunciad." In that poem Churchill shows himself not only a keen dramatic critic, but a poet capable of higher flights than

his indolence would suffer him to attempt. As a man he was indeed contemptible; and it is perhaps due to his depravity that his reputation has suffered so greatly. The contempt of his contemporaries is a gangrene that time seems rather to have spread than cured. He died on the 4th of November, 1764.

‡ Richard Cumberland, born 1732. He was a man of unquestionable ability, the author of many plays and a diverting autobiography. But his jealous nature gained him the dislike of all who knew him. He was the original of *Sir Eretful Plagiary* in the farce of the Critic. He died 1811.

triumph, and walking up to the green-room mirror to survey herself was admirable. He said that the three finest pieces of acting which he had ever witnessed were Garrick's *Lear*, Henderson's *Falstaff*, and Cooke's *Iago*. When Cumberland was composing any work, he never shut himself up in his study; he always wrote in the room where his family sat, and did not feel the least disturbed by the noise of his children at play beside him.

*Beattie's "Minstrel."**

I remember taking Beattie's "Minstrel" down from my father's shelves on a fine summer evening, and reading it for the first time with such delight! It still charms me (I mean the first book; the second is far inferior).

Horne Tooke.†

When Horne Tooke was at school, the boys asked him what his father was. Tooke answered, "A Turkey merchant." (He was a poulterer.)

* Dr. James Beattie was born in 1735. He was long professor of philosophy at Aberdeen, and earned much credit by his "Essay on Truth." His "Minstrel" is a very charming poem. The poet Gray summed up Beattie as "a poet, a philosopher, and a good man." He died 1803.

† John Horne Tooke, the author of the "Diversions of Purley," was born 1736. He was a soured and disappointed

"Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Fox used to say that Gibbon's history was immortal, because nobody could do without it; nobody, without vast expense of time and labour, could get elsewhere the information which it contains. I think, and so Lord Grenville thought, that the introductory chapters are the finest parts of that history; it was certainly more difficult to write *them* than the rest of the work.

Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar).‡

I am not sure that I do not prefer Wolcot to Churchill. Wolcot's "Gipsy" is very neat.

William Combe.§

Combe, author of the "Diaboliad," of Lord Lyttleton's "Letters," and more recently of "Dr. Syntax's Three Tours," was a most extraordinary person. During a very long life he had seen much of the world—its ups and downs. He was certainly well connected. Fitzpatrick recollected him at Douay College. He moved once in the

man, now the partisan of Fox, now the panegyrist of Pitt. In 1794 he was tried for high treason, but acquitted. He died 1812.

‡ Dr. Wolcot was born in 1738. As a satirist Wolcot has been greatly overrated. But as a critic, both of painting and music, he was possessed of sound judgment. Died 1809.

§ William Combe, born 1711, died 1823.

highest society, and was very intimate with the Duke of Bedford. Twenty thousand pounds were unexpectedly bequeathed to him by an old gentleman, who said "he ought to have been Combe's father" (that is, he had been on the point of marrying Combe's mother), and who, therefore, left him that large sum. Combe contrived to get rid of the money in an incredibly short time.

*William Hayley.**

If Hayley was formerly overrated he is now undervalued. He was a most accomplished person, as indeed is evident from the notes to his various compositions—notes which Lord Holland admired greatly.

W. L. Bowles.†

Bowles, like most other poets,

* Of the absurd praise given to Hayley, the remark of Gibbon, the historian, is an example: "Since Pope's death I am satisfied that England has not seen so happy a mixture of strong sense and flowing numbers."

† The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, born in 1762, was a mild sonneteer and

was greatly depressed by the harsh criticisms of the reviewers. I advised him not to mind them; and eventually following my advice, he became a much happier man. I suggested to him the subject of the "Missionary," and he was to dedicate it to me. He, however, dedicated it to a noble lord, who never, either by word or letter, acknowledged the dedication. Bowles's nervous timidity is the most ridiculous thing imaginable. Being passionately fond of music, he came to London expressly to attend the last commemoration of Handel. After going to the Abbey he observed that the door was closed. Immediately he ran to the door-keeper, exclaiming, "What! am I to be *shut up* here?" and out he went before he had heard a single note.

amiable man, well known to the chief poets of his age, by some of whom he was imitated. Coleridge has acknowledged his obligations to Bowles in a sonnet that concludes with the line, "*No common praise to thee, dear bard, I*"

NAPOLEON I.

1769—1821.

[Napoleon Buonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in Corsica, August 15, 1769. He was educated at the military school of Brienne, and in September, 1785, entered the army as lieutenant in the bombardiers. In 1793 he was engaged at the siege of Toulon, and in consequence of his brave behaviour, made general of the brigade. In the same year of his marriage with Josephine Beauharnais he was made commander of the army of Italy. And now commenced that series of battles which, beginning in Europe, he carried into Egypt, returning again to depose the Directory and to procure his nomination as First Consul. In the following year he renewed hostilities, crossed the Alps and gained Lombardy. In May, 1804, he was proclaimed hereditary Emperor of the French, and in the following December was crowned by the Pope. In 1806 he declared war against Prussia and Russia, totally defeated the former at Jena, and entered Berlin. In the following year commenced the Peninsular War, where his troops suffered a succession of defeats by the British under Wellington. In 1812 he declared war against Russia, and passed the Niemen on the 25th of May with an immense army, consisting of upwards of 420,000 men. In the following September Moscow was burnt, and Napoleon began his retreat, resigning the command to Mout. In 1814 the Austrians and Prussians entered France, and Napoleon abdicated, and was sent to Elba as king. Eleven months after he sailed from Elba, reached Paris, joined the army on the 12th of June, and on the 15th of the same month, 1815, was totally defeated at Waterloo. He again abdicated in favour of his son, and was sent by the British Government to St. Helena, where he died on the 5th May, 1821.]

England.

The worst thing England ever did was that of endeavouring to make herself a great military nation. In doing that she must always be the slave of Russia, Prussia, or Austria, or at least in some degree subservient to them, because she has not enough of men to combat on the Continent either France or any of the others, and consequently must hire men from some of them ; whereas at sea you are so superior, your sailors so much better, that you will always be superior to us. Your soldiers, too, have not the qualities for a military nation ; they are not equal in agility, address, or intelligence to the French, and when they meet with a reverse, their discipline is very bad. I saw myself the retreat of Moore, and I never in my life witnessed anything so bad as the conduct of the

soldiers ; it was impossible to collect them or make them do anything. Nearly all were drunk.*

Waterloo.

I had not the least idea of fighting on the 18th. I did not suppose Wellington would have given me battle. I so fully expected Wellington to retreat that I had not even made preparations for battle, and was a little taken by surprise ; but I never was so pleased as when I saw he intended to fight. I had not a doubt of annihilating his army ; it was the only thing I could have wished. I expected him to abandon Flanders, and fall back on the Russians ; but when I found he gave me battle singly, I was confident of his destruction. My soldiers behaved well ; my generals did not. It was dusk when my army was thrown into confusion ; if I could have shown myself, they would have rallied and been victorious, but the rout was great, I was carried away in the throng. I went to Paris to try to save the honour of France, but found I could not.

Soldiers.

A soldier is only a machine to obey orders.

Europe.

Europe is but a molehill ; there never have existed mighty empires,

This is a lie. Moore offered battle to the army under Napoleon, and—it was declined.

there never have occurred great revolutions, save in the East, where live six hundred millions of men,—the cradle of all religions, the birth-place of all metaphysics.

Title of Nobility.

My title of nobility dates from the battle of Montenotte.

*Lodi.**

Neither the quelling of the sections nor the victory of Montenotte induced me to think myself a superior character. It was not till after the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi that the idea entered my mind that I might become a decisive actor in the political arena. Then the spark of ambition arose in me for the first time.

His Riches.

I have a taste for founding, not possessing. My riches consist in glory and celebrity. The Simplon and the Louvre were, in the eyes of the people and of foreigners, more my property than any private domains could possibly have been.

English Manners.

The English appear to prefer the bottle to the society of their ladies. This is illustrated by dismissing the ladies from the table and remaining for hours to drink and intoxicate themselves. If I were in England I should certainly leave

* Fought on the 10th of May, 1796.

the table with the ladies. If the object is to talk instead of to drink, why banish them? Surely, conversation is never so lively nor so witty as when ladies take a part in it. Were I an Englishwoman I should feel very discontented at being turned out by the men to wait for two or three hours while they are drinking. In France, society is nothing unless ladies are present.

*His Wife.**

'I conquer provinces, but Josephine wins hearts.

Dispatch.

Use dispatch. Remember that the world only took six days to create. Ask me for whatever you please except *time*: that is the only thing which is beyond my power.

The Desert.

I never passed the desert without experiencing very painful emotions. It was the image of immensity to my mind. It showed no limits. It had neither beginning nor end. It was an ocean for the foot of man.

Perseverance.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.

* She was married to him in 1796, and divorced in 1809. She was born in Martinique in 1763, married at the age of 16 the Vicomte de Beauharnais, who was executed in 1794, crowned as the wife of Napoleon, Empress in 1804, and died near Paris in 1814.

Christianity.

The religion of Jesus is a threat; that of Mahomet a promise.

Friendship.

Friendship is but a name. I love no one; no, not even my brothers. Joseph, perhaps, a little. And if I do love him, it is, perhaps, because he is my elder, and from habit. Duroc! Ah, yes, I love him too.† But why? His character pleases me. He is cold, reserved, and resolute, and I really believe that he never shed a tear. As to myself, I know well that I have not one true friend. As long as I continue what I am, I may have as many pretended friends as I please. We must leave sensibility to the women; it is their business. Men should be firm in heart and in purpose, or they should have nothing to do with war or government. I am not amiable; no, I am not amiable. I never have been; but I am just.

Rousseau.‡

Rousseau was a bad man, a very bad man. He caused the revolution.

Force.

NAPOLÉON.—"It is always the greater number which defeats the

† Gérard Duroc, Duke of Friuli, was born in 1772, and served in all the wars fought by Napoleon. He was killed at Mackerdoff in May, 1813.

‡ Jean Jacques Rousseau was born in 1712. "Rousseau, sir," said Johnson, "is a very bad man. I would sooner

less." GOHIER.—"And yet with small armies you have frequently defeated large ones." NAPOLEON.—"Even then it was always the inferior force which was defeated by the superior. When with a small body of men I was in the presence of a large one, collecting my little band, I fell like lightning on one of the wings of the hostile army, and defeated it. Profiting by the disorder which such an event never failed to occasion in their whole line, I repeated the attack with similar success in another quarter, still with my whole force. I thus beat it in detail. The general victory which was the result was still an example of the truth of the principle, that the greater force defeats the lesser."

The Priests.

The priests were the class of men that gave me the least trouble. They were at first all against me; but I allowed them to wear violet-coloured stockings, and from that moment they were all for me.

sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I would like to have him work in the plantations." BOSWELL.—"Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" JOHNSON.—"Why, sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them." Croker, in a note to this passage, says: "I do not think there is in literature so hollow and undeserved a reputation as Rousseau's." This is too

Early Discipline.

When I was a child I was noisy and quarrelsome, and feared nobody. But the affection of Mamma Letitia was tempered with severity. She punished and rewarded without partiality. Nothing we did, either good or evil, was lost. She watched over her children with unexampled care, discarding and stamping with disgrace every ignoble sentiment and affection, and only allowing our young minds to imbibe impressions of what was great and elevated. She abhorred falsehood, punished disobedience, and did not allow any fault to pass unnoticed.

St. Helena.

If St. Helena were France, I should love even this frightful rock.

Our Saviour.

I know men, and tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other re-

much. The "Contrat Social" and the "Emile," which were severally published in 1760 and 1762, are indeed calculated to excite the hatred of so stern a moralist as Johnson, and so acrimonious a Tory as Croker. But, surely, the infinite beauties both of thought and language in the "Nouvelle Héloïse" and the "Confessions," justify the great reputation which Rousseau achieved in his own day and hardly loses among critics in this.

ligions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and all other religions whatsoever the distance of infinity.

English Soldiers.

The English soldier is brave, none more so, and the officers are in general men of honour. But I do not think them capable of performing great feats. I think that if I were at their head I could make them capable of anything.

What might not be hoped from the English army if each who behaved well had the chance of becoming a general some day!

Science.

They may say what they like—everything is organized matter. The tree is the first link of the chain, man is the last. Men are young, the earth is old. Vegetable and animal chemistry are still in their infancy. Electricity, galvanism,—what discoveries in a few years!"

Man and Beast.

Man is only a more perfect animal than the rest. He reasons better. But who knows that lower animals have not a particular language? I think it is presumption on our part to deny it because we do not know. A horse has memory and knowledge and sensibility. He distinguishes his master from the servants, although they are more constantly with him. I

myself had a horse who distinguished me from all others, and who showed by his curvetings and superb pace when I was on his back that he carried a personage superior to those by whom he was surrounded. He only allowed myself and a groom to mount him, and when this man mounted him his action was so different, one would have thought he knew when he had a groom only on his back. When I lost my way, I threw the reins on his neck, and he always found it. Who can deny the intelligence of dogs? There is a link between all animals. Plants are eating and drinking animals, and there are different gradations; up to man, who is the most perfect of them all, more or less.

Talleyrand.

Talleyrand was always in a state of treason, but it was complicity with fortune. His circumspection was extreme. He conducted himself with his friends as if they were his enemies, with his enemies as if they might become his friends. In the affair of the divorce he was for the Empress Josephine. It was he who hastened on the war with Spain, although in public he had the art to appear opposed to it. It was he who was the active cause and the principal instrument in the death of the Duc d'Enghien.

Medicine.

I have no faith in medicines. My remedies are fasting and the

warm bath. At the same time I have a higher opinion of the medical, or, rather, the surgical profession than of any other.

The Invasion of England.

I possessed the best army that ever was—that of Austerlitz. That is saying everything. Four days would have sufficed to find me in London. I should not have gone as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I should have recalled William III. (to the English) but with more generosity and disinterestedness. The discipline of my army would have been perfect. It would have been conducted in London as if it were in Paris. No sacrifices, not even contributions, would have been exacted from the English. We should have gone to them not as conquerors, but as brothers who came to restore them to their liberties and rights. I would have bid them work out their own regeneration. I would have told them that they were our seniors in respect of political legislation; that we were there for nothing but to enjoy their happiness and prosperity; and I would have kept strict faith with them. Thus, after the lapse of a few months, these

two nations, once such fierce antagonists, would have been identical in their principles, their maxims, and their interests; and I should set out thence to work in the middle and north of Europe under the republican colours (I was then First Consul) European regeneration, as I was on the point of making my way from the north to the middle under monarchical forms. And these two systems might have been both equally good, because they both tended to the same end, and would both have been conducted with firmness, moderation, and good taste.

Jews.

I wished them to give up usury, and become like other men. They were very numerous in the countries over which I reigned. I hoped, by making them free, and giving them equal rights with Catholics, Protestants, and others, to make them good citizens, and force them to conduct themselves like the rest of the world.

Alexander Pope.

Pope, of all authors, is the one who has best translated Homer.*

* Such, however, was not the opinion of Bentley, the great Greek scholar. Pope and he met once, and the poet, eager for the scholar's approbation, said, referring to his "Homer": "Dr. Bentley, I have ordered my bookseller to send you your books. I hope you have received them?" "Books—books?" exclaimed Bentley,

pretending not to understand; "what books?" "My 'Homer,'" said Pope, "which you did me the honour to subscribe for." "Oh, now I recollect," said Bentley; "your translation. It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope; but you must not call it 'Homer.'"

NAPOLEON'S TABLE-TALK.

His Religion.

My religion is very simple. I look at this universe, so vast, so complex, so magnificent, and I say to myself that it cannot be the result of chance, but the work, however intended, of an unknown, omnipotent Being, as superior to man as the universe is superior to the finest machines of human invention. Search the philosophers, and you will not find a stronger or more decisive argument. But this truth is too succinct for man. He wishes to know respecting himself, and respecting his future destiny, a crowd of secrets which the universe does not disclose. Allow religion to inform him of that which he feels the need of knowing, and respect her disclosures.

Roman Catholicism.

What renders me most hostile to the establishment of the Catholic worship are the numerous festivals formally observed. A saint's day is a day of idleness, and I do not wish for that. People must labour in order to live. I shall consent to four holidays during the year, but no more.

Good Mothers.

France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration as good mothers.

Force and Intelligence.

It is right that civil and military

virtues should have their reward. Intelligence has rights before force. Force without intelligence is worth nothing.

Glory.

To a father who loves his children victory has no charms. When the heart speaks glory itself is an illusion.

Faults of the French Army.

My army are as brave as it is possible to be, but they are too much addicted to reasoning on their position. If they had the impassible docility and firmness of the Russians, the world would be too small for their exploits.

Details.

Continue to acquaint me with everything. Let me know the smallest details. The private life of a man is a mirror in which we may see many useful lessons reflected.

Moscow.

Moscow had fallen into our power. We had surmounted every obstacle. The conflagration even had in no way lessened the prosperous state of our affairs. But the rigour of the winter induced upon our army the most frightful calamities. In a few nights all was changed. Cruel losses were experienced. They would have broken my heart if, under such circumstances, I had been acces-

sible to any other sentiments than the welfare of my people.*

Occupation.

Occupation is the scythe of time.

Flogging.

I raised many thousands of

* The sternest picture in the history of human bloodshed is that which exhibits the Russian campaign of 1812. The army which had crossed the Niemen, 420,000 strong, fought at Borodino 133,000, and left Moscow 100,000, had during the retreat in a terribly short time sunk down to 50,000 *combatants*, exclusive of camp-followers. The snow fell, a bitter wind blew, and froze the blood of the miserable wretches who were already dying of hunger and fatigue. Rage maddened all. "The maniacs," says Sir Robert Wilson, "tore away the clothing of their own companions when they were to be abandoned. If any food was found, they turned their arms against each other. They repulsed with force any one who endeavoured to share their bivouac fire, when one could be lighted, and they mercilessly killed every prisoner." An army of peasants followed the retreat; they captured the stragglers and barbarously murdered them. Some Russian officers and an English general, proceeding on the high road to Wiazma, came upon a crowd of peasant women, with sticks in their hands, jumping round a felled pine-tree, on each side of which lay sixty naked prisoners prostrate, but with their heads on the tree, "which those fiends were striking in accompaniment to a national air or song which they were yelling in concert; while several hundred armed peasants were quietly looking on as guardians of the direful orgies. When the cavalcade approached, the sufferers uttered piercing

Italians, who fought with a bravery equal to that of the French, and who did not desert me in danger. What was the cause. I abolished flogging. Instead of the lash, I introduced the stimulus of honour. Whatever debases a man cannot be serviceable. What sense of honour can a man have who is

struck and kept incessantly crying, 'La mort! la mort! la mort!'" Here is another example of the frightful sufferings of the invaders. "The clinging of the dogs to their masters' corpses was most singular and interesting. At the commencement of the retreat, at a village near Selino, a detachment of fifty of the enemy had been surprised. The peasants resolved to bury them alive in a pit; a drummer-boy bravely led the devoted party, and sprang into the grave. A dog belonging to one of the victims could not be secured. Every day, however, the dog went to the neighbouring camp, and came back with a bit of food in his mouth, to sit and moan over the newly-turned earth. It was a fortnight before he could be killed by the peasants, afraid of discovery." It is due, however, to the Emperor of Russia to state, that on this frightful state of things being represented to him, he took vigorous steps to check these horrors, not only by threatening the severest punishment on any one who should murder a prisoner, but by offering a golden ducat for every prisoner that was safely handed over to the authorities. In this campaign the Russians calculated that 125,000 of the enemy perished in the different conflicts; that 48 generals, 3,000 officers, and 190,000 soldiers were captured; and that 100,000 soldiers were destroyed by cold, hunger, and disease. Of the immense army that had crossed the Niemen only 80,000 repassed the frontiers.

flogged before his comrades? When a soldier has been debased by stripes, he cares little for his own reputation or the honour of his country. After an action, I assembled the officers and soldiers, and inquired who had proved themselves heroes. Such as were able to read and write I promoted. Those who were not I ordered to study five hours a day until they had learned a sufficiency, and then promoted them. Thus I substituted honour and emulation for terror and the lash.

Writing.

A man occupied with public business cannot attend to orthography. His ideas must flow faster than his hands can trace. He has only time to place his points. He must compress words into letters, and phrases into words, and let the scribes make it out afterwards.

Tents.

Tents are unhealthy. It is much better for the soldier to bivouac in the open air; for then he can build a fire, and sleep with warm feet. Tents are necessary only for the general officers, who are obliged to read, and consult their maps.

Christianity.

Religion is the dominion of the soul. It is the hope of life, the anchor of safety, the deliverance

from evil. What a service has Christianity rendered to humanity. What a power would it still have did its ministers comprehend their mission

Songs.

A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habit

Enemies and Allies.

It is better to have an open enemy than a doubtful ally.

Justice.

I know that I shall be reproached with having loved war, and sought it through mere ambition. Nevertheless, they will not accuse me of avoiding its fatigues, nor of having fled from its perils. That, at least, is something. But who, indeed, can hope to obtain justice while living?

War.

The fate of war is to be exalted in the morning, and low enough at night! There is but one step from triumph to ruin.

Paris in 1814.

My head burns; I am feverish. If I live a hundred years I shall never forget these scenes. They are the fixed ideas of my sleepless

nights. My reminiscences are fearful. They kill me. The rest of the tomb is sweet after such sufferings.

The Bourbons.

Restore the Bourbons! It is not merely madness, but it shows a desire to inflict every kind of misery on the country. The Senate cannot surely consent to see a Bourbon on the throne. Setting aside the baseness of agreeing to such an arrangement, what place could be assigned to the Senate in a court from which they or their fathers before them dragged Louis XVI. to the scaffold? As for me, I was a new man, unsullied by the vices of the French Revolution. I had no motive for revenge. I had everything to reconstruct. I should never have dared to sit on the vacant throne of France had not my brow been bound with laurels. The French people elevated me because I had executed with them and for them great and noble works. But the Bourbons! What have they done for France? What proportion of the victories, of the glories, or prosperity of France belongs to them? Tranquillity will never be insured to the Bourbons in France. Remember my prophecy, Caulincourt.*

* Louis de Caulincourt, made Duke of Vicenza, 1805. After the Emperor's death appeared "Recollections of Na-

Suicide.

Suicide is sometimes committed for love. What folly! Sometimes for the loss of fortune. There it is cowardice. Another cannot live after he has been disgraced. But to survive the loss of empire, to be exposed to the insults of one's contemporaries, that is true courage.

Faults.

I committed three great political faults. I ought to have made peace with England in abandoning Spain. I ought to have restored the kingdom of Poland, and not have gone to Moscow. I ought to have made peace at Dresden, giving up Hamburg and some other countries that were useless to me.

Marengo.

At Marengo the Austrians were beaten thoroughly. Their troops behaved admirably, but their valour was buried there. We have not discovered them since.

Corneille.

Tragedy warms the soul, elevates the heart, can and ought to create heroes. In this sense, perhaps, France owes a part of her great actions to Corneille.

polcon," by Caulincourt, Duke of Vicenza.

Men.

How many superior men are children more than once in a day !

Women.

Nothing announces rank, education, and good breeding in them more than the evenness of their disposition and the desire to please.

Perfect Love.

Perfect love is ideal happiness ; both are equally visionary, fugitive, mysterious, and inexplicable ; love, in short, should be the occupation of the idle man, the distraction of the warrior, the rock of the sovereign.

Madame de Sévigné.

Her style is undoubtedly full of charm ; but you gain nothing by reading her. It is like eating snow-balls, with which one can surfeit one's self without satisfying the stomach.

Talma and Napoleon.

Sir Humphrey Davy (says Miss Edgeworth) repeated to us a remarkable criticism of Buonaparte on Talma's acting : " You don't play Nero well ; you gesticulate too much ; you speak with too much vehemence. A despot does not need all that ; he need only pronounce, *il sait qu'il se suffit*" (he knows that himself suffices). " And," added Talma, who told this to Sir Humphrey, " Buonaparte, as he said this, folded his arms in his well-known manner, and stood as if his attitude expressed the sentiment."*

Blucher.

Blucher is a very brave soldier, a good swordsman. He is like a bull who shuts his eyes and rushes forward, and sees no danger. He committed millions of faults, and if fortune had not favoured him, I should have taken him prisoner several times, as well as the greater part of his army. He is opinion-

* Miss Berry has given in her *Journal* a striking portrait of Napoleon. " His hair is very dark, and cropped much shorter than it appears on any of his busts, and it does not lay well or smoothly upon his head. He by no means struck me as so little as I had heard him represented, and as, indeed, he appeared on horseback. His shoulders are broad, which gives his figure importance. His complexion, though pale and yellow, has not the appearance of ill health. His teeth are good, and his mouth when speaking, as I saw him in good humour,

has a remarkable and uncommon sweetness of expression. Indeed, his whole countenance, as I saw him in this circle, was more that of complacency and quiet intelligence than of any decided penetration and stormy expression whatever. . . . His eyes are light grey, and he looks full in the face of the person to whom he speaks ; to me always a good sign. Yet, after all I have said of the sweetness of his countenance, I can readily believe what is said, that it is terrible and fire-darting when angry, or greatly moved by any cause."

ated, indefatigable, fears nothing, and is attached to his country; but as a general he is without talent. I remember that, when I was in Prussia, he dined at my table, and was then looked upon as a very ordinary man.

His Conduct.

I have often asked myself the question whether I did for my people all that they had a right to expect; they did so much for me. History shall decide. What is very certain is, that I am far from shunning its verdict. I court it. Will that people ever know all that the night preceding my final decision cost me, that night of uncertainty and anguish? Two ways were left to me. I did right to take the one I did; friends and enemies, well-intentioned and ill-intentioned, all were against me. I was alone. It was time to give up. I did so; and once done, it was done for ever. I am not for half-measures. The other way called for a strange rigour. There were great criminals, and heavy punishments would have been necessary. Blood might flow, and then who knows whither we should have been led. And what scenes might have been renewed! But if at this price I had saved the country, I was full of energy, but was I certain of success? Which of the crowd of fools surrounding me could I have persuaded that I was not working for myself, for

my personal advantage? Which of them should I have convinced that I was disinterested? that I only fought to save the country? Which of them would have believed all the dangers, all the misfortunes, from which I sought to free them? I could see them; but as to the common herd, they never saw them unless they weighed heavily on each. What might they not have replied to that which was cried: Here he is again, the despot, the tyrant! The day after his oaths are made he breaks them again! and who knows if, in all these movements, this inextricable complication, I might not have perished by a French hand in this citizen conflict. And then what would have become of the nation in the eyes of all the world, and in the esteem of the remotest generations? for her glory is to own me. I should not know how to have done so many things for her honour, her glory, without her, in spite of her. She would make me too great.

Wife's Government.

There is no more fatal misfortune for a man than to allow himself to be governed by his wife; in such case he is neither himself nor his wife; he is simply nothing.

Martyrdom.

It is the cause, and not the death, that makes the martyr.

Ingratitude.

Men are not so ungrateful as they are said to be. If they are

often complained of, it generally happens that the benefactor claims more than he has given.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

1769--1846.

[John Hookham Frere was born in London, May, 1769. He was educated at Eton, and there formed an intimacy with George Canning, which matured to a friendship that remained unimpaired. He afterwards went to Cambridge. In 1797 he projected, with Canning, the famous Anti-Jacobin, to which he contributed the most racy and humorous satires and poems which that age produced. In 1799 he succeeded Canning as Under-Secretary of State, and in 1800 was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to Portugal. After an active political career he settled in Malta, where he died in January, 1846. The recent publication of Mr. Frere's collected works must confirm the admiration of his contemporaries. His verses are exquisitely polished, his humour delicate, his satire vigorous. As a translator from the Greek—and from the most subtle and delicate of Greek compositions—he has never been excelled.]

Pitt and Canning.

Nothing was more natural or less needing explanation than Canning's early adhesion to Pitt. As schoolboys, while I was by association a Tory, and by inclination a Pittite, Canning, by family connection and association, was a Whig, or rather a Foxite. This was, I believe, almost the only point on which our boyish opinions in those days very materially differed; but it did not prevent our being great friends, and I am sure that a young man of Canning's views and feelings, entering Parliament at such a time, could not long have kept in opposition to Pitt.

Canning's uncle and guardian was a Whig, and at his house Canning met most of the leaders of the Whigs, and they were not slow in recognizing his ability, and tried to attach him to their party. It showed Canning's sagacity, as well as his high spirit and confidence in himself, that he determined to take his own line, and judge for himself. When I went to see him at Oxford, he showed me a letter he had received from Mrs. C——, whose husband was a great Whig leader. It enclosed a note from the Duke of Portland, offering to bring Canning into Parliament. The offer was a very tempting one

to so young a man. But Canning refused it, and he told me his reason. "I think," he said, "there must be a split. The Duke will go over to Pitt, and I will go over in no man's train. If I join Pitt, I will go by myself." I afterwards, through Lord —, got Canning introduced to Pitt. He came into Parliament for one of what were called "Bob Smith's boroughs," and he very soon became a great favourite of Pitt's. Dundas used often to have Pitt to sup with him after the house rose, and one night he took Canning with him. There was no one else, and Canning came to me next morning, before I was out of bed, told me where he had been supping the night before, and added, "I am quite sure I have them both," and I did not wonder at it, for with his humour and fancy it was impossible to resist him. He had much more in common with Pitt than any one else about him, and his love for Pitt was quite filial, and Pitt's feeling for him was more that of a father than a mere political father.

Europe.

We never got any thanks from Europe, though we have three times saved it from becoming subject to one power. We saved them from the Spaniards in Philip II.'s time, and from the French in Marlborough's, and again in Napoleon's, and we never got any thanks for it.

Leclercq.

One of the best pictures of modern French manners I know, and one quite free from all that is objectionable, is "Leclercq's Proverbes Dramatiques." They are very slight sketches, but full of wit and humour, and I should think depict French society in the middle ranks very truly.

Composition.

Every original author paints himself in some character in his works, as Cervantes in the latter part of "Don Quixote," Molière in the "Humoriste," Smollett in "Roderick Random," and afterwards in "Matthew Bramble." I have no doubt that in "Hamlet" Shakespeare was describing himself. No man imagines himself in a lower situation than he actually fills, and Hamlet is what Shakespeare imagines he would have been, had he been a prince. His advice to the players, and his morbid love of contemplating the relics of mortality, and their constant association with terms relating to the law, which Whiter observed upon, are all characteristic. I have no doubt, if one knew where Shakespeare had served his apprenticeship in a scrivener's office, we should find it looked out on a graveyard. "Hamlet" falls off at the end. "Macbeth" and two others are the only plays where the end is equal to the beginning. It is

the same with Aristophanes : the "Frogs," "Knights," and "Birds" are the only perfect plays of his. This is not to be wondered at, considering in what haste they must have written. I daresay Shakespeare often wrote with the prompter's boy sitting on the stairs waiting for "copy." Lopes de Vega wrote plays as fast as he could put pen to paper, and you always find that the first two or three hundred lines are good.

India.

I wish you young gentlemen would not talk so much of "our Indian Empire." An empire is a very good thing in its way, but we are in danger of forgetting the thrift and other homely commercial virtues which helped us to that empire. When I lived in the country I used to observe that there was no fool like a fool in a ring fence ; the man who was always telling you "his property was in a ring fence," till he got to pride himself on having as little as possible in common with his poorer neighbours. I am sometimes afraid of that kind of spirit infecting us in India. That was not Malcolm's nor Munro's way, nor Elphinstone's, who, I take it, was the greatest man you ever had in our days.

Agriculture.

There is nothing of such real permanent value to a nation. How

little remains of the vast wealth acquired by Florence or the Netherlands which can be compared, as a permanent source of national riches, with their improved agriculture.

Mythology.

The several labours of Hercules were each the extinction of some form of heresy or superstition. Thus, the destruction of the mares of Diomedes was the eradication of some Molochian superstition. Possibly so were the labours of Perseus. Medusa was the moon ; the sword (*harpe*, which by the way is Hebrew) forms the crescent moon, and the sack to hold the head is the interlunium. A head referred by some authors to the moon, and by others to the Medusa (probably, as just observed, both being the same), is borne on the coins of Camarina in Sicily. *Camar* in Maltese (probably in Phœnician also) signifies the moon.

Burlesque.

I wished to give an example of a kind of burlesque of which I do not think that any good specimen previously existed in our language. You know there are two kinds of burlesque, of both of which you have admirable examples in *Don Quixote*. There is the burlesque of imagination, such as you have in all the *Don's* fancies, as when he believes the wench in a country

inn to be a princess and treats her as one. Then there is the burlesque of ordinary, rude, uninstructed common sense, of which Sancho constantly affords examples; such as when he is planning what he will do with his subjects when he gets his island, and determines to sell them at an "average." Of the first kind of burlesque we have almost a perfect specimen in Pope's "Rape of the Lock;" but I do not know any good example in our language of the other species, and my first intention in the "Monks and Giants" was merely to give a burlesque treatment of lofty and serious subjects by a thoroughly common, but not necessarily low-minded man—a Suffolk harness-maker.* Of course it was not possible always to adhere to such a plan, and I have no doubt I did occasionally diverge into something which was more akin to one's own real feeling on the subjects which turned up, and thus misled my readers; but for some time after the work was first published, I was very fond of pursuing the idea, and used to finish a couple of stanzas every day.

Pitt.

No one who really knew Pitt intimately would have called him

cold. A man who is prime minister at twenty-six cannot carry his heart on his sleeve and be "Hail, fellow! well met!" with every Jack, Tom, and Harry. Pitt's manner by nature, as well as by habit and necessity, was in public always dignified, reserved, and imperious; but he had very warm feelings, and had it not been for the obligations of the official position which lay on him almost throughout his whole life, I believe he might have had nearly as many personal friends as Fox.

Burke.

I did not know him much personally, and never met him in society; for when I began to busy myself about public affairs he was old, and depressed, and lived very much retired at Beaconsfield. But I was sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons during his famous dagger speech, and I agreed with most of his political views. I remember well getting his First Letter on the French Revolution. It was one of the few books which I ever sat up all night to read.

Canning's Marriage.

I was to be best man, and Pitt, Canning, and Mr. Leigh, who was

* He announced his performance thus: "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended national work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in

Suffolk, Harness and Collar-makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table."

to read the service, dined with me before the marriage, which was to take place in Brook-street. We had a coach to drive there, and as we went through that narrow part, near what was then Swallow-street, a fellow drew up against the wall, to avoid being run over, and, peering into the coach, recognized Pitt, and saw Mr. Leigh, who was in full canonicals, sitting opposite to him. The fellow exclaimed, "What! Billy Pitt! and with a parson too!" I said, "He thinks you are going to Tyburn to be hanged privately;" which was rather impudent of me; but Pitt was too much absorbed, I believe, in thinking of the marriage, to be angry. After the ceremony, he was so nervous that he could not sign as a witness, and Canning whispered to me to sign without waiting for him. He regarded the marriage as the one thing needed to give Canning the position necessary to lead a party, and this was the cause of his anxiety about it, which I would not have believed had I not witnessed it, though I knew how warm was the regard he had for Canning. Had Canning been Pitt's own son, I do not think Pitt could have been more interested in all that related to the marriage.*

Friends and Enemies.

Next to an old friend the best thing is an old enemy.

* Canning married, in 1800, Miss Joanna Scott, the daughter of General

Broken English.

Madame de — having said in her intense style, "I should like to be married in English, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was she married in?" "*Broken English*, I suppose," answered Frere.

'Monks and Giants.'

In reply to a question as to the reason why he never completed the work, he said, "You cannot go on joking with people who won't be joked with. Most people who read it at the time it was published would not take the work in any merely humorous sense. They would imagine it was some political satire, and went on hunting for a political meaning; so I thought it was no use offering my jokes to people who would not understand them. Even Mackintosh once said to me, 'Mr. Frere, I have had the pleasure of reading your "*Monks and Giants*" twice over'—and then he paused. I saw what was in his mind, and could not help replying, with a very mysterious look, 'And you could not discover its political meaning?' Mackintosh said, 'Well, indeed, I could not make out the allegory;' to which I answered, looking very mysterious, 'Well, I thought you would not.'"

Scott, who brought him a fortune of £100,000.

"Another thing which disinclined me to go on with the work was the sort of stigma which at first attached to the metre after the publication of 'Don Juan.' I had a sort of parental affection for the metre, and knew what it was capable of in English as well as in Italian. Byron took a great fancy to it, and used it in 'Beppo,' which were all very well, and so were parts of 'Don Juan,' but there were other parts of 'Don Juan' which could hardly be read *virginibus puerisque*, and there was such an outcry, that if I had gone on writing in the same metre, and any one had misunderstood me, I should have been suspected of meaning something very improper."*

Coleridge.

Coleridge's waste thoughts would have set up a dozen of your modern poets.

Sir George Cornewall Lewis.†

Lewis is one of the very few really learned Englishmen I have met of late years, and his fairness is as remarkable as his learning. It is

* Lord Byron allows Frere the merit of having first introduced the *Bernesque* style into our language. (See Preface to "Beppo.") In this preface an attempt is made to account for the failure of Frere in attracting public notice to this performance. "Whistlecraft had the *verse*; it had also the humour, the wit, and even the poetry of the Italian model; but it wanted the life

a great pity he is such a desperate Whig; but I think if we could have kept him in Malta a little longer, we might have made a very decent Tory of him.

Ritualism.

If I were to appear at church in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's time, would the clergyman consider it a sufficient justification for my disturbing the gravity of the congregation that I could prove the dress to be in strict accordance with the usages and sumptuary laws of three hundred years back?

Conservatives.

Why do you talk of Conservatives? A Conservative is only a Tory who is ashamed of himself.

Cervantes.

It is clear Cervantes quite changed his plan after he had written the first part of "Don Quixote." He begins his fights with the flocks of sheep and windmills, and other practical jokes; but after he had published it, an author whom he mentions in the second part, wrote a continuation of "Don Quixote," in

of actual manners, and the strength of stirring passions."

† This celebrated scholar and statesman was born in 1806. He was some time editor of the "Edinburgh Review," and was the author of various historical works and essays, exhibiting extraordinary erudition, acuteness, and comprehension. He died 1863.

which the knight was made to fall among people who understand and honour him. This struck Cervantes as affording a much finer field for fancy and humour than the accidents which happened to the Don among ignorant boors, and he adopted the idea in the second part, in all the scenes relating to the Duke and Duchess, which are infinitely the best.

Novels.

At one time I used to read every novel that came out, and seldom found one which had not some chapters very good. They are those parts where the writer is describing what he has himself seen, and every man has seen something which, if he would describe it exactly, would make a good scene in a novel.

A really good novel one can read quite as often as a good play. There are some of Scott's which I read every year, and some of Galt's. It was a great misfortune for him that he lived in the same age as Scott. I remember the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay" striking me when I first read it, quite as much as some of the Waverley Novels did.

Swift.

I am surprised to find how few young men of the present day know anything of Swift. He is quite one of our best models of forcible, racy, idiomatic prose. He is sometimes savagely coarse and indecent, but there is less danger of corrup-

tion of morals or opinions in the whole of Swift's works than in almost any one volume of any modern French writer of fiction. No man was every attracted to or made tolerant of vice by reading Swift; but it is not easy to find any modern French work which is at once witty, and free from all apology for or incentive to evil.

Tacitus.

I suspect that Tacitus' ignorance and mistakes about the Christians, were partly affected: it seems to have been the established fashionable rule to know nothing about them. The same tone continued very late, indeed as long as Paganism subsisted or a Pagan writer was left. It is most absurdly remarkable in Zosimus.

America.

I think the tone adopted by Englishmen generally towards America is very much to be deplored. We have numbers of American travellers here in Malta, and I never met one who had not some very good points. We should try to promote that kind of feeling which should lead to a union between the two nations for establishing the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race over the whole of the Western Continent. At the end of the American war, if we had not been so utterly exhausted, it was a scheme of Fox's and some of

his party to have promoted an union between England and the United States to assist an insurrection which then raged in Peru.

Robert Smith.

Next to Canning none were expected by his contemporaries to do more in the world than Sydney Smith's brother "Bobus."*

Lord Wellesley's Youth.†

Of Lord Wellesley's future career, the boys formed a truer judgment than the masters; for while Mornington's school companions had a high opinion of his abilities, and expected him to distinguish himself, the masters underrated him, and used to express surprise at the unsurpassed facility and correctness of his Latin verse.

Eton.

No one who has not seen it can estimate the good Eton does in teaching the little boys of great men that they have superiors. It is quite as difficult and important to teach this to the great bankers' and squires' boys, as to dukes' sons; and I know no place where this was done so effectually

as at Eton. Neither rank nor money had any consideration there compared with that which was paid to age, ability, and standing in the school.

School.

It is not of so much importance what you learnt at school as how you learnt it. At school a boy's business is not simply or mainly to get knowledge, but to learn how to gain it. If he learns his own place in the world, and in a practical fashion his duty towards other boys, and to his superiors as well as to his inferiors; if he acquires the apparatus for obtaining and storing knowledge, and some judgment as to what kind of knowledge is worth obtaining, his time at school has not been misspent, even if he carries away a very scanty store of actual facts in history, or literature, or physical science; if, in his school-boy days, you cram his head with such facts beyond what are really elementary, you are very apt to addle his brains, and to make a little prig or pedant of him, incapable from self-conceit of much further progress afterwards. Nor can any boy carry from school any great number of facts which will really be useful to him when he comes in after-life to

* Robert Smith was held in as high estimation for his peculiar talents as Sydney Smith. He was a great scholar, hardly inferior to Porson, and certainly equal to Parr and Payne Knight.

† Marquis of Wellesley, son of the Earl of Mornington, born 1760, was Governor-General of India in 1797, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1821; died 1842.

make those branches of knowledge his special study, because they are all, but especially the physical sciences, progressive, and the best ascertained facts and theories of to-day may be obsolete and discredited ten years hence.

Canning.

I remember one day going to consult Canning on a matter of great importance to me when he was staying down near Enfield.

We walked into the woods to have a quiet talk, and as we passed some ponds, I was surprised to find it was a new light to him that tadpoles turned into frogs. Now, don't go and tell that story of Canning to the next fool you meet. Canning could rule and did rule, a great and civilized nation; but in these days people are apt to fancy that any one who does not know the natural history of frogs must be an imbecile in the treatment of men.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

1769—1848.

[François Auguste, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, was born in 1769. He visited America at the age of twenty, returned to France, and was wounded at Thionville. On his recovery, he reached England in a destitute condition, and obtained assistance from the Literary Fund Society. His political life extended over a period of twenty-six years. His best-known works are, "The Essay on English Literature," "The Genius of Christianity," and "Atala." He died 1848.]

England.

In England all institutions take form in concentric circles, of which each has its chief—the Opposition itself is aristocratic; the Monarchy is merely an oligarchy. Nevertheless, the government, such as it is, will never perish but by the aristocracy. It has nothing to fear from its democracy. As at Rome, the senators may sell their country. By the nullity of the monarchy, and the power of the aristocracy, it happens there is no court; that is, no gentleman will consent to bend servilely under a master. Hence there are no courtiers, no court intrigues. Instead of wasting their lives in flattering a sovereign, the nobility are engaged constantly in keeping up their power in the country; every one is in his place. This aristocracy is a natural one. It is enlightened and full of talent. Take away from its members their wealth

and their possessions, and they will still be, by their personal merit, at the pinnacle of society. Hence the contrast which is remarked elsewhere is not to be seen in England. It is common to ask in other nations why such or such a man is in such or such a position above his merit. The question cannot be asked in England. Men there are in their proper places.

French and English Nobility.

The nobility of England, though vanquished with Charles Stuart, was not in consequence destroyed. The noble order remained and became a peerage, after having sustained a revolution, without losing its rights, or having its aristocracy in the slightest degree tainted. The French nobility, on the contrary, perished completely under the guillotine. It was vanquished, not as the English no-

bility were, but by the hangman. It has become completely extinct, and from its ashes have risen mere phantoms, without privileges, without recollections, pale shades which brush against and shrink from military plebeian intruders who have nothing either but their frowns to awe them—the frown of recent, but also past power.

Rome.

If I had to choose the place of my residence, I would live at Rome. There all is ruin, all is recollection. If you issue from the wrecks of a past world, you get into the vast *Campagna* of the environs, where all is silence and solitude. From the midst of the tall yellow herbs which cover these deserted plains, you see some solitary column rearing its elegant form like a tapering palm-tree before you; you see droves of wild horses coming, as in the palmy days of the great city, to quench their thirst in the Tiber. Under the pure warm sky you feel life more intensely; you breathe better; the sun seems to clothe you; and a balmy heat spreads through your members. Quitting this desert, which is rather majestic, though mournful, you re-enter Rome; you meet an old priest robed in white, whom no one fears, who harms no one, who loves and is beloved, who stretches out his hands and blesses both purple and rags, who blesses all

who will accept of his benediction.

Animals.

You have remarked, as I have, that those large and magnificent English horses which make up the best part of the show in Hyde Park on a Sunday, have, in spite of their splendid caparisons and elegant forms, a brutish look. Horses, however, have sometimes shown intelligence. In Europe this is rare, but less so in Arabia. The ass is a hundred times more intelligent. In the East he is superb. The ass has a *tenacity* in his character which cannot be too much praised in an age when obstinacy is a virtue. What a splendid comparison is that of the stubborn warrior of Homer to an ass, who, having entered a field, resists every effort to expel him, and remains a conqueror! But in the West the ass has never been a poetic animal. When warrior hordes found the need of associating horses in their plundering and ravaging excursions, the ass fell from its pre-eminence and was confounded with the vulgar herd of animals, and reserved only for obscure and servile labours. His intelligence has thus been paralyzed, his great qualities overlooked; a hundred imbecilities by no means worthy of him have been tacked to his name. This is one of the great acts of injustice of the world. I have a prodigious liking

asses, and have for a long time been their defender.

Unprofitableness of Life.

There are men who desire to see everything. As for me, I am not curious; nothing seems to me worth the trouble which curiosity gives. Everything wearies me; my life itself is one long weariness. From my infancy I have been indifferent to all things. I have travelled, without seeing anything, in the vain hope of escaping from the *ennui* which always pursued me, and urged on by a certain lassitude of existence which I cannot describe. I have observed nothing with interest. All has passed before my eyes without exciting a desire of knowledge. My life has been one of indifference. I should have grieved to have done ill, but there is no great pleasure in having done well. Virtue is dear to me, but this rather by reason than by feeling. I attach myself to nothing. I have served the king with all my heart, but without joy, and without having had much taste for the service.

Virtue.

Virtue is a fine thing; but there must be characters expressly to enjoy it, and before whom to exhibit it. Buffon perceived and appreciated it sometimes; Voltaire covered it with derision and irony; M^r. de La Fayette made it shameful, and M^r. de La Fayette made it into a paradox; but even

whilst making it a prostitute, he was not insensible to its beauty.

Glory.

How is it possible to love glory? The most famous man of his age died, and the DEATH OF BONAPARTE was cried by the common hawkers through the streets—not a single passer-by did I see turn from his path or slacken his pace to pay but one sou for the printed recital of his death. Wellington also, but for late events, would have sunk into the *petit maitre* of London, rivalling the fashionables of the moment, and eclipsed by their superiority. Mr. Pitt is the only man whose glory has survived him. But Fontanes,* the last of the Romans, who had preserved with the traditions of the monarchy the taste and purity of its great age, hardly is he named! It would be a real pleasure to me to put his manuscripts in order; I would write a notice of his life. How many recollections and thoughts should I find there which it would be pleasing to recur to! His wife will give me all his papers. I shall have much to cut down; but there will be a volume of prose and a volume of verse—two volumes make a man live!

His Writings.

That which disheartens me in all my works, is that I cannot foresee what posterity will think

* Louis de Fontanes, 1761-1821.

of them. I have an anterior persuasion that I have written nothing good. What I write with spirit I find fault with half an hour afterwards; *ennui* returns upon me at all moments; solitude pleases me no longer. I want some one—no matter who—on whom to discharge the superfluity of my thoughts. When I was in a position to confront danger I was more happy. Thus my ten years of persecution under Bonaparte were, perhaps, the best of my life. When the king returned, his bungling ministers prolonged my happiness for six years more, for I had to combat their system and pernicious projects. But, the struggle over, my *ennui* returned. It is true, I feel the burthensomeness of life less when I write. 'The "Martyr" and the two first acts of "Moses," which I finished in my garden at Aulnay, gave me a few moments of activity.

Writers.

There are two or three things in the world which I admire profoundly. They extort tears less from sensibility than from admiration. An ode of Horace, and a few verses from Voltaire, who approaches him nearer than any

one else, and sometimes surpasses him, have this effect :—

*Si vous voulez qui j'aime encore,
Rendez-moi l'âge des amours ;
Au crépuscule de mes jours
Rejoignez, s'il le peut, l'aurore.**

There is in this stanza, and those which follow it, a sentiment that deeply touches me. But it is especially grand traits of exalted feeling that redouble my admiration. I can never think, even vaguely, of the funeral oration on the death of the Prince de Condé without feeling my eyes moistened with tears. All the riches of our language and all its harmony are there. If by the side of the last words pronounced by the great Bossuet over the tomb of the great Condé we place François de Neuchâteau eulogizing a Republican general, we shall feel all that our present age wants. Buffon excites sometimes my admiration; Rousseau never—Montesquieu has of all men written the best on the Romans. It was a great age indeed which produced those three men—and Voltaire. I have never been able to read the first scene of "Athalie" without tears, and it produced also the same effect on Voltaire.

* Literally translated, thus—
"If you would have me love again,
Then give me back the age of love,

And to the twilight of my days,
Unite the morning of my youth."

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1769—1852.

[Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington, was born in 1769. He was educated at Eton, and at the age of eighteen obtained an ensigncy in the 73rd Foot. In 1797 he went to Calcutta, took Seringapatam in 1799, defeated Scindiah twice in 1803, and in 1805 returned to England. In 1808 he took command in Portugal; 1809 created Viscount Wellington, Earl in 1812. In the same year he entered Madrid, created Marquis, and gained the battle of Vittoria. Duke of Wellington 1814. Defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, June 18, 1815. Commander-in-Chief, 1827; First Lord of the Treasury, 1828; Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1835. Died at Walmer Castle, September 14, 1852.]

Conversation with Thomas Raikes.

GEORGE IV.—He said “that among other peculiarities of the King, he had a most extraordinary talent for imitating the manners, gestures, and even voice of other people. So much so, that he could give you the exact idea of any one, however unlike they were to himself. On his journey to Hanover (said the Duke) he stopped at Brussels, and was received there with great attention by the King and Queen of the Netherlands. A dinner was proposed for the following day at the palace of Laacken, to which he went; and a large party was invited to meet him. His Majesty was placed at table between the king and queen. I (said the Duke) sat a little way from them, and next to Prince Frederick of Orange. The dinner

passed off very well; but to the great astonishment of the company, both the king and queen, without any apparent cause, were at every moment breaking out in violent convulsions of laughter. There appeared to be no particular joke, but every remark our king made to his neighbours threw them into fits. Prince Frederick questioned me as to what could be going on. I shrewdly suspected what it might be, but said nothing. It turned out, however, to be as I thought. The king had long and intimately known the old stadtholder when in England, whose peculiarities and manners were at that time a standing joke at Carlton House; and, of course, the object of the prince’s mimicry, who could make himself almost his counterpart. At this dinner, then, he chose to give a specimen

of his talent ; and at every word he spoke he so completely took off the stadtholder that the king and queen were thrown off their guard, and could not maintain their composure during the whole of the day. He was, indeed, the most extraordinary compound of wit, talent, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling,—in short, a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good—that I ever saw in any character in my life."

PITT.—The Duke denied that Pitt's death was occasioned by the defeats at Ulm and at Austerlitz. He said "that his constitution, originally a weak one, was destroyed by long and previous exertion in the House of Commons, and by deluging his stomach with port wine and water, which he drank to excess, in order to give a false and artificial stimulus to his nervous system."

CATHOLIC QUESTION.—"With regard to the Catholic question, it was always pretended, in Pitt's time, that we should have securities, but they never could be defined ; and so it went on from year to year, the clamour always increasing, till at last the Emancipation was carried, but the devil of a security was ever obtained. The union was formed on the principle that, by uniting the two countries into one empire, Protestants and Catholics being amalgamated together as subjects of

the same, Protestants had then the evident majority, and were entitled to their rights, as belonging to the national religion."

ENGLAND, 1843.—"It is impossible to deny that the country is surrounded with many and great difficulties. I however do not conceive them to be insurmountable, and I have good hopes of the future. It is a curious circumstance in our history, that after ten years' trial of the Reform Bill, the nation should have called back to the government councils those who had been so constantly opposed to it, and given them so much larger a majority than their predecessors. This I think may be mainly imputed to the events which happened in 1835, when I stood alone in the Government, holding all the offices myself during Peel's absence abroad."

DUKE OF ORLEANS.—The Duke said to me, "I always remember Talleyrand's expression about him, '*Le Duc d'Orléans est un prince de l'école normale.*'"

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.—"He has always been a Radical in his heart, from education as well as instinct ; and during the Restoration his palace was the general resort of all the factious and discontented characters in Paris. So much so, indeed, that at last I did not like to go to his *soirées*, and avoided them as much as I decently could."

ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS.—

"When Admiral Cornwallis was blockading Bangalore, the French frigate on which Villete served, wanted to introduce some supplies, which the admiral would not permit, saying, that if they persisted in the attempt he would fire upon them. The French lieutenant, thinking he would not put his threats in execution, made for the port, when Cornwallis immediately put his ship alongside, and gave him such a broadside, that he struck his flag at once, and said, 'We are your prisoners.' 'No, not at all,' said Cornwallis. 'I am not at war with you, and have nothing further to say to you: go about your business.' But this they did not choose to understand, and insisted on his taking them in tow, as victor, which he at last complied with, and took them to the nearest French port, where he made them his bow, and left them."

FOUCHÉ. — "When the allied armies had arrived in Paris, there was still a great difficulty in procuring the acknowledgment of the Bourbons, and the person who made the greatest resistance was Napoleon's minister Fouché.* Nothing could bring him round, till at last I went to Talleyrand, and asked him how it could be accomplished. Talleyrand appeared to

consider, and then said, 'Leave the matter to me.' On the following day there was a grand dinner, where all the *corps diplomatique* and other important personages were assembled, Fouché among the rest. In the evening, as soon as we began to discuss business, though I feared with little success, Talleyrand solemnly took a paper out of his large waistcoat pocket, directed to the Duc d'Otrante, which he handed over to Fouché, directing him to read it. This paper was a document signed by Louis XVIII., appointing him Minister-General of Police under the new reign. This vanquished at once all his objections, and we met with no further opposition."

GEORGE IV. — "When he sent for me to form a new administration in 1828, he was then seriously ill, though he would never allow it. I found him in bed, dressed in a dirty silk jacket, and a turban nightcap, one as greasy as the other. For, notwithstanding his coquetry about dress in public, he was extremely dirty and slovenly in private. The first words he said to me were, 'Arthur, the cabinet is defunct;' and then he began to describe the manner in which the late ministers had taken leave of him, on giving in their resignations. This was accompanied

* Joseph Fouché, Duc d'Otrante, 1763 — 1820. He was the author of that mot so often given to Talleyrand, on the exe-

cution of the Duc d'Enghien: "It worse than a crime; it is a fault."

by the most ludicrous mimicry of the voice and manner of each individual, so strikingly like, that it was quite impossible to refrain from fits of laughter."

OXFORD.—"When I went to Oxford as Chancellor, I was very much puzzled when they told me I was to make a Latin speech at the inauguration. Now, any speech is difficult, but a Latin one was impossible. So in this dilemma I applied to my physician as most likely from his prescriptions to know Latin; and he made me a speech which answered very well. I believe it was a very good speech, but I did not know much of the matter."

TALLEYRAND.—"Talleyrand once said to me, 'Monsieur le Duc, you know the world, can you point out any place where an honest man may retire and live in peace?' I at first thought of Malta; but then I recollected the liberty of the press there, and that would not do; and then we both seemed to agree that England after all might be the best. It is astonishing how all those who have the true Conservative feeling at heart, look up to England as the only solid barrier left against the spirit of innovation. In Holland,

particularly, where there is much good sense, all the right-thinking people are firmly of that opinion; and, in fact, it is only the rogues, whose object is plunder and anarchy, that wish for our destruction. Talleyrand was a very agreeable companion, though not a talkative one. He would often remain for an hour in company without speaking, and then would come out with an epigram which you never forgot."

JUNOT.*—He began to talk of his campaigns in Portugal:—"I had Junot in my front for a long time with his army. It was I think near St. Herem that we came to blows, and I gave him a good beating: he himself was wounded in the head. The next day I sent to inquire after his health, *as a lesson of the old school*, and sent also a present of fruit, which he acknowledged a few days later. I afterwards forwarded him some intercepted letters from his wife, who was then somewhere in the rear, and of whom it appeared he was extremely jealous, for I recollect they were full of complaints, and asking him what name she should give to a child she was going to produce, but always stipulating it should begin with an A."

* Marshal Junot, Duc d'Abrantes, born 1775, died by his own hand, 1813. Of his madness Mr. Raikes tells a curious story. "When made governor of the Illyrian provinces, he one morning surprised the whole population by appearing in the

great square before his palace, on a pedestal, mounted on his charger, unsaddled, unbridled, with a single *file*, himself naked as he was born, and personifying an equestrian statue."

NAPOLEON.—“I have always considered the presence of Napoleon with an army as equal to an additional force of 40,000 men, from his superior talent, and from the enthusiasm which his name and talents inspired in the troops; and this was the more disinterested on my part, because in all my campaigns I had then never been opposed to him. When I was in Paris in 1814, I gave this very opinion of him in the presence of several Prussian and Austrian generals who had fought against him, and you have no idea of the pleasure and satisfaction it gave them to think that, though defeated, they had had such odds against them.”

MONARCHS.—“I have very much altered my opinion of the character of Charles I. I once thought him a man of greater talent than he really was; but since reading Sanderson and Clarendon for the second time, I am convinced that he was obstinate without judgment. He first acted unwisely, and then persisted in his fault like a headstrong man. Charles II. was much the cleverer man, but a very bad king. It has been the fashion to say that he was a Roman Catholic, but the fact is, he was a profligate debauchee, and had no religion at all. He might have shown a tendency to that religion on his death-bed, but that is easily accounted for. James II., when Duke of York,

showed courage and talent; his beginning was better than his end. He was certainly a Roman Catholic, but his bigotry in the commencement was founded on the idea that papistry, if once established in England, would better enable him to become a despotic monarch than Protestantism. This was the real object of his heart, in which he was strengthened by the counsels of Louis XIV. But the nation took the alarm; their religious scruples were awakened and when he was once driven from the throne, he found he had nothing left but to give himself up in reality to all those bigoted ideas by which he was only partly actuated before. Hence came the saying, that he had lost three kingdoms for one mass; but what he wanted was to be a despot.”

WATERLOO.—A foolish woman in society once asked the Duke to give her an account of the battle of Waterloo. “Oh,” replied he, “it is very easily done. We pummelled them, they pummelled us, and I suppose we pummelled the hardest, so we gained the day.”

Victory.

Nothing is more tragical than a victory except a defeat.

Nelson.

I had an engagement with Lord Bathurst, and found in his waiting room a gentleman who had lost an eye and an arm. We entered

into a conversation, neither of us being aware who the other might be, and I was struck with the clearness and decision of his language, and guessed, from the topics which he selected, that he must be a seaman. He was called in first and had his interview; I followed, and after settling our business, Lord Bathurst asked me if I knew who had preceded me. I said "No," but I was pretty sure that he was no common man. "You are quite right," was Lord Bathurst's answer, "and let me add that he expressed exactly the same opinion of you. That was Lord Nelson."

William Pitt.

I did not think that Pitt would have died so soon. He died in January, 1806, and I met him at Lord Camden's, in Kent, and I think that he did seem ill in the November previous. He was very lively and in good spirits. It was true he was by way of being an invalid at that time. A great deal was always said about his taking his rides, for he used then to ride eighteen or twenty miles a day, and great pains were taken to send forward his luncheon — bottled porter, I think, and getting him a beef-steak or mutton-chop ready at some place fixed beforehand. That place was always mentioned to the party, so that those kept at home in the morning might join the ride here if they pleased. On coming home from these rides they used

to put on dry clothes, and to hold a cabinet, for all the party were members of the cabinet except me, and, I think, the Duke of Montrose. At dinner Mr. Pitt drank little wine; but it was at that time the fashion to sup, and he then took a great deal of port and water.

Lord Erskine.

I remember another curious thing at that dinner (a lord mayor's); Erskine was there. Now Mr. Pitt had always over Erskine a great ascendancy — the ascendancy of terror. Sometimes in the House of Commons he would keep Erskine in check by merely putting out his hand or making a note. At this dinner Erskine's health having been drunk, and Erskine rising to return thanks, Pitt held up his finger, and said to him across the table, "Erskine, remember they are drinking your health as a distinguished Colonel of Volunteers." Erskine, who had intended, as we heard, to go off upon rights of juries, the State trials, and other political points, was quite put out. He was awed like a schoolboy at school, and in his speech kept strictly within the limits enjoined him.

Debt.

I make a point of paying my own bills, and I advise every one to do the same. Formerly I used to trust a confidential servant to pay them, but I was cured

of that folly by receiving one morning, to my great surprise, duns of a year or two's standing. The fellow had speculated with my money, and left my bills unpaid.

Burgos.

The place was very like a hill-fort in India. I had got into a good many of these, and I thought I could get into this. The French, however, had a devilish clever fellow there, one L^c Breton, and he fairly kept me out. He met me at every point with great spirit and resource. He knocked about the few guns I had, and at last I took to mining—not a bad way either; but before I could manage it, the enemy collected in force, and I was obliged to retire. It is odd enough that the same men who had defended the place so well evacuated it in such a hurry the following year, when I advanced on Vittoria, that in destroying the defences they blew up a whole battalion of their own people.

Waterloo.

At Waterloo, Buonaparte had the finest army he ever com-

manded; and everything up to the onset must have turned out as he wished. Indeed, he could not have expected to beat the Prussians, as he did at Ligny, in four hours. But two such armies as those at Waterloo have seldom met, if I may judge from what they did on that day. It was a battle of giants! a battle of giants! Many of my troops were new; but the new fight well, though they manœuvre ill—better perhaps than many who have fought and bled. As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds belief. They ran as at cricket.*

Quatre-Bras.

"If I am not much mistaken," he said, when he had written back to Quatre-Bras, "the Prussians will get an awful thrashing to-day."

Self-estimate.

He said, he considered the power of rapid and correct calculation to be his special talent; and that if circumstances had not made him a soldier he would probably have

* "Rogers's Recollections." The poet graphically describes his frequent guest. "The Duke of Wellington has naturally a great gaiety of mind. He laughs at almost everything, as if it served only to divert him. Not less remarkable is the simplicity of his manner. It is, perhaps, rather the absence of everything like affectation. In his account of himself he discovers, in no instance,

the least vanity or conceit, and he listens always readily to others. His laugh is easily excited, and it is very loud and long, like the whoop of the whooping-cough often repeated." A charming account of this great man's domestic life at Walmer is given by Benjamin Haydon the painter, in his Autobiography.

become distinguished in public life as a financier.

India.

"It seems to me, Duke, that your chief business in India was to procure rice and bullocks." DUKE.—"And so it was, for if I had rice and bullocks, I had men; and if I had men, I knew I could beat the enemy."

Hannibal.

I once asked the Duke (says Lord Ellesmere) whom he considered, on the whole, the greatest soldier on record—"Hannibal."

English Soldiers.

English soldiers of the steady old stamp—depend upon it there is nothing like them in the world in the shape of infantry.

Maxims.

When one begins to turn in bed, it is time to get up.

There is little or nothing in this life worth living for; but we can all of us go straightforward and do our duty.

We ought not to interfere with matters that don't concern us.

He is most to blame who breaks the law, no matter what the provocation may be under which he acts.

I mistrust the judgment of every man in a case in which his own wishes are concerned.

A great country ought never to make little wars.

There are no manifestoes like cannon and musketry.

The Lord's Prayer contains the sum total of religion and morals.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

1770—1850.

[William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, in 1770. In 1798 he published, in conjunction with Coleridge, a collection of lyrical ballads, which encountered much hostile criticism. It was long before his poetical theories prevailed; but it is not too much to say that to Wordsworth alone is due the honour of having freed the Muse from the poetical strait-jacket which had been forced upon her, *not* by Pope and Dryden, but by the imitators of Pope and Dryden. His life was singularly uneventful. He died in 1850.]

Byron.

Wordsworth spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him: the whole third canto of "*Childe Harold*" founded on his style and sentiments. 'The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed was not caught by Byron from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth) and spoiled in the transmission,—"*Tintern Abbey*" the source of it all; from which same poem, too, the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of "*Childe Harold*," is, he said, taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical task of declamation.*

Waterley Novels.

Spoke of the Scotch novels. Wordsworth is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's; but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy turns in them, commonplace contrivances, worthy only of the Minerva Press, and such bad English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever. His "*Sir Charles Grandison*" was originally

* This and the following seven passages are selected from Wordsworth's con-

versations with Thomas Moore, recorded by the latter in his journal and letters.

in thirty volumes. He instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, he said, since he was a child, was accustomed to legends and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty. He (Wordsworth) sees nothing to stop him (Scott) so long as he can hold a pen.

Poetry.

He spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now. So few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning, one could hardly select a cleverer man, and yet what did Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c., as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius? Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life made leisure for himself and took to improving his mind; and accordingly all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men; he was by far the greatest man of his age, not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his "Political Economy," and Reynolds in his "Lectures on Painting." There was Fox too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke.

Composition.

He spoke of the immense time it took him to write even the shortest copy of verses—sometimes whole weeks in shaping two or three lines before he can satisfy himself with their structure. He attributed much of this to the unmanageableness of the English as a poetical language, contrasted it with the Italian in this respect, and repeated a stanza of Tasso to show how naturally the words fell into music of themselves. It was one where the double *lizes ella, nella, quella* occurred which he compared with the harsh and meagre English words, "she," "that," "this," &c. He thought, however, on the whole, that there were advantages in having a rugged language to deal with; as in struggling with words one was led to give birth to and dwell upon thoughts; while, on the contrary, an easy and mellifluous language was apt to tempt by its facility, into negligence, and to lead the poet to substitute music for thought.

Coleridge.

He talked of Coleridge and praised him not merely as a poet, but as a man, to a degree which I could not listen to without putting in my protest.

On the subject of Coleridge as a writer he gave it as his opinion that his prose would live and deserve to live; while of his poetry he thought by no means so highly.

Causes of Popularity.

In remarking upon the causes of an author's popularity (with reference to his own failure, as he thought, in that respect) he mentioned as one of them the frequent occurrence of quotable passages—of lines that dwelt in people's memory, and passed into general circulation. This, he paid me the compliment of saying, was the case very much with my writings; but the tribute was a very equivocal one, as he intimated that he did not consider it to be the case with his own—and one knows well what he considers the standard of perfection.*

Travelling.

In talking of travelling in England, he said that he used always to travel on the top of the coach, and still prefers it. He has got at different times subjects for poems by travelling thus.

Letters.

Wordsworth said that for his own part, such was his horror of having his letters preserved, that in order to guard against it, he always took pains to make them as bad and dull as possible.†

* There appears to be not a little ill-nature in these reports by Moore of Wordsworth's conversation. With regard to quotable passages, no poet, unless Shakespeare and Milton are excepted, has enriched our language with sublimer sentences and sayings than Wordsworth.

Burke, Fox, and Pitt.

You always went from Burke with your mind filled; from Fox with your feelings excited; and from Pitt with wonder at his having had the power to make the worse appear the better reason. Pitt preferred power to principle.

The Country.

We all laugh at pursuing a shadow, although the lives of the multitude are devoted to the chase; but it is a delightful thing to follow one's shadow along a green lane when the sun, through the over-arching boughs, checkers the path, and the leaves, while the light breath of air plays upon them, dance on the ground as upon the river, and you hear meanwhile only the stirring of a linnet in the hedge, or the struggling of a bee in the warm grass. Oh! it is in such walks as these that nature leads her children up to God; for poetry is only the eloquence and enthusiasm of religion.

God.

How few know what it is to behold God in His works; to feel

Had Wordsworth written nothing else than his wonderful "Ode," posterity must have pronounced him to have been the greatest poet since the death of Milton.

† The extracts from Moore end with this.

that He is all in all; that His presence imparts a glory to the flower, a beauty to the atmosphere; that a paradise still lives for the poet.

Poetry.

The Greeks had a beautiful superstition that if a rainbow rested upon a tree it immediately became fragrant. In the like manner by the overshadowing light of a poetic fancy would I waken perfume even in the bramble. For why should poetry be limited to themes of stately and regal argument, or be thought incapable of striking its root, or flourishing, except in earth gathered from Italy and Greece.

The true poet ascends to receive knowledge; he descends to impart it; and regarding his art as the most dignified of all—since it is learning illuminated by fancy; fancy kindled by fire from the altar: looking, I say, at his high calling, he devotes his whole energies to the task, and his entire life shapes itself into one great and beautiful poem. Thus the creations of his mind become his companions. They talk to him, minister to him, watch over him.

Gray.

He appears to me chiefly remarkable as a consummate master

of poetic diction; his poems shine not so much with the splendour of the thoughts as the light of the words. In condemning the ornamental character of Gray's diction, I omit the *Elegy* from my censure. It is almost the only instance where he deviated into nature.

Mason.

The objection I have ventured to hint against Gray is more unmitigated towards his friend Mason, of whose "*Caractacus*" I remember to have heard Mr. Coleridge say that it is one continued *falsetto*. His "*English Garden*" possesses high merit as a didactic poem; but the playful criticism of a contemporary writer is just who says that he begins by invoking Simplicity, but she never comes.*

Nature.

It was with a view of aiding in the purification of our poetical style that my *Lyrical Ballads* were composed; in which, as I have stated in the preface, humble and rustic life was generally chosen, because in that condition the feelings exist in a simpler form, and may, therefore, be contemplated with clearer accuracy, and communicated with greater force; because also from those feelings spring the manners of rural life, which, from their very nature, are more easy of

* The Rev. William Mason, born 1725, died 1797. His tragedy, "*Caractacus*," found friends and foes, but is now

neglected. He is chiefly remembered through his intimacy with Gray and Walpole.

comprehension and more enduring in themselves; and finally, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature, from whom there is continually going out a healing virtue. Nor is the language of such men of itself unsusceptible of imaginative adornment. He who has nature for his companion must, in some measure, be ennobled by the intercourse. The language of the heart changes not with fashion, nor requires an academy to protect its purity. The passages in Chaucer most affecting and addressing themselves most directly to the sympathies are as intelligible to us as they would have been to the company at the Tabard. Truth takes no account of centuries. How men undervalue the power of simplicity! but it is the real key to the heart. There is a stanza in Logan's ballad which always brings the tears to my eyes; its melancholy is so intense and indescribable.

'His mother from the window looked,
With all the longing of a mother;
Hand-in-hand his sisters walked
The greenwood path to meet their brother.
They sought him East, they sought him West,
They sought him all the forest thoro',
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow."

"*The Pleasures of Hope.*"

Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope"

has been strangely overrated. Its fine words and sounding lines please the generality of readers who never stop to ask themselves the meaning of a passage. The lines—

"Where Andes, giant of the western
star,
With meteor-standard to the wind
unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er
half the world,"

are sheer nonsense—nothing more than a poetical indigestion. What has a giant to do with a star? What is a meteor-standard? But it is useless to inquire what such stuff means. Once, at my house, Professor Wilson having spoken of those lines with great admiration, a very sensible and accomplished lady, who happened to be present, begged him to explain to her their meaning. He was extremely indignant, and taking down the "Pleasures of Hope" from a shelf, read the lines aloud, and declared that they were splendid. "Well, sir," said the lady, "*what do they mean?*" Dashing the book on the floor, he exclaimed, in his broad Scotch accent, "I'll be daumed if I can tell!"

Mists and Skies.

I would not give up the mists that spiritualize our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy.

Unfitness of Genius for Domestic Happiness.

It is not because they (men of

genius) possess genius that they make unhappy homes, but because they do not possess genius enough. A higher order of mind enables them to see and feel all the beauty of domestic ties.

Burns's "Scots wha hae!"

MRS. HEMANS.—"Mr. Wordsworth, do you not think Burns's war ode, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' has been a good deal overrated? especially by Mr. Carlyle, who calls it the noblest lyric in the language?" WORDSWORTH.—"I am delighted to hear you ask that question. Overrated! Wash! stuff! miserable inanity—without a thought—without an image!"

Goethe.

Goethe's writings cannot live, because "they are not holy."

Conversations with Haydon.

He said, "Once in a wood Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking when the stock-dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by said to herself, 'Oh, I do like stock-doves.' Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for my poetry, took the old woman to her heart; 'but,' continued the old woman, 'some like them in a pie; for my part, there's nothing like them stewed in onions!'"

* Haydon, the painter.

† Erasmus Darwin, a mechanical poet, author of the "Botanical Garden,"

I* had told him Canova said of Fuseli, "*bene sono nelle arte due cose, il fuoco e la fiamma.*" "He forgot the third," said Wordsworth, "and that is *il fumo*, of which Fuseli had plenty."

Gainsborough (said Wordsworth) was at the house of a friend in Bath who was ill, and very fond of his daughter. Gainsborough said to the child, "Can you keep a secret?" "I don't know," said the little dear, "but I will try." Said he, "You are going to school, your father loves you; I will paint your portrait." The child sat. When she was gone, the portrait was placed at the bottom of the bed of the sick father, who was affected and delighted.

Persistence.

Persistence is not always an indication of great abilities. An indifferent poet is invulnerable to a repulse, the want of sensibility in him being what a noble self-confidence was in Milton. These excluded suitors continue, nevertheless, to hang their garlands at the gate, to anoint the door-post, and even kiss the very threshold of her home, though the Muse beckons them not in.

Tinselled Poetry.

The mantle of Darwin† is not worn out. It still covers many

excellently ridiculed by Canning in the "Anti-Jacobin."

shoulders. His rouged and tinselly muse rejoices in numerous admirers. The same taste seems to preside over our poetry and drama; in both pageants are supreme; in both the gilded cymbals are equally important. Nothing can be more vicious than the profusion of similes—those spangles of the poetical apparel—which abound in our rhymes. Fuller, indeed, said truly that similes are

the windows that give the best light; but windows suppose the existence of a corresponding structure. The rhymers to whom I refer have nothing to light; and in those who advance some pretensions to architectural skill we may notice a lamentable deficiency in what Pope so happily called in reference to a sister art, the reasoning of the eye.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1771—1832.

[Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in the year 1771. His imagination being excited by studying the primitive poetry of his native country, he published "Specimens of Ancient Scottish Poetry," which met with great favour. In 1805 he printed the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which established his reputation as a poet. This was followed by "Rokeby," "Marmion," "The Lord of the Isles," &c. But Lord Byron was now the admiration of Europe; and before his immensely popular works Scott's poems paled their ineffectual fires. In 1814 appeared "Waverley," the first of a series of novels, that, until the appearance of Dickens and Thackeray, placed Scott at the head of nineteenth century novelists. In 1821 George IV. made him a baronet. Four years later the failure of the publishing firm of Constable involved Scott in losses to the extent of some £120,000. This immense debt he resolved to pay off by his writings; but the effort broke him down; symptoms of paralysis appeared, and he was ordered on an excursion to Italy. He went to Malta; but on his return through Rome, feeling the hand of death upon him, he expressed an eager wish to be conveyed to Abbotsford. In this home, amid scenes immortalized by his genius, this great and good man lingered for two months, presenting the saddest spectacle in the world—that of a great mind ruined, its light fled, its powers broken. He died 1832.]

Conversations with Thomas Moore.

POETRY. — When I remarked that every magazine now contained such poetry as would have made a reputation for a man some twenty or thirty years ago, he said (with much shrewd humour in his face), "Ecce, we were in the luck of it to have come before all this talent was at work."

NOVELTY.—He agreed with me that it would be some time before a great literary reputation could be again called up "unless," he added, "something new could be struck out; everything that succeeded

lately owing its success in a great degree to novelty."

LORD BYRON.—We talked a good deal about Byron: he thinks his last cantos of "Don Juan" the most powerful things he ever wrote. Talking of the report of Lady Byron being about to marry Cunningham, he said he would not believe it. "No, no; she must never let another man bear the name of husband to her." In talking of my sacrifice of the Memoirs, he said he was well aware of the honourable feelings that dictated it, but doubted

whether he would have himself consented to it.

IRELAND.—Intalking of Ireland, he said that he and Lockhart had gone there rather hostilely disposed towards the Catholic Emancipation, but that they had both returned converts to the necessity of conceding it.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.—He said that the person who first set him upon trying his talents at poetry was Mat Lewis. He had passed the early part of his life with a set of clever, rattling, drinking fellows, whose thoughts and talents lay wholly out of the region of poetry; he therefore had never been led to find out his turn for it, though always fond of the old ballads.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—In the course of the conversation he at last (to my no small surprise and pleasure) mentioned the novels, without the least reserve, as his own. "I then hit upon these novels," he said, "which have been a mine of wealth to me." He had begun "Waverley" long before, and then thrown it by till, having occasion for some money (to help his brother, I think), he bethought himself of it, but could not find the MS.; nor was it till he came to Abbotsford that he at last stumbled upon it. By this he made 3,000*l*. The conjectures and mystifications at first amused him very much. He wondered himself that the secret was so well

kept, as about twenty persons knew it from the first. The story of Jeanie Deans, he said, was founded upon an anonymous letter which he received, he had never known from whom. The circumstance of the girl having refused her testimony in court, and then taking the journey to obtain her sister's pardon, is a fact. He received some hints also from Lady Louisa Stuart (grand-daughter, I believe, to Lord Bute): these were the only aids afforded him.

SINGING.—He spoke of my happy power of adapting words to music, which, he said, he never could attain, nor could Byron either.

GHOSTS.—Scott said that the only two men who had ever told him they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castle-reagh.

AN ANECDOTE.—His grandfather, he told me, had been, when a young man, very poor; and a shepherd who had lived with the family came and offered him the loan of (I believe, all the money he had) thirty pounds, for the purpose of stocking a farm with sheep. The grandfather accepted it, and went to the fair; but instead of buying the sheep, he laid out the whole sum on a horse, much to the horror of the poor shepherd. Having got the horse, however, into good training and order, he appeared on him at a hunt, and showed him off in such style that

he immediately found a purchaser for him at twice the sum he cost him, and then, having paid the shepherd his thirty pounds, he laid out the remainder in sheep, and prospered considerably.

FIDDLES.—In talking of his ignorance of music, Scott said he had once been employed in a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed on as to its value. He found it necessary to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles in the encyclopædias, &c., and having got the names of Straducius, Amati, &c., glibly on his tongue, got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at the Duke of Hamilton's, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk of, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately-acquired learning in fiddles, upon which the duke grew quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered the room about half a dozen tall servants, all in red, each bearing a fiddle-case; and Scott found his knowledge brought to no less a test than that of telling by the tones of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it was made. "By guessing and management," said he, "I got on pretty well, till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee."

Dr. Johnson's Imitators.

Many can make Johnson's report, but few can carry his bullet.

Chess-playing.

It is a shame to throw away upon mastering a game, however ingenious, the time that would suffice for the acquisition of a new language. Surely chess-play is a sad waste of brains.

Drinking.

Depend upon it of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness.

Courage and Truth.

Without courage there cannot be truth; and without truth there can be no other virtue.

Joanna Baillie.

BALLANTYNE.—"Will you excuse me, Mr. Scott, but I should like to ask you what you think of your own genius as a poet in comparison with that of Burns?"—SCOTT. "There is no comparison whatever: we ought not to be named in the same day."—BALLANTYNE. "Indeed! would you compare Campbell to Burns?"—SCOTT. "No, James; not at all. If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country."

Scotch Scenery.

It may be pertinacity, but to

my eye these grey hills, and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die.*

Thomas Campbell.

What a pity it is that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does now and then spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. What a grand idea is that about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second sight:—

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*

S. T. Coleridge.

No man has all the resources of poetry in such profusion, but he

cannot manage them so as to bring out anything of his own on a large scale at all worthy of his genius. He is like a lump of coal rich with gas, which lies expending itself in puffs and gleams, unless some shrewd body will clap it into a cast-iron box, and compel the compressed element to do itself justice. His fancy and diction would have long ago placed him above all his contemporaries had they been under the direction of a sound judgment and a steady will. I don't now expect a great original poem from Coleridge, but he might easily make a sort of fame for himself as a poetical translator, that would be a thing completely unique and *sui generis*.

Unpleasant Experience.

One morning last spring I opened a large lump of a despatch without looking how it was addressed, never doubting that it had travelled under some omnipotent frank like the First Lord of the Admiralty's, when lo and behold, the contents proved to be a MS. play by a young lady of New York, who kindly requested me to read and correct it, equip it with prologue and epilogue, procure for it a favourable reception from the manager of Drury Lane, and make Murray or Constable bleed handsomely for the copyright; and on inspecting the cover, I found that I had been charged five pounds odd for the postage. This was

had enough, but there was no help, so I groaned and submitted. A fortnight or so after another packet of not less formidable bulk arrived, and I was absent enough to break its seal too without examination. Conceive my horror when out jumped the same identical tragedy of *The Cherokee Lovers*, with a second epistle from the authoress, stating that as the winds had been boisterous, she feared the vessel intrusted with her former communication might have foundered, and therefore judged it prudent to forward a duplicate.

Conversations with Cheney.

CERVANTES.—He expressed the most unbounded admiration for Cervantes, and said that the "novelas" of that author had first inspired him with the ambition of excelling in fiction, and that, until disabled by illness, he had been a constant reader of them.

DANTE.—Of Dante he knew little, confessing he found him too obscure and difficult. He added with a smile, "It is mortifying that Dante seemed to think nobody worth being sent to hell but his own Italians, whereas other people had every bit as great rogues in their families, whose misdeeds were suffered to pass with impunity."

LORD BYRON.—Of Lord Byron he spoke with admiration and regard, calling him always "poor Byron." He considered him, he

said, the only poet we have had since Dryden, of transcendent talents, and possessing more amiable qualities than the world in general gave him credit for.

GOETHE.—He spoke of Goethe with regret. I told him I had been to see Goethe the year before, and that I had found him well, and, though very old, in the perfect possession of all his faculties! "Of all his faculties!" he replied; "it is much better to die than to survive them, and better still to die than to live in the apprehension of it. But the worst of all," he added, thoughtfully, "would have been to survive their partial loss, and yet to be conscious of his state." He did not seem to be, however, a great admirer of some of Goethe's works. Much of his popularity, he observed, was owing to pieces which, in his latter moments, he might have wished recalled.

HIMSELF.—"I am drawing near to the close of my career; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day, and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which, on my deathbed, I should wish blotted."

Scotch and Irish.

How is it that our solemn, proud, dignified Celt, with a soul

so alive to what is elevating and even elegant in poetry and feeling, is so supereminently dull as respects all the lighter play of fancy? The Highlander never understands wit or humour. Paddy, despite all his misery and privations, overflows with both. I suppose he is the gayest fellow in the world, except the only worse-used one still, the West-India nigger. This is their make-up; but it is to me the saddest feature in the whole story.

Advice to Leckhart.

I fear you have some very young ideas in your head. Are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature—to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the doctrine! I have read books enough, and observed and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds too in my time, but I assure you I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbours, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny unless we have

taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.

Bolton the Engineer.

I like Bolton, he is a brave man, and who can dislike the brave? He showed this on a remarkable occasion. He had engaged to coin for a foreign prince a large quantity of gold. This was found out by some desperadoes, who resolved to rob the premises, and, as a preliminary step, tried to bribe the porter. The porter was an honest fellow. He told Bolton that he was offered a hundred pounds to be blind and deaf next night. "Take the money," was the answer, "and I shall protect the place." Midnight came—the gates opened as if by magic, the interior doors, secured with patent locks, opened as of their own accord, and three men with dark lanterns entered and went straight to the gold. Bolton had prepared some flax steeped in turpentine—he dropped fire upon it—a sudden light filled all the place, and with his assistants he rushed forwards on the robbers. The leader saw in a moment he was betrayed, turned on the porter, and shooting him dead, burst through all obstructions, and with an ingot of gold in his hand, scaled the wall, and escaped.

Work.

As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle

on the fire and say, "*Now, don't boil.*"

Maria Edgeworth.

She's *very* clever, and best in the little touches, too. I'm sure in that children's story ("Simple Susan"), where the little girl parts with her lamb, there's nothing for it but just to put down the book and cry.

Thomas Moore.

Do you know Moore? He's a charming fellow—a perfect gentleman in society. To use a sporting phrase, there's no kick in his gallop.

Lord Holland.

Lord Holland is the most agreeable man I ever knew; in criticism, in poetry, he beats those whose whole study they have been. No man in England has a more thorough knowledge of English authors, and he expresses himself so well, that his language illustrates and adorns his thoughts, as light streaming through coloured glass heightens the brilliancy of the objects it falls upon.

'Afra Behn's Novels.

A grand-aunt of my own, Mrs. Keith, of Ravelstone, who was a person of some condition, being a daughter of Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, lived, with unabated

vigour of intellect, to a very advanced age. She was very fond of reading, and enjoyed it to the last of her long life. One day she asked me, when we happened to be alone together, whether I had ever seen Mrs. Behn's novels. I confessed the charge. Whether I could get her a sight of them. I said, with some hesitation, I believed I could; but that I did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles II.'s time to be quite proper reading. "Nevertheless," said the good old lady, "I remember them being so much admired, and being so much interested in them myself, that I wish to look at them again." To hear, was to obey. So I sent Mrs. Afra Behn curiously sealed up, with "private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand-aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards, she gave me back Afra properly wrapped up, with nearly these words, "Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book which, sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London?"

Fashion in Literature.

It does not signify what the greater or less merit of the book is—the reader, as Tony Lumpkin says, must be a concatenation accordingly—the fashion, or the general taste, must have prepared him to be pleased, or put him on his guard against it. It is much like *dress*. If Clarissa should appear before a modern party in her lace ruffles and head-dress, or Lovelace in his wig, however genteelly powdered, I am afraid they would make no conquests; the fashion which makes conquests of us in other respects, is very powerful in literary composition, and adds to the effect of some works, whilst in others it forms their sole merit.

Planting Trees.

You can have no idea of the exquisite delight of a planter; he is like a painter laying on his colours; at every moment he sees his effects coming out. There is no art or occupation comparable to this; it is full of past, present, and future enjoyment. I look back to the time when there was not a tree here (Abbotsford), only bare heath; I look around and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which, I may say, almost each of which, have received my personal attention. I remember five years ago looking forward with the most delighted expectation to this very hour; and, as each year has passed, the expecta-

tion has gone on increasing. I do the same now; I anticipate what this plantation and that one will presently be, if only taken care of; and there is not a spot of which I do not watch the progress. Unlike building, or even painting, or, indeed, any other kind of pursuit, this has no end, and is never interrupted, but goes on from day to day, and from year to year, with a perpetually augmenting interest. Farming I hate; what have I to do with fattening and killing beasts, or raising corn only to cut it down, and to wrangle with farmers about prices, and to be constantly at the mercy of the seasons? There can be no such disappointments or annoyances in planting trees.

Watty Scott.

"My cousin, Watty Scott, was a midshipman, some forty years ago, in a ship at Portsmouth; he and two other companions had gone on shore, and had overstayed their leave, spent all their money, and run up an immense bill at a tavern on the Point. The ship made the signal for sailing, but their landlady said, "No, no, gentlemen; you shall not escape without paying your reckoning;" and she accompanied her words by appropriate actions, and placed them under the tender keeping of a sufficient party of bailiffs. They felt that they were in a scrape, and petitioned very hard to be released. "No," said

Mrs. Quickly, "I must be satisfied one way or t'other; you must be well aware, gentlemen, that you will be totally ruined if you don't get on board in time." They made long faces, and confessed that it was too true. "Well," said she, "I'll give you one chance—I am so circumstanced here, that I cannot carry on my business as a single woman, and I must contrive somehow to have a husband, or, at all events, I must be able to produce a marriage certificate: and therefore, the only terms on which you shall all three have leave to go on board to-morrow morning is, that one of you consent to marry me. I don't care a d— which it is; but, by all that's holy, one of you I will have, or else you all three go to jail, and your ship sails without you." The virago was not to be pacified, and the poor youths, left to themselves, agreed after a time to draw lots, and it happened to fall on my cousin. No time was lost, and off they marched to church, and my poor relative was forthwith spliced. The bride, on returning, gave them a good substantial dinner, and several bottles of wine apiece, and having tumbled them into a wherry, sent them off. The ship sailed, and the young men religiously adhered to the oath of secrecy they had taken previous to drawing lots. The bride, I should have said, merely wanted to be married, and was the first

to propose an eternal separation. Some months after, at Jamaica, a file of papers reached the midshipmen's berth, and Watty, who was observed to be looking over them carelessly, reading an account of a robbery and murder at Portsmouth, suddenly jumped up, in his ecstasy forgot his obligation of secrecy, and cried out "Thanks be to God, my wife is hanged!"

Professions.

We wear our teeth out in the hard drudgery of the outset, and at length when we do get bread to eat, we complain that the crust is hard, so that in neither case are we satisfied.

Lord Byron.

"Many, many a pleasant hour I have spent with him; and I never met a man with nobler feelings, or one who, had he not unfortunately taken the wrong course, might have done more to make himself beloved and respected. A man of eminence in any line, and perhaps a man of great literary eminence especially, is exposed to a thousand eyes which men, not so celebrated, are safe from, and in consequence, right conduct is much more essential to his happiness than to those who are less watched;" and I may add that only by such conduct can the permanence of his real influence over any class be secured. I could not persuade Byron to see

it in this light—the more's the pity, for he has had no justice done him.

"Auld Robin Gray."

It was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, now Lady Anne Bernard. She happened to be at a house where she met Mrs. Duff Johnstone, a well-known person, who played the air, and accompanied it by words of no great delicacy, whatever their antiquity might be; and Lady Anne, lamenting that no better words should belong to such a melody, immediately set to work and composed this very pathetic story. Truth, I am sorry to say, obliges me to add it was a fiction. Robin Gray was her father's gardener, and the idea of the young lover going to sea, which would have been quite out of character here among the shep-

herds, was natural enough where she was then residing, on the coast of Fife. It was long unknown who the author was; and indeed there was a clergyman on the coast whose conscience was so large that he took the burden of this matter upon himself, and pleaded guilty to the authorship. About two years ago I wrote to Lady Anne to know the truth; and she wrote back to say she was certainly the author, but wondered how I could have guessed it, as there was no person alive to whom she had told it. When I mentioned having heard it long ago from a common friend who was dead, she then recollected me, and wrote one of the kindest letters I ever received, saying that till now she had not the smallest idea that I was the little lame boy she had known so many years before.

SYDNEY SMITH.

1771-1845.

[Sydney Smith, "universally admitted," says Macaulay, "to have been a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared amongst us since Swift," was born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1771. He received his education at Winchester and Oxford, and was ordained curate of Netheravon, Wilts. Journeying to Edinburgh, he became acquainted with some of the wits of that capital, and helped in starting the "Edinburgh Review." He was a powerful writer and a brilliant wit. His conversation was diverting far beyond the conception of those who are familiar with his wit only in print. Nor was his piety impaired by the gaiety of his fancy and the dissipation of the fashionable society in which he mingled. He died, universally regretted, 1845.]

Patience.

When Lady L. — asked me about my grandfather, I told her he disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions.

would have sustained no loss of public reverence in my keeping. But I have only myself to blame if I have been misunderstood.

Poverty.

Poverty is no disgrace to a man, but it is confoundedly inconvenient.

Fishing.

I give up fly-fishing; it is a light, volatile, dissipated pursuit. But ground-bait with a good steady float that never bobs without a bite is an occupation for a bishop, and in no way interferes with sermon-making.

Himself.

They showed a want of moral courage in not making me a bishop. *They* know, *you* know, all who have lived or talked with me must know, that I should have devoted myself heart and soul to my duties, and that the episcopal dignity

Reading.

Cultivate the love of reading in a young person; it is an unceasing source of pleasure, and probably of innocence.

• *Benjamin Franklin.*

I recommend the study of Franklin to all young people. He was a real philanthropist, a wonderful man. It has been said that it was honour enough to any one country to have produced such a man as Franklin. I think all young people should read the "Spectator" too,—a paper a day; I always did.

• *Redcoats.*

Ah! what female heart can withstand a redcoat? I think this should be a part of female education. It is much neglected. As you have the rocking-horse to accustom them to ride, I would have military dolls in the nursery, to harden their hearts against officers and redcoats.

• *Sewing.*

I wish I could sew. I believe one reason why women are so much more cheerful generally than men is because they can work and vary more their employments. Lady — used to teach her sons carpet-work. All men ought to learn to sew.

• *Manners.*

Manners are often too much neglected; they are most important to men, no less than to women. I believe the English are the most disagreeable people under the sun, not so much be-

cause Mr. John Bull disdains to talk, as that the respected individual has nothing to say, and because he totally neglects manners. Look at a French carter; he takes off his hat to his neighbour carter, and inquires after "la santé de Madame," with a bow that would not have disgraced Sir Charles Grandison; and I have often seen a French soubrette with far better manners than an English duchess. Life is too short to get over a bad manner; besides manners are the shadows of virtue.

• *Marriage.*

Did you ever hear my definition of marriage? It is, that it resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.

• *Lord Macaulay.*

There are no limits to his knowledge on small things as well as great. He is like a book in breeches. I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles, before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love of his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests.

• *Scotchmen.*

It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea

of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which under the name of wit is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance at a dance in Edinburgh exclaim in a sudden pause of the music, "What you say, my lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but ——" here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously and the rest was lost. No nation has so large a stock of benevolence of heart. If you meet with an accident, half Edinburgh immediately flocks to your door to inquire after your *pure* hand or your *pure* foot, and with a degree of interest that convinces you their whole hearts are in the inquiry. You find they usually arrange their dishes at dinner by the points of the compass. "Sandy, put the gigot of mutton to the south, and move the singet sheep's head a wee bit to the nor-wast." If you knock at the door, you hear a shrill female voice from the fifth flat shriek out, "Wha's chapping at the door?" which is presently opened by a lassie with short petticoats, bare legs, and thick ankles. My Scotch servants bargained they were not to have salmon more than three times a week, and always pulled off their stockings, in spite of my repeated

objurgations, the moment my back was turned.

Cheap Luxuries.

I am all for cheap luxuries, even for animals. Now all animals have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down your gates and fences to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn; you have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up; I have it in all my fields.

Reasons for not Shooting.

First, because I found on trying at Lord Grey's, that the birds seemed to consider the muzzle of my gun as their safest position; secondly, because I never could help shutting my eyes when I fired my gun, so was not likely to improve; and thirdly, because if you do shoot, the squire and the poacher both consider you as their natural enemy, and I thought it more clerical to be at peace with both.

*. Jekyll.**

I think it was Jekyll who used

* Jekyll was a well-known wit of the beginning of this century, praised by the Countess of Blessington as a man whose

to say, "that the further he went west, the more convinced he felt that the wise men came from the east."

A Rule without Exception.

Other rules vary; this is the only one you will find without exception:—that in this world the salary or reward is always in the inverse ratio of the duties performed.

Miss Edgeworth.

Miss Edgeworth was delightful,

jokes made her think. The name of a predecessor of Jekyll's must not be omitted from this volume. George Augustus Selwyn was born in the year 1719. He was for many years one of the beaux of high life, and the intimate friend of Horace Walpole. There was a time when his bons-mots were in every one's mouth; and it is idle to deny that the specimens that have been transmitted to us set him pretty high as a wit and thinker. How excellent was his reply on hearing that Calcraft wanted to be Earl of Ormond; "It would be very proper, as no doubt there had been many Butlers in his family." It was he who called Fox and Pitt "the idle and industrious apprentices." When Lord George Gordon asked him if he would choose him again for Luggershall, he replied, "his constituents would not." "Oh, yes," said Lord George; "they would choose me if I came from the coast of Africa, if you would recommend me." "That," said Selwyn, "is according to what part of the coast you came from; they would, certainly, if you came from the Guinea coast." "He came to me yesterday," writes Walpole, to Lady Ossery, "from Lady Townshend, who, terrified by the fires of the preceding night, talked the

—so clever and sensible! She does not say witty things, but there is such a perfume of wit runs through all her conversation as makes it very brilliant.

Sign of Illness.

I feel so weak both in body and mind that I verily believe, if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have strength or energy enough to stick it into a Dissenter.

An Utilitarian.

He is of the Utilitarian school.

language of the court instead of opposition. He said she put him in mind of removed tradesmen, who hung out a board with 'burnt out from over the way.' Again, "Everybody is full of Mr. Burke's speech yesterday, which I only mention as parent of a mot of George Selwyn. Lord George Gordon, single, divided the house, and Selwyn set him down afterwards at White's, where he said, 'I have brought the whole Opposition in my coach; and I hope one coach will always hold them, if they mean to take away the Board of Works.'" He was paymaster. Like Boswell, Selwyn had a passion for witnessing executions; and it is recorded that a friend, who knew this weakness, betted him one hundred guineas that he would be present at the hanging of a certain culprit at Tyburn. The wager was accepted, and Selwyn was discovered in the crowd, in the dress of an old apple-woman. He paid the money. Selwyn died on the 25th of January, 1791. The reader is particularly referred for an account of this wit and bean to Captain Jesse's diverting and admirable memoir, "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," published in 1844.

That man is so hard you might drive a broad-wheeled waggon over him and it would produce no impression. If you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced sawdust would come out of him. That school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. If everything is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut her into small pieces at once, and make portable soup of her?

Children.

Children are excellent physiognomists and soon discover their real friends. Luttrell calls them all lunatics, and so in fact they are. What is childhood but a series of happy delusions?

Dialect of English Peasantry.

It is a curious fact that the peasantry in England apply the masculine and feminine gender to things, like the French. My schoolmistress here, a very respectable young woman, hurt her leg. I inquired how she was the other day; she answered, "He was very bad; he gave her a deal of trouble at night." I inquired who, in some surprise; and found it was her leg. If I complain of want of punctuality, the servants say, "'Tis long of the clock, Sir. She has gone quite wrong; she's always going wrong."

On the Marriage of a Fat Woman.

Going to marry her! impossible! you mean a part of her! he could not marry her all himself! It would be a case, not of bigamy but trigamy. The neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for a whole parish. One man marry her!—it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning's walk around her, always provided there were frequent resting-places and you were in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking around her before breakfast; but only got halfway, and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her; in short you might do anything with her but marry her." "Oh, Mr. Sydney, did you make all that yourself?" "Yes, Lucy, all myself, child; all my own thunder. Do you think when I am about to make a joke I send for my neighbours C. and G., or consult the clerk and churchwardens upon it?"

Gout.

Oh! when I have the gout I feel as if I was walking on my eyeballs.

Good Advice to a Young Lady.

Live always in the best company when you read. No one in

youth thinks on the value of time. Do you ever reflect how you pass your life? If you live to seventy-two, which I hope you may, your life is spent in the following manner:—An hour a day is three years; this makes twenty-seven years sleeping—nine years dressing—nine years at table—six years playing with children—nine years walking, drawing, and visiting—six years shopping—and three years quarrelling.

Education of Women.

Keep as much as possible in the grand and common road of life; patent educations or habits seldom succeed. Depend upon it, men set more value on the cultivated minds than on the accomplishments of women, which they are rarely able to appreciate. It is a common error, but it is an error, that literature unfits women for the every-day business of life. It is not so with men; you see those of the most cultivated minds constantly devoting their time and attention to the most homely objects. Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but then they must use it with discretion. If the stocking is *blue*, the petticoat must be *long*, as my friend Jeffrey says; the want of this has furnished food for ridicule in all ages.

Melancholy.

Never give way to melancholy;

resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty recipes against melancholy: one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to and of her; another, to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob.

The Law.

The Law is decidedly the best profession for a young man, if he has anything in him. In the Church, a man is thrown into life with his hands tied, and bid to swim; he does well if he keeps his head above water. But then in the law he must have a stout heart and an iron digestion, and must be regular as the town-clock, or he may as well retire. Attorneys expect in a lawyer the constancy of the turtle-dove.

Breakfasts.

I think breakfasts so pleasant because no one is conceited before one o'clock.

A Fool.

You pity a man who is lame or blind, but you never pity him for being a fool, which is often a much greater misfortune.

Wrong Men in Wrong Places.

You will generally see in human life the round man and the angular man planted in the wrong hole;

but the Bishop of —, being a round man, has fallen into a triangular hole, and is far better off than many triangular men who have fallen into round holes.

Sheridan.

The great charm of Sheridan's speaking was his multifariousness of style.

Cider.

When I took my Yorkshire servants into Somersetshire, I found that they thought making a drink out of apples was a tempting of Providence, who had intended barley to be the only natural material of intoxication.

London.

The charm of London is, that you are never glad or sorry for ten minutes together; in the country you are the one or the other for weeks.

Queer Stranger.

There is a New Zealand attorney just arrived in London with 6s. and 8d. tattooed all over his face.

Masthead and Weathercocking.

If you masthead a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weathercock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?

Pains of Labour.

Q.—“How is —?” SYDNEY

SMITH.—“He is not very well.”

Q.—“Why, what is the matter?”

SYDNEY SMITH.—“Oh, don't you know he has produced a couplet? When our friend is delivered of a couplet, with infinite labour and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door invariably is, ‘Mr. — and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.’ When he produces an Alexandrine, he keeps his bed a day longer.”

Dinner Table-Talk.

I always tell Lady P—— she has preserved the two impossible concomitants of a London life—a good complexion and a good heart. Most London dinners evaporate in whispers to one's next door neighbour. I make it a rule never to speak a word to mine, but fire across the table; though I broke it once when I heard a lady who sat next me, in a low, sweet voice, say, “No gravy, sir.” I had never seen her before, but I turned suddenly round and said, “Madam, I have been looking for a person who disliked gravy all my life; let us swear eternal friendship.” She looked astonished, but took the oath, and, what is better, kept it.

Bishops Courting.

He was asked if the Bishop of — was going to marry. SYD-

NEY SMITH.—“Perhaps he may; yet how can a bishop marry? how can he flirt? The most he can say is, “I will see you in the vestry after service.”

Tithes.

It is an atrocious way of paying the clergy. The custom of tithe in kind will seem incredible to our posterity; no one will believe in the ramiferous priest officiating in the corn-field.

Fashionable Women.

Oh, don't mind the caprices of fashionable women. They are as gross as poodles fed on milk and muffins.

C. J. Fox.

Fox wrote drop by drop.*

Simplicity.

Simplicity is a great object in a great book; it is not wanted in a short one.

Talleyrand.

SYDNEY SMITH.—“Lady Holland

laboured incessantly to convince me that Talleyrand was agreeable, and was very angry because his arrival was usually a signal for my departure; but in the first place he never spoke at all, till he had not only devoured but digested his dinner, and as this was a slow process with him, it did not occur till everybody else was asleep, or ought to have been so, and when he did speak he was so inarticulate I never could understand a word he said.”

DR. HOLLAND.—“It was otherwise with me; I never found much difficulty in following him.” SYDNEY SMITH.—“Did not you? why, my dear Holland, it was an abuse of terms to call it talking at all; for he had no teeth, and, I believe, no roof to his mouth—no uvula—no larynx—no trachea—no epiglottis,—no anything. It was not talking, it was gargling; and that, by the bye, now I think of it, must be the very reason why Holland understood him so much better than I did.”†

* “Fox,” says Macaulay, “would not allow Addison, Bolingbroke, or Middleton to be a sufficient authority for an expression. He declared he would use no word that was not to be found in Dryden.”

Burke praised his eloquence as “the true style—something between poetry and prose, and better than either.”

† Talleyrand's reputation as a wit has been impaired by his good things having been fathered on others, and the mediocre *mots* of others given to him. Judged by what he is known to have said, his wit was of that dry, tart kind, that de-

pends for its point much upon our knowledge of the persons to whom it was addressed. In general his *mots* are not translatable. Justice can rarely be done to them in an English dress any more than justice could be done to Hood's poems or Sydney Smith's jokes made French. The accompanying specimens will illustrate the peculiar character of his wit; those that could be fairly translated are given in English.

Being asked if a certain authoress, whom he had long known, was not a little tiresome, “Not at all,” he replied, “she is perfectly tiresome.”

*Daniel Webster.**

Daniel Webster struck me like
a steam-engine in trousers.

Obtusity.

Nothing amuses me more than

A gentleman expatiating before him on the subject of his mother's beauty, Talleyrand said, "It must have been your father, then, who was ugly."

When Madame de Staël published "Delphine," she was supposed to have painted herself as the heroine, and Talleyrand as the Countess. "I am told, madame," he said, on first meeting her, "that you have placed us both in your romance disguised as women."

Being asked to explain the real meaning of the word non-intervention, he replied "*C'est un mot métaphysique et politique, qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu'intervention.*"

Speaking of Lord Holland, he said, "*C'est la bienveillance même, mais la bienveillance la plus perturbatrice qu'on ait jamais vue.*" And of Lady Holland, "*Elle est toute attention, mais quand on demande la preuve c'est là son secret.*"

A Monsieur Dreitz, eager to become a member of the French Academy, called on Talleyrand for his support, and finding him out, left his card. Moutron heard of D., exclaimed, "Who is this Monsieur Dreitz? what are his claims? what has he written?" "Don't you see," said Talleyrand, showing the card, "that he has written his name."

Some one speaking of M. Thiers as a *parvenu*, Talleyrand answered, "*Vous avez tort; il n'est pas parvenu, il est arrivé.*"

The conversation at a dinner party turning on the longevity of animals, some one asked Talleyrand whether the parrots were not supposed to arrive at the longest age. With a sarcastic glance at one of the guests, he replied, "*Je ne me connais pas dans LA VIE des*

to observe the utter want of perception of a joke in some minds. Mrs. Jackson called the other day and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. "Heat, ma'am!" I said, "it was so dreadful here, I found there was nothing left for it,

parroquets, mais j'en ai vu beaucoup qui radotent."

Talleyrand said of Fox that he was "*Un sophiste qui fallait laisser dans les nuées.*" One who was present answered, "*En effet les nuées sont les déesses tutélaires des sophistes.*" Having any commentaries on his own speeches, Talleyrand said, "*Voyez-vous, Messieurs, il y a trois savoirs; le savoir proprement dit, le savoir faire, et puis le savoir vivre: les deux derniers dispensent bien souvent du premier.*"

Talleyrand on being asked by a tradesman when he would pay him, exclaimed, "*Mais foi! vous êtes bien curieux.*"

On some one stating that Chateaubriand complained he was growing deaf, Talleyrand replied, "He thinks he is deaf, because he no longer hears himself talked of."

A well-known author exclaimed, "During my life I have been guilty of only one mistake." Talleyrand said, "When will it end?"

A friend said, "Genoa is very tiresome, is it not?" "Yes," answered Talleyrand, "particularly in its amusements."

"She is insupportable," he said of a lady well-known; but, as if to soften the harshness of the remark, softly added, "it is her only fault." Many other specimens of his wit are current, but as illustrations of the talent that earned him so singular a reputation, these will probably suffice.

* Daniel Webster, born 1782, died 1852. • He was an eminent American statesman and an eloquent orator, perhaps the most eloquent his country has produced.

but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones." "Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir! Oh, Mr. Smith, how could you do that?" she exclaimed with the utmost gravity. "Nothing more easy, ma'am, come and see next week." But she ordered her carriage and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding.

*Sir George Beaumont.**

I like pictures without knowing anything about them; but I hate coxcombry in the fine arts, as well as in anything else. I got into dreadful disgrace with Sir George Beaumont, who, standing before a picture at Bowood, exclaimed, turning to me, "Immense breadth of light and shade!" I innocently said, "Yes; about an inch and a half." He gave me a look that ought to have killed me.

Dugald Stewart.†

The news of the death of Dugald Stewart being received with levity

by a lady of rank, "Madam," said Sydney Smith, "when we are told of the death of so great a man as Mr. Dugald Stewart, it is usual in civilized society to look grave for at least the space of five seconds."

Socinianism.

Accuse a man of being a Socinian and it is all over with him; for the country gentlemen all think it has something to do with poach-

Professor Playfair.

Playfair was certainly the most delightful philomath‡ I ever knew.

Niebuhr.§

Have you heard of Niebuhr's discoveries? All Roman history reversed; Tarquin turning out an excellent family man, and Lucretia a very doubtful character, whom Lady Davy would not have visited.

Whooping-cough.

Don't talk to me of not being

* Sir George Beaumont, born 1753, a painter and dilettante, well known some generations since. There is hardly a memoir or journal of his time in which his name is not mentioned. He died 1827.

† Dugald Stewart, the eminent Scotch mathematician and philosopher, author of the "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," died 1828.

‡ Philomath, a lover of learning. John Playfair was born in 1748. His most esteemed works are, "Elements of Geometry," and "Outlines of Natural Philosophy." Lord Jeffery wrote of

him that "he was among the first, if not the very first, who introduced the discoveries of the later continental geometers to the knowledge of his countrymen, and gave their just and true place in the scheme of European knowledge to those important improvements by which the whole aspect of the abstract sciences has been renovated since the days of the illustrious Newton. He died 1819.

§ Barthold George Niebuhr, born in 1776. His "Roman History" was published in 1811. He died in January, 1831.

able to cough a speaker down ;
try the whooping-cough.

Majors.

When so showy a woman as Mrs. — appears at a place, though there is no garrison within twelve miles, the horizon is immediately clouded with majors.

Telemachus.

How bored children are with the wisdom of Telemachus ! they can't think why Calypso is so fond of him.

English Hospitality.

When Prescott* comes to England, a Caspian sea of soup awaits him.

Lady Cork.†

Lady Cork was once so moved by a charity sermon that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself.

Idea of Heaven.

My idea of heaven is eating *foies gras* to the sound of trumpets.

An odd Dream.

I had a very odd dream last

night. I dreamt that there were thirty-nine Muses and nine Articles, and my head is still quite confused about them.

A Bishop.

The Bishop of — is so like Judas that I now firmly believe in the Apostolical succession.

Bayle's Dictionary.

You find everything in Bayle but the thing you want to find.

Lord Lansdowne.

There are two points in the character of our noble host which, I think, must strike every one who knows him, and none more than yourself (Thomas Moore). One is the patriotic feeling with which, neither wanting nor liking office (for whatever he might have done formerly he certainly does not like it now) he yet takes himself the trammels for the public service, and the other is the gentleman-like spirit and courtesy which unvaryingly pervade his whole manner and conduct, never swerving a single instant from the most perfect good breeding and good nature.

* The American historian, author of the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," &c. &c.

† The Hon. Mary Monckton, daughter of the first Viscount Galway, born April, 1746 ; married, in 1786, Edmund, seventh Earl of Cork and Orrery. Lodge's Irish Peerage dates her birth 1737, but this is a mistake for an elder

sister of the same name. Now in her *eighty-ninth* year, Lady Cork still entertains and enjoys society with extraordinary health, spirits, and vivacity, and Boswell's description of her *fifty-four* years ago "as the lively Miss Monckton who used always to have the finest *bite of blue* at her parties," is characteristic to this day. — Croker, 1835.

*Daniel O'Connell.**

The only way to deal with such a man is to hang him up, and erect a statue to him under his gallows.

Quaker Baby.

Did you say a Quaker baby? Impossible! there is no such thing; there never was. They are always born broad-brimmed, and in full quake. . . Have you heard the report that they are fed on drab-coloured pap? It must be this that gives them their beautiful complexion. I have a theory about them and Blue-coat boys, which I will tell you some day.

Biblical Knowledge.

Once, when talking with Lord — on the subject of Bible names, I could not remember the name of one of Job's daughters. "Kezia," said he immediately. Surprised, I congratulated him upon being so well read in Bible lore. "Oh," said he, "my three greyhounds are named after Job's daughters."

Frenchmen.

Frenchmen never give you credit for knowing the commonest facts. C'est toujours "Commençons au déluge." My heart sinks when a Frenchman begins,

"Mon ami, je vais vous expliquer tout cela." A fellow-traveller once explained to me how to cut a sandwich, all the way from Amiens to Paris.

Fires.

Never neglect your fireplaces. I have paid great attention to mine, and could burn you all out in a moment. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon it. Who could be miserable with that fire? What makes a fire so pleasant is, I think, that it is a live thing in a dead room.

Price of a Footman.

Lord Wenlock told me that his ground-rent cost him five pounds a foot: that is about the price of a London footman six feet high—thirty guineas per annum.

Samaritanism.

Yes; you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence.

The Three Sexes.

Don't you know, as the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen?

Oatcake.

"No, I can't eat oatcake; it is too rich for me."

* Daniel O'Connell, born 1775. He was educated at St. Omer, and called to the Irish bar in 1798. He entered Parliament for Clare in 1828. He was twice

returned for Dublin, and was also Lord Mayor of that city in 1841. He died at Genoa in 1847.

A future Lecture.

Let us imagine an excavation on the site of St. Paul's ; fancy a lecture by the Owen of some future age on the thigh-bone of a minor canon, or the tooth of a dean,—the form, qualities, the knowledge, tastes, propensities he could discover from them.

Human Amalgam.

There is one talent I think I have to a remarkable degree ; there are substances in nature called amalgams, whose property is to combine incongruous materials. Now, I am a moral amalgam, and have a peculiar talent for mixing up human materials in society, however repellent their nature.

Books.

No furniture so charming as books, even if you never open them or read a single word.

The Smith Arms.

SYDNEY SMITH.—“May I ask what procures me the honour of this visit ?” VISITOR.—“Oh, I am compounding a history of the distinguished families in Somersetshire, and have called to obtain the Smith arms.” SYDNEY SMITH.—“I regret, sir, not to be able to contribute to so valuable a work ; but the Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs.”

Dante's Tortures.

“He (Dante) may be a great poet, but as to inventing tortures, I consider him a mere bungler,—no imagination, no knowledge of the human heart. If I had taken it in hand, I would have shown you what torture really was. For instance (to Mrs. Marcet), you should be doomed to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily in the end be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali. You, Macaulay, let me consider. Oh, you should be dumb. False dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne should for ever be shouted in your ears ; all liberal and honest opinions should be ridiculed in your presence ; and you should not be able to say a single word during that period in their defence.” “And what would you condemn me to, Mr. Sydney ?” said a young mother. “Why, you should for ever see those three sweet little girls of yours on the point of falling downstairs, and never be able to save them. There, what tortures are there in Dante equal to these ?”

To Rogers.

My dear Rogers, if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered ; and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich, and you an emu.

Suggestive Face.

I think it was Luttrell who used to say "——'s face always reminded him of boiled mutton and near relations."

fancy ball at all, I should go as a Dissenter.

*Yorkshire Living.**Fancy Dress.*

Of course, if ever I did go to a

My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way that it was actually twelve miles for a lemon.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

1772—1834.

[Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in Bristol in 1772. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, London. He afterwards entered Jesus College, Cambridge, when (1792) he obtained the gold medal for the best Greek ode. In 1795 he married Mary Fricker. His chief prose works are, "The Friend," "Biographia Literaria," and "Aids to Religion." He died at Highgate on the 25th of July, 1834. His genius was of the highest order. Lan'or declared that since the days of Milton the world had seen nothing comparable to him; Southey, that "all other men whom I have ever known are children to him." In his conversation there is no uniformity. Sometimes it was luminous, sometimes opaque and impenetrable. But there was little that he said which did not make his hearers wiser and better, and confirm them in their opinion of his extraordinary genius.]

John Kemble.

I always had a great liking—I may say, a sort of nondescript reverence — for John Kemble. What a quaint creature he was! I remember a party in which he was discoursing in his measured manner after dinner, when the servant announced his carriage. He nodded, and went on. The announcement took place twice afterwards, Kemble each time nodding his head a little more impatiently, but still going on. At

last, and for the fourth time, the servant entered, and said, "Mrs. Kemble says, sir, she has the rheumatiz, and cannot stay." "Add *ism*!" dropped John, in a parenthesis, and proceeded quietly in his harangue.

Soul.

Either we have an immortal soul or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts,—the first and wisest of beasts, it may be, but still true beasts. We shall only differ

in degree, and not in kind, just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts, and this also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.

Goldsmith.

Goldsmith did everything happily.

Snuff.

You abuse snuff. Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose.

Rogue.

A rogue is a roundabout fool — a fool *in circumbendibus*.

Plagiarists.

Plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from, as pick-pockets are observed commonly to walk with their hands in their breeches pockets.

Christianity.

Christianity is within a man, even as he is a being gifted with reason; it is associated with your mother's chair, and with the first remembered tones of her blessed voice.

Edmund Kean.

Kean is original, but he copies from himself. His rapid descents

from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thoroughbred gentleman enough to play *Othello*.

Church of Rome

The present adherents of the Church of Rome are not, in my judgment, Catholics. We are the Catholics. We can prove that we hold the doctrines of the primitive Church for the first three hundred years. The Council of Trent made the Papists what they are. A foreign Roman bishop has declared that the Protestants of his acquaintance were more like what he conceived the enlightened Catholics to have been before the Council of Trent than the best of the laity in his days. Perhaps you will say that Bishop was not a good Catholic. I cannot answer for that. The course of Christianity and the Christian Church may not unaptly be likened to a mighty river, which filled a wide channel, and bore along with its waters mud, and gravel, and weeds, till it met a great rock in the middle of its stream. By some means or other the water flows purely, and separated from the filth, in a deeper and narrower course on one side of the rock, and the refuse of the dirt and troubled water goes off on the other in a broader

current, and then cries out, "We are the river."

Judaism.

Pantheism and idolatry naturally end in each other; for all extremes meet. The Judaic religion is the exact medium, the true compromise.

Religions of the Greeks.

Observe the remarkable contrast between the religion of the tragic and other poets of Greece. The former are always opposed in heart to the popular divinities. In fact, there are the popular, the sacerdotal, and the mysterious religions of Greece, represented roughly by Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus. The ancients had no notion of a *fall* of man, though they had of his gradual degeneration. Prometheus, in the old mythus, and, for the most part, in Æschylus, is the Redeemer and the Devil jumbled together.

Don Quixote.

Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. Sancho is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and unsanctified by the reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating.

Inherited Disease.

Can anything be more dreadful than the thought that an innocent child has inherited from you a disease or a weakness, the penalty in yourself of sin or want of caution?

Gibbon.

Gibbon's style is detestable, but his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to *all* real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome. Few persons read the original authorities, even those which are classical; and certainly no distinct knowledge of the actual state of the empire can be obtained from Gibbon's rhetorical sketches. He takes notice of nothing but what may produce an effect; he skips on from eminence to eminence without ever taking you through the valleys between; in fact, (his work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations, from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter in Gibbon, I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog; figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted or discoloured; nothing is real, vivid, or true; all is scenical, and, as it were, exhibited by candlelight. And then to call it a "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman

Empire!" Was there ever a greater misnomer? I protest I do not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline or fall of that empire.

Sermons.

Every attempt in a sermon to cause emotion, except as the consequence of an impression made on the reason, or the understanding, or the will, I hold to be fanatical and sectarian.

Life and Death.

How strange and awful is the synthesis of life and death in the gusty winds and falling leaves of an autumnal day!

German.

It is not that the German can express external imagery more fully than English; but that it can flash more images *at once* on the mind than the English can. As to mere power of expression, I doubt whether even the Greek surpasses the English.

Dryden.

Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot-wheels *got* hot by driving fast.

Sir W. Scott.

When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can

then read. I cannot at such times read the Bible; my mind reflects on it, but I can't bear the open page.

Sublimity.

Could you ever discover anything sublime, in our sense of the term, in the classic Greek literature? I never could. Sublimity is Hebrew by birth.

Baptismal Service.

I think the Baptismal Service almost perfect. What seems erroneous assumption in it to me, is harmless. None of the services of the Church affect me so much as this. I never could attend a christening without tears bursting forth at the sight of the helpless innocent in a pious clergyman's arms.

Burke.

Burke was indeed a great man. No one ever read history so philosophically as he seems to have done. Yet, until he could associate his general principles with some sordid interest, panic of property, Jacobinism, &c., he was a mere dinner-bell. Hence you will find so many half-truths in his speeches and writings. Nevertheless, let us heartily acknowledge his transcendent greatness. He would have been more influential if he had less surpassed his contemporaries, as Fox and Pitt, men of much inferior minds in all respects.

Necessity and Providence.

In natural history, God's freedom is shown in the law of necessity. In moral history, God's necessity or providence is shown in man's freedom.

Johnson and Burke.

Dr. Johnson's fame now rests principally upon Boswell. It is impossible not to be amused with such a book. But his *bon-mot* manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced;—for no one, I suppose, will set Johnson before Burke,—and Burke was a great and universal talker; yet now we hear nothing of this except by some chance remarks in Boswell. The fact is, Burke, like all men of genius who love to talk at all, was very discursive and continuous; hence he is not reported; he seldom said the sharp short things that Johnson almost always did, which produce a more decided effect at the moment, and which are so much more easy to carry off. Besides, as to Burke's testimony to Johnson's powers, you must remember that Burke was a great courtier; and, after all, Burke said and wrote more than once that he thought Johnson greater in talking than writing, and greater in Boswell than in real life.

Humour and Genius.

Men of humour are always in some degree, men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of

genius may, among other gifts, possess wit, as Shakespeare.

Music.

An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music. I have no ear whatever, I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said, it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed.

Kepler.

Galileo was a great genius, and so was Newton; but it would take two or three Galileos and Newtons to make one Kepler. It is the order of Providence that the inventive, generative, constitutive mind—the Kepler—should come first; and then that the collective and patient mind—the Newton—should follow, and elaborate the pregnant queries and illuminating guesses of the former. The laws of the planetary system are, in fact, due to Kepler. There is not a more glorious achievement of scientific genius upon record, than Kepler's guesses, prophecies, and ultimate apprehension of the law of the mean distances of the planets as connected with the

periods of their revolutions round the sun. Gravitation too, he had fully conceived; but because it seemed inconsistent with some received observations on light, he gave it up, in allegiance as he says, to Nature. Yet the idea vexed and haunted his mind: *Vexat me et lacessit*" are his words, I believe.

Government.

The three great ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation, are—1. Security to possessors; 2. Facility to acquirers; and 3. Hope to all.

Old Women.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided. 1. That dear old soul; that old woman; 3. that old witch.

Rubens.

So long as Rubens confines himself to space and outward figure—to the mere animal man with animal passions—he is, I may say, a god among painters. His satyrs, Silenuses, lions, tigers, and dogs are almost godlike; but the moment he attempts anything involving or presuming the spiritual, his gods and goddesses, his nymphs and heroes, become beasts, absolute, unmitigated beasts.

Frenchmen.

Frenchmen are like grains of

gunpowder—each by itself will not and contemptible, but mass'd harsh together and they are terrible

Conscience.

So you object, with old Hobbes, that I do good actions *for* the pleasure of a good conscience; and so, after all, I am only a refined sensualist. Heaven bless you, and mend your logic! Don't you see that if conscience, which is in its nature a consequence, were thus anticipated and made an antecedent—a party instead of a judge—it would dishonour your draft upon it—it would not pay on demand? Don't you see that, in truth, the very fact of acting with this motive properly and logically destroys all claim upon conscience to give you any pain at all?

A Distinction.

It used to be said that four and five *make* nine. Locke says that four and five *are* nine. Now I say that four and five *are not* nine, but that they will *make* nine. When I see four objects which will form a square, and five which will form a pentagon, I see that they are two different things; when combined, they will form a third different figure, which we call nine. When separate they *are not* it, but will *make* it.

Keeness and Subtlety.

Few men of genius are keen;

Necessity every man of genius is in nature. If you ask me the difference between keenness and subtlety, I answer that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

History.

If men could learn from history what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!

Gracefulness.

How inimitably graceful children are before they learn to dance!

Harmony.

All harmony is founded on a relation to rest—on relative rest. Take a metallic plate, and strew sand on it; sound an harmonic chord over the sand, and the grains will whirl about in circles, and other geometrical figures, all, as it were, depending on some point of sand relatively at rest. Sound a discord, and every grain will whisk about without any order at all, in no figures, and with no points of rest. The clergy of a nation, that is, its learned men,

whether poets, or philosopher or scholars, are these points of relative rest. There could be no order, no harmony of the whole without them.

Spenser.

Spenser's "Epithalamion" is truly sublime; and pray mark the swiftness of movement of his exquisite "Prothalamion." His attention to metre and rhythm is sometimes extremely minute as to be painful even to my ear, and you know how highly I prize good versification.

Love.

Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. The man's courage is loved by the woman whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact. Can it be true, what is constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls? I doubt it—doubt it exceedingly.

Ben Jonson.

I am inclined to consider the "Fox" as the greatest of Ben Jonson's works. But his smaller works are full of poetry.

Version of the Bible.

Our version of the Bible is loved and prized for this,

for a thousand other things, that it has preserved a purity of meaning to many terms of natural objects. Without this holdfast, our vitiated imaginations would refine away language to mere abstractions. Hence the French have lost their poetical language; and Mr. Blanco White says the same thing has happened to the Spanish.

Silence.

Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner some time ago, in company with a man who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple-dumplings were set on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with "Them's the jockies for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.

Athanasian Creed.

The author of the Athanasian Creed is unknown. It is, in my judgment, heretical, in the omission, or implicit denial, of the filial subordination in the God-head, which is the doctrine of the Nicene Creed, and for which Bull and Waterland have so fervently and triumphantly contended; and by not holding to which, Sherlock staggered to and fro between Tritheism and Sabellianism. This creed is also tautological, and, if

not persecuting, which I will not discuss, certainly containing harsh and ill-conceived language.

Papalorn.

What a grand subject for a history the popedom is! The Pope ought never to have affected temporal sway, but to have lived retired within St. Angelo, and to have trusted to the superstitious awe inspired by his character and office. He spoiled his chance when he meddled in the petty Italian politics.

Luther.

Luther is, in parts, the most evangelical writer I know, after the apostles and apostolic men.

Style.

In my judgment Bolingbroke's style is not in any respect equal to that of Cowley or Dryden. Read Algernon Sydney; his style reminds you as little of books as blackguards. What a gentleman he was!

Definition of Poetry.

I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose—words in their best order; poetry—the *best* words in the best order.

William III.

William the Third was a greater

and much honest man than any of his ministers. I believe every one of them, except Shrewsbury, has now been detected in correspondence with James.

Desire.

The man's desire is for the woman ; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man.

Jeremy Taylor.

Jeremy Taylor is an excellent author for a young man to study, for the purpose of imbibing noble principles, and at the same time for the purpose of learning to exercise caution and thought in detecting his numerous errors.

Hooker.

I must acknowledge, with some hesitation, that I think Hooker has been a little overcredited for his judgment.

Painting.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

Religion of the Jews.

I know that some excellent men — Israelites without guile — do not, in fact, expect the advent of any Messiah ; but believe or suggest that it may possibly have been God's will and meaning that the Jews should remain a quiet

light among the nations for the purpose of pointing at the doctrine of the unity of God. To which I say, that this truth of the essential unity of God has been preserved, and gloriously preached, by Christianity alone. The Romans never shut up their temples, nor ceased to worship a hundred or a thousand gods and goddesses, at the bidding of the Jews : the Persians, the Chinese, the Hindus, learned nothing of this great truth from the Jews. But from Christians they did learn it in various degrees, and are still learning it. The religion of the Jews is, indeed, a light ; but it is as the light of the glowworm, which gives no heat, and illumines nothing but itself.

Religion a Refiner.

You may depend upon it religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone *gentilize*, if unmixed with cant ; and I know nothing else that will *alone*. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.

Horne Tooke.

Horne Tooke was always making a butt of Mr. Godwin, who, nevertheless, had that in him which Tooke could never have understood. I saw a good deal of Tooke at one time ; he left upon me the impression of his being a keen, iron man.

Sublimity.

Think of the sublimity, I should rather say the profundity, of that passage in Ezekiel, "Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." I know nothing like it.

Canning.

Canning flashed such a light around the constitution, that it was difficult to see the ruins of the constitution through it.

Shakespeare and Milton.

Shakespeare is the Spinosistic deity—an omnipresent creativeness. Milton is the deity of pre-science; he stands *ab extra*, and drives a fiery chariot and four, making the horses feel the iron curb which holds them in. Shakespeare's poetry is characterless—that is, it does not reflect the individual Shakespeare; but John Milton himself is in every line of the "Paradise Lost." Shakespeare's rhymed verses are excessively condensed—epigrams with the point everywhere; but in his blank dramatic verse he is diffused, with a linked-sweetness long drawn out. No one can understand Shakespeare's superiority fully until he has ascertained by comparison all that which he possessed in common with several other great dramatists of his age, and has then calculated the surplus which is entirely Shakespeare's own. His rhythm is so perfect, that you may

be almost sure you do not understand the real force of a line, if it does not run well as you read it. The necessary mental pause after every hemistich or imperfect line is always equal to the time that could have been taken in reading the complete verse.

Talent and Genius.

Talent lying in the understanding is often inherited; genius being the action of reason and imagination rarely or never.

Flogging.

I had *one* just flogging. When I was about thirteen I went to a shoemaker, and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He being an honest man, immediately brought me to Bowyer, who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even pushed Crispin rudely out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool? To which I answered, that I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman. "Why so?" said he. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said I, "I am an infidel." For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me—wisely, as I think—soundly, as I know. Any whining or sermonising would have gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly.

Country.

I for one do not call the sod under my feet my country. But language, religion, laws, government, blood—identity in these makes men of one country.

"The Ancient Mariner."

Mrs. Barbauld once told me that she admired the "Ancient Mariner" very much, but that there were two faults in it—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question, but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much, and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as the principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the Arabian Nights' tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genii starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genii's son.

"Pilgrim's Progress."

This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and

different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you that there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional feelings, and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours.

Milton.

I think nothing can be added to Milton's definition or rule of poetry—that it ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned; that is to say, simple in conception, abounding in sensible images, and informing them all with the spirit of the mind. Milton's Latin style is, I think, better and easier than his English. His style in prose is quite as characteristic of him as a philosophic republican, as Cowley's is of *him* as a first-rate gentleman.

Virgil.

If you take from Virgil his diction and metre, what do you leave him?

Symbol.

The earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the past; the air and heaven of futurity.

Marriage.

You may depend upon it, that

a slight contrast of character is never deceives you for a moment.
 very material to happiness in marriage.

Bible.

Intense study of the Bible will keep any writer from being *vulgar* in point of style.

Bishop Burnet.

Burnet's "History of his own Times" is a truly valuable book. His credulity is great, but his simplicity is equally great; and he

Characterless Women.

"Most women have no character at all," said Pope, and meant it for satire. Shakespeare, who knew man and woman much better, saw that it, in fact, was the perfection of women to be characterless. Every one wishes a Desdemona or Ophelia for a wife—creatures who, though they may not always understand you, do always feel you, and feel with you.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

1773—1859.

[This distinguished statesman was born at Coblenz in 1773. Though his political career did not nominally commence until 1802, when he was appointed Secretary to the Austrian Embassy at St. Petersburg, he had long before made himself intimately acquainted with public affairs, by attentive observation during his travels through the chief states of Europe. For nearly forty years Prince Metternich may be said to have exercised almost complete control over Austrian affairs. The title of Prince of the Empire was conferred upon him in 1813. He died 1859.]

English Politics.

The people of England attach far too much importance to names. In reality, neither Tories nor Whigs exist any longer as bodies, although individuals may cherish the old party principles. Conservatives and Radicals are now the only two political parties in England.

Change.

There are many abuses in all countries, and no two minds worth anything, can have a difference of opinion on the question of their removal when discovered. Every one must wish for this result, but the difficulty is really to know what is an abuse. There was no question on which there were so many conflicting interests and opinions, and no problem more difficult of solution than that of effecting sudden and great changes without injury to some part of the

political fabric. Mankind is always anxious for change, always wanting to be doing something. Men attach too much importance to words. They seldom know what they really want, or they disguise selfish desires under some specious cloak, some popular cry. Whenever I have had to join others to debate on political matters, my object has always been to dive to the bottom of the views and wishes of the party as soon as possible, and to waste no time with words and vague phrases. I have always said directly we were seated, "Now, gentlemen, to business: what is it we want?" I have thus forced every one present to speak, and to be clear and concise as possible; by which means I have soon found out whether he knew what he wanted or not. My own views I have never expressed till the last, but then decisively.

*Dr. Gall.**

I was one of the first to appreciate Gall's discoveries, and to encourage him to pursue his investigations. I lived much with him, attended his lectures, and watched his progress. Having myself studied every part of science necessary to qualify me to become a medical man, I was the better able to understand Gall and the value of his doctrines. Gall was a man of facts. He had great powers of observation, and nothing escaped him calculated to throw light on his favourite pursuit—the discovery of the functions of the brain. He was a great hater of theories, and he would never converse with ideologists. He was correct in his views, and his knowledge was profound, but he was confused in his manner of expressing himself, and his style of language was not good. There was often a want of clearness in his way of placing a subject before his hearers; and I have frequently corrected him, and told him to alter his phrases and say so and so. Gall took great interest in every department of nature, and he occupied himself much with the physiology of plants. In his garden he had a hospital for sick plants, and whenever he observed any in the apartments of his patients in an unhealthy state, he

asked to have them sent to him to be cured. I accompanied him often to the bird and horse markets in Vienna; and much to the astonishment of the sellers, he invariably pointed out the best singers among the birds, and the dispositions of the horses.

Gall had a peculiar faculty for bringing the cudgels on himself. He made many enemies in Vienna, especially among the priests, and without any necessity. It was owing to his rough manners and uncompromising way of speaking his mind. He totally disregarded the necessity of tact in intercourse with the world. But he was the most patient and careful investigator I have ever known. He was a great thinker, too; indeed, a truly philosophical mind.

Whenever I have been to Paris on diplomatic affairs, I have lived with him as much as possible. Gall invited me one evening to his house, to be present at the dissection of the head of a girl who had been executed that morning for murder. I found the head already placed upon his table, and a large party of *savans* assembled. Amongst them was the chief physician to the emperor Napoleon. Nevertheless, before Gall proceeded to explain to us the peculiarities of the head and brain, in the most marked manner he

* Franz Josef Gall, the celebrated phrenologist, 1758—1828. In 1810 he published, with Spurzheim, the famous

work on the nervous system, the publishing expenses of which were guaranteed by Prince Metternich.

called our attention to the striking resemblance he found in the features of the girl and the Emperor Napoleon. Of course we were all silent, but Gall would expatiate on this subject, although I trod upon his feet, and did all in my power to stop him and bring him to matters connected with the science.

Things and Words.

It will always be most difficult, if not impossible, to designate a fundamental faculty of the mind by one word. Through life I have always paid attention to things themselves, and have never allowed myself to be misled by words.

Atheism.

Lalande, the astronomer, exerted himself to the utmost, when I associated with him at Paris, to convert me to atheism. I told him, firstly, that his principles were repugnant to my feelings; and secondly, that he *ennuied* me extremely. It did not silence him, so at last I said, "You do not believe in God?" he affirmed it. "Well," I replied, "I do believe in God, so we are both believers. The only difference is that I believe *yes*, and you believe *no*; so let us continue good friends, and drop this subject, for no one can prove what he believes."

Liberty.

Those who are always crying

out for liberty, want exemption from control, a general licence to gratify their individual desires and passions, and moreover power to tyrannize over others; but the plural sense, liberties, did not exclude that protection which good laws and wise social arrangements afforded to every virtuous citizen. I have a respect for a man who comes to me with concrete propositions for reforms or liberties; but I thoroughly despise your advocate for reform and liberty in the abstract. Man is said to be born for freedom, and thus we have the cry for universal suffrage and freedom of the press, institutions for which society is very far from being prepared. As well might it be proposed that because the horse is the animal most fitted for drawing vehicles, I should take a wild steed from the plains, and without subjecting it to a long process of training, harness it to a carriage in which I had placed my beloved wife and children. Who but a fool would act in this way? And yet the folly would be equally great to give universal suffrage to a people incapable of making a proper use of it.

Democracy.

It is quite impossible for all classes of society to arrive at that degree of education and enlightenment to enable a state or community to derive benefit from ultra-democratic institutions. A

large proportion of the inhabitants of any country must always work, and, besides, be debarred the mental capacity to appreciate virtue. What folly, then, to allow a licentious press to appeal to and inflame their passions, and promote discontent and anarchy!

The English.

What people in the world are such horror-mongers as the English? It is disgusting to see how they crowd to any place where some dreadful crime has been committed; and men in general will always prefer such objects as appeal to their vulgar curiosity and animal passions, to such as require a purely intellectual and moral appreciation.

Human Nature.

I think human nature so very bad, that but for the priests and police arrangements nothing but anarchy would prevail. Every virtuous and enlightened man is obliged to draw up laws for himself according to which he squares his conduct. Every thinking being soon finds out what is called liberty is in reality the indulgence of our propensities, which leads in the end to ruin and misery. It is only the vicious, or dolts and fools, who object to wise laws and social arrangements for the guidance and control of the mass, who are led away by empty sounds and words, and

exercise their lungs by crying out for liberty.

Language.

I am convinced that originally one or more languages must have been revealed to man. It was utterly impossible for man to have invented a language with all its complicated rules of grammar and syntax. If a number of children were to be collected together from infancy, and if grown-up persons were only to communicate with them, and bring them up by means of signs, they would never invent a language for themselves.

Perfected languages had been revealed to man, which is proved, moreover, by the Bible, in the history of the tower of Babel.

It is wrong to teach young children several languages at once, for in that case they will learn none well. I do not fear confusing a child's mind, so that it would string together words of different languages in one sentence to express its thoughts. The laws of euphony and the different characters of languages would prevent such a jumble. But unless some one language is thoroughly studied as a basis for others, a clear conception of grammar, and the general spirit of languages would never be obtained. On this account I approve of teaching Latin and Greek, the dead or unchanging languages, the former possess-

ing the most perfect grammar and construction, thus serving as a normal tongue. I advocate, however, the teaching of several modern languages in early youth, but in succession, for otherwise the organs of articulation would never be able thoroughly to master the varieties and delicacies of pronunciation.

The Nile.

The Prince was of opinion that no satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon (overflowing of the Nile) had as yet been given. He spoke of the great fertility it produced, and said that he had sent for several barrels of the Nile water to put it to the test. He applied it to soil in which wheat had been sown, and the result had been a surprising crop. He produced several ears of corn as specimens. . . . The Prince informed us too, that he had planted corn taken from Egyptian mummies, which had been brought over to Vienna and opened there. The seeds had germinated and produced a crop.

Insanity.

He related several anecdotes of singular cases of insanity which he had met with when visiting lunatic asylums in company with Gall. They once saw two lovers in the same institution, who had become deranged in consequence of a sudden and cruel separation. They no longer

knew one another as objects of mutual affection, although they were constantly raving to be united. When brought together they acknowledged being acquainted, but each said the other was not the beloved one. Both were insane on this point. Poor creatures! how different from the cherished image of former days each may have become in the other's eyes. The Prince mentioned, too, the case of a distinguished mathematician, whose derangement consisted in his mistaking the figure 5 for an o in all his calculations. In speaking of periodical insanity and suicide, the Prince told me that Gall considered all suicides to be insane. He related the case of a tailor who had jumped into the Danube, and when rescued, told him how an angel had appeared to him and enticed him to spring off the bridge. He had heard of several instances of a similar explanation of their conduct having been given by suicides before their death. One was that of a woman who had climbed upon the roof of a house, and then jumped off. She became collected before she died, and related how an angel had suddenly appeared to her and enticed her upon the roof. When there he hovered before her, and so allured her, that, in attempting to reach him, she fell to the ground. Cases of monomania the Prince considered as strong evidence of the truth of Gall's system; and in

all cases of insanity he was convinced that the brain was either primarily or indirectly affected by bodily disease. He told me that it had been proved in Paris that gambling and politics were the principal causes of suicide. He added that many minds became unhinged in consequence of attending the debates.

Acting without Reflection.

It is very amusing to give servants commissions to execute or messages to deliver, and then to call them back and ask them what they were going to do. Very often I have found that no sooner was the word "go," as part of a sentence, out of my mouth, than off the man in his zeal would start. For instance, I may have said, "John, go and —," the man would turn, and when called back and asked where he was going to, would be all abroad. "Now then," I would add, "go to Mr. N——, in such and such a street, and ask him to dinner to-morrow at five." Again the man would start, and if called back and asked to repeat this message, it would probably transpire that in his hurry and confusion he had not thoroughly understood the commission; so that he would have made two or three blunders had he proceeded to execute it. I have made it a point through life never to send a verbal message to any one, without asking the bearer

of it to repeat to me before he started what he was going to say. By this simple precaution I have saved myself and others much trouble and confusion.

German Philosophy.

He spoke much of the German philosophic systems, which he did not like. With his matter-of-fact understanding he could not, he said, admire such fine speculations and theories as the German philosophers indulged in. They were extraordinary creations of the imagination, glittering castles built upon sand. The reflective faculties were wrongly developed, and the inductive philosophy too much neglected in Germany. When the German philosophy was examined by the light of physical science, it was found to consist principally of fine words, the sense of which no two minds would interpret exactly in the same way. He blamed, too, the synthetical system of mental philosophy as opposed to the analytical. Neither did he approve of man's energies being wasted in attempts to penetrate the ultimate causes of things, since all that man can do is to observe and note phenomena. It was absurd to puzzle ourselves about the Why and Wherefore.

Reform.

The entire difference between enlightened politicians and the advocates of violent measures may

be exemplified by the difference in the signification of the singular and the plural of the word reform. A man who uses this term in the singular, exclaiming, "I am for reform," is a revolutionist, and an advocate of every kind of violent change which would suit his selfish ends or his vague, conceited notions of things; but the term reform means the sanitary removal of certain impediments to the welfare of society, which powerful minds, after a thorough investigation and consideration of circumstances, have found to be such; therefore every enlightened politician may pronounce himself to be an advocate of reforms.

Sleep.

He told me that he had written a treatise on sleep, and explained dreaming on phrenological principles. This treatise he had given to Gall, who was delighted with it, and had printed it in his works. He had found, he said, that those faculties which had been well worked by day slept the soundest by night, while those which had been excited only were most disposed to activity and dreaming. The difference in the effects of fatigue and of excitement of the faculties, he said, he had found by experience to be most striking. The muscles generally, he thought, came into a state of repose or sleep before the organs

of the mind. He accounted thus for that consciousness which we often have before we fall asleep that we are lying in an uncomfortable position, yet without any disposition to change it, because the limbs are quite at rest. Sometimes, he added, certain organs of the mind are asleep whilst the limbs are active, as in cases of somnambulism.

Execution of Criminals.

The execution of criminals became the subject of conversation. The Prince defended this extreme rigour of the law in cases of murder, saying that it should not be viewed in the light of punishment, but of prevention only. Therefore he thought that judges should never enter into the question whether a convicted murderer were a monomaniac or not, but leave him to be executed as a warning to others. Besides, it would be dangerous to society if it were established that eccentric indulgence in unbridled passions, should they lead to murder, might be excused on the score of unsound mind.

Police Reports.

The Prince expressed his disapproval of the publication of crimes and suicides, with all their details, in the public prints. He considered this custom, as it takes place in England, to be injurious to society. It often created a

morbid taste for horrors, and led to the commission of crimes and suicide owing to the instructive, imitative propensities of men.

Reasoning Faculties.

He mentioned that he wished to have it fully established to what extent the faculties of animals were capable of development. On the one hand, he said, he did not think their treatment by man such as to elicit all their powers; but on the other, he could not agree with those philosophers who assert that animals have souls. Their instincts and propensities he found to be something quite different from the moral and intellectual faculties of man.

The Soul.

The Prince stated, that though he firmly believed the soul of man to be an immaterial essence or principle, yet he could not deny

that all mental manifestations were dependent on material conditions. He saw too, he said, the practical value of this view, since we can become acquainted with the laws of matter, the conditions of health and development, &c. Those, he added, who were of a different opinion brought themselves into a difficulty, as they could not account for insanity. The light which phrenology threw on this disease, he said, was one of the first things which struck him in the days of his intercourse with Gall, and had helped to convince him of the truth of his doctrines. He blamed the use of such terms as "disease of the mind"—"of the soul," &c.; also the German way of speaking of a low character, as a vulgar soul, &c. The Prince, in comparing the inborn faculties with our concrete desires, said the former were as the soil, the latter the seeds which sprang from it.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

1776—1839.

[Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, daughter of Charles, Earl Stanhope, by Hester, sister to William Pitt, was born in 1776. On his death-bed, Pitt wrote a request that Lady Hester might have a yearly pension of £1,500; but this was complied with only in part, and it is said she barely received above £1,200. In 1810 she left England for the East. After various adventures she fixed her residence at the convent of Mar Elias, in Lebanon, where she was visited by many distinguished people, who were astonished to find the grand-daughter of the great Lord Chatham in squalid apartments, dressed in Turkish male costume, and smoking a chibouque with the gravity of a Vizier. The chief charm of her conversation lies in those recollections of men and women during her uncle's time, of which her mind was full.]

Insults.

It is only the vulgar who are always fancying themselves insulted. If a man treads on another's toe in good society, do you think it is taken as an insult?

Lord Abercorn.

One day at court I was talking to the Duke of Cumberland of Lord Abercorn's going over to Addington, and saying I would give it to him for it, when Lord Abercorn happened to approach us. The prince, who dearly enjoyed such things, cried out, "Now, little bull-dog, have at him!" This was uttered at the moment I advanced towards him. You know he had asked for the garter just before Mr. Pitt went out, and, not having obtained it,

had toadied Addington, and got it. I thought it so mean of him, after the numberless favours he had received from Mr. Pitt, to go over to Addington, that I was determined to pay him off. So, when I was close to him, looking down at the garter round his leg, I said, "What's that you have got there, my lord?" and before he could answer, I answered, "I suppose it's a bandage for your broken legs." For Lord Abercorn had once had both his legs broken, and the remark applied doubly, inasmuch as it hit hard on Addington's father's profession. Lord Abercorn never forgot this; he and I had been very great friends, but he never liked me afterwards.

Pitt's Fears.

Giving Lord Carington a peer-

age was one of Mr. Pitt's errors. I once asked Mr. Pitt if he did not repent of making so many peers; and he answered, if he had to go over his time again, he never would. "Age, Hester," said he, "brings experience."

Fox.

The last time I saw Mr. Fox he was at Vauxhall with Mrs. Fox. She was dressed as some respectable housekeeper might be, with a black bonnet and some sort of a gown. I looked at her several times, but I could see nothing like what I should have expected in Mrs. Armstead; there was none of that manner. Mr. Fox looked like the landlord of a public-house; yet when he spoke he was sometimes very eloquent. On Mr. Hastings' trial he made many people cry. There were all the peers with their pocket-handkerchiefs out—quite a tragedy! but he made such a business of it! he was worse than "Punch."

Sir Walter Scott.

I'm not sure about Scott. He pretended to be a great Pittite, but he was half inclined to go over to Fox. He sent some of his poetry where he praised Fox, before he published it, to say he would not publish it if it were displeasing; but I told him he was to do just as he liked, and to let it stand, as it made no difference what he wrote.

Vices and Virtues.

You will think it a strange thing to say, but it is my opinion that the vices of highborn people are better than the virtues of low-born ones. By low-born I do not mean poor people; for there are many without a sixpence who have high sentiments. It is, that among the low-born there is no spring of action that is good, even in their virtues. If they are laborious and industrious, it is for gain, not for the love of labour. If they are learned, it is from pedantry. If they are charitable, it is from ostentation. If religious, from hypocrisy. If studious of health, it is to satisfy their gormandizing. And so on. I repeat it again, the vices of the great are preferable to the virtues of such persons. Those of them that rise in the world always show their base origin; for if you kill a chicken and pick the feathers, they may fly up into the air for a time, but they fall down again upon the dunghill. The good or bad race must peep out. God created certain races from the beginning; and although the pure may be crossed, and the cart-horse be taken out of the cart and put to the saddle, their foals will always show their good or bad blood. High descent always shows itself, and low always will peep out. I never have known above two or three persons of common origin

who had not something vulgar about them.

William Pitt.

People thought Mr. Pitt did not care about women, and knew nothing about them, but they were very much mistaken. Mrs. B——s, of Devonshire, when she was Miss W——, was so pretty that Mr. Pitt drank out of her shoe. Nobody understood shape and beauty and dress better than he did; with a glance of his eye he saw it all at once. But the world was ignorant of much respecting him. Whoever thought there was not a better judge in London of women than he? and not only of women as they present themselves to the eye, but that his knowledge was so critical that he could analyse their features and persons in a most masterly way. Not a defect, not a blemish, escaped him. He would detect a shoulder too high, a limp in the gait, where nobody else would have seen it; and his beauties were real, natural beauties. In dress, too, his taste was equally refined. I never shall forget when I had arranged the folds and drapery of a beautiful dress which I wore one evening, how he said to me, "Really, Hester, you are bent on conquest to-night; but would it be too bold in me if I were to suggest that that particular fold"—and he pointed to a triangular fall which I had given to one part—"were

looped up so?" and would you believe it? it was exactly what was wanting to complete the classical form of my dress. He was so in everything.

When Mr. Pitt was at Walmer he recovered his health prodigiously. He used to go to a farm near Walmer, where hay and corn were kept for the horses. He had a room fitted up there with a table and two or three chairs, where he used to write sometimes, and a tidy woman to dress him something to eat. Oh! what slices of bread and butter I have seen him eat there, and hunches of bread and cheese big enough for a ploughman. He used to say that whenever he could retire from public life, he would have a good English woman cook. Sometimes after a grand dinner he would say, "I want something—I am hungry." And when I remarked, "Well, but you are just got up from dinner," he would add, "Yes, but I looked around the table, and there was nothing I could eat—all the dishes were so made up and so unnatural."

Mr. Pitt had nothing remarkable in his appearance. Mr. Pitt's was not a face that gave one the idea of a clever man. As he walked through the Park you would have taken him for a poet, or some such person, thin, tall, and rather awkward, looking upwards as if his ideas were *en air*, and not remarking what was passing around him; there was no ex-

pression in him at such a moment.

It is wonderful what a man Mr. Pitt was. Nobody would have suspected how much feeling he had for people's comforts who came to see him. Sometimes he would say to me, "Hester, you know we have got such a one coming down. I believe his wound is hardly well yet, and I heard him say, that he felt himself much relieved by fomentations of such a herb; perhaps you will see that he finds in his chamber all that he wants." Of another he would say, "I think he drinks ass's milk; I should like him to have his morning's draught."

Paris.

The peers of England may be compared to doctors who have made their fortunes; if they continue to practise, they do it out of regard to some particular families, or from human motives. They know better than those who are sick what is good for them, because they have had long practice; and if their sons are no doctors, they have heard so much talk about the matter, that they sit in a corner and watch the effect of the medicine.

Duke of Wellington.

He was at first nothing but what hundreds of others are in a county town—a man who danced and drank hard. His star has

done everything for him; for he is not a great general. He is no tactician, nor has he any of those great qualities that make a Cæsar, or a Pompey, or even a Buonaparte. As for the battle of Waterloo, both French and English have told me it was a lucky battle for him, but nothing more. I don't think he acted well at Paris; nor did the soldiers like him.

Foundling Hospital.

Were I a despotic sovereign I would institute a Foundling Hospital upon a different plan from those now in existence, where children should be received and placed in the care of the daughters of people in good circumstances, under the direction of old women, that these young persons might learn how to nurse, and dress, and dandle, and manage infants when they themselves became mothers. What is so shocking as to find English girls who are married, and have never seen how an infant is taken care of? They bring one into the world, and know no more the duties of a mother—no, not so well as the sheep and the asses. What is the reason you always see little lambs and little foals gambolling about so, and little children always crying? There must be something wrong, and that I would obviate.

Abyssinians.

There are two sorts of Alys-

sinians : one with Greek features in bronze, and one of a pug breed. The first have a noble demeanour, are born to command, and have hands and feet so beautiful, that nature has nothing superior ; their arms when they expand them fly open like an umbrella ; their gestures are clean and perfect.

Education.

Education is all paint : it does not alter the nature of the wood that is under it, it only improves its appearance a little. Why I dislike education so much is, that it makes all people alike, until you have examined into them ; and it is sometimes so long before you get to see under the varnish ! Education, beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, is of no use to persons who have shops to attend to, household duties to perform, and, indeed, in all the ordinary occupations of life. I told the prince that, in reality, my lord's gentleman and my lady's maid were much better off than a clergyman or a doctor. The rooms they live in, their fine wines, their dress, everything about them is better and what education do they want more than keeping an account of their master's and mistress's linen, and such trifling inventories ?

Lord Byron.

He was a strange character ; his generosity was for a motive, his avarice for a motive. One time

he was mopeish, and nobody was to speak to him ; another, he was for being jocular with everybody. Then he was a sort of Don Quixote, fighting with the police for a woman of the town ; and then he wanted to make himself something great. But when he allowed himself to be bullied by the Albanians, it was all over with him ; you must not show any fear with them. At Athens I saw nothing in him but a well-bred man, like many others ; for, as for poetry, it is easy enough to write verses ; and as for the thoughts, who knows where he got them ? Many a one picks up some old book that nobody knows anything about, and gets his ideas out of it. He had a great deal of vice in his looks—his eyes set close together, and a contracted brow. Oh Lord ! I am sure he was not a liberal man, whatever else he might be. The only good thing about his looks was this part (drawing her hand under the cheek down the front of the neck), and the curl on his forehead.

The Prince of Wales (George IV.).

What a mean fellow the prince was ! I believe he never showed a spark of good feeling to any human being. How often has he put men of small incomes to great inconveniences, by his telling them he would dine with them, and bring ten or a dozen of his friends with him to drink the poor devil's champagne, who hardly knew how to

raise the wind or get trust for it. I recollect one who told me the prince served him in this way, just at the time when he was in want of money, and that he did not know how to provide the dinner for him, when, luckily, a Sir Harry Featherstone, or a Sir Gilbert Heathcote, or some such rich man, bought his curricule and horses, and put a little ready money into his pocket. "I entertained him as well as I could," said he; "and a few days after, when I was at Carlton House, and the prince was dressing between four great mirrors, looking at himself in one and then in another, putting on a patch of hair, and arranging his cravat, he began saying that he was desirous of showing me his thanks for my civility to him. So he pulled down a bandbox from a shelf and seemed as if he was going to draw something of value out of it. I thought to myself it might be some point-lace, perhaps, of which, after using a little for my court-dress, I might sell the remainder for five or six hundred guineas; or perhaps, thought I, as there is no ceremony between us, he is going to give me some bank-notes. Conceive my astonishment when he opened the bandbox and pulled out a wig, which I even believe he had worn. 'There,' said he, 'as you are getting bald, is a very superior wig, made by—I forget the man's name, but it was not Sugden.'" The man could hardly contain himself, and was

almost tempted to leave it in the hall as he went out.

.. *Sentimental People.*

Oh! how I detest your sentimental people who pretend to be full of feeling—who will cry over a worm, and yet treat real misfortune with neglect. There are your fine ladies that I have seen in a dining-room, and when by accident an earwig has come out of a peach, after having been half-killed in opening it, one would exclaim, "Oh! poor thing! you have broken its back—do spare it—I can't bear to see an insect suffer. Oh, there, my lord, how you hurt it; stop, let me open the window, and put it out." And then the husband draws out, "My wife is quite remarkable for her sensibility; I married her purely for that." And then the wife cries, "Oh, now, my lord, you are too good to say that; if I had not had a grain of feeling, I should have learnt it from you." And so they go on, praising each other; and perhaps the next morning, when she is getting into her carriage, a poor woman with a child at her breast, and so starved that she has not a drop of milk, begs charity of her; and she draws up the glass and tells the footman, another time not to let those disgusting people stand at her door.

• *Shakespeare.*

What inspirations there are in

that man ! Even his imaginary beings—his Aricls, his fairies, his Calibans—we see at once are such as they would be if they had really existed. You don't believe in such things, but I do, and so did Shakespeare. He, I am sure, had great knowledge of Eastern literature some time or other.

Women.

Women must be one of three things. Either they are politicians and literary characters, or they must devote their time to dress, pleasure, and love ; or, lastly, they must be fond of domestic affairs. I do not mean by domestic affairs a woman who sits working at her needle scolding a couple of children, and sending her maid next door to the shop for all she wants ; there is no trouble in that. What I mean is, a yeoman's wife, who takes care of the butter and cheese, sees the poultry-yard attended to, and looks to her husband's comfort and interest. As for the advantage of passing your evenings with your family, all sensible men that I have ever heard of take their meals with their wives, and then retire to their own room to read, write, or do what they have to do, or what best pleases them. If a man is a fox-hunter, he goes and talks with his huntsman or the grooms, and very good company they are ; if he is a tradesman, he goes into his shop ; if a doctor, to his patients ; but nobody

is such a fool as to moulder away his time in the slip-slop company of a pack of women.

Heathen Mythology.

I never can imagine that all the celebrated Greeks and Romans were a pack of old women ; and, therefore, what they believed in must be as good as what other people believe in. But many who see these things with the same eyes as I do are still in the dark. It is like that looking-glass—everybody knows it reflects his face ; but many do not know how, and in what manner that is effected. Now I understand all the heathen mythology, not from reading about it, or hearing people talk about it, but from my own penetration and the depth of my reflections. And if I could but get hold of some books that would give me the opinions and doctrines of all the ancient philosophers, I would then write down my own, and would support them by quotations ; as thus : such a thing is so and so, and Plato, or Cicero, or Socrates, or somebody else, has such a passage in confirmation of what I assert.

Religion.

My religion is to try to do as well as I can in God's eyes. That is the only merit I have. I try to do the best I can.

Resurrection.

There will be two resurrections, for the Scripture mentions somewhere the first resurrection, and people don't talk of their first wife unless they have had a second. The first resurrection will be such, that the dead will rise and walk on the earth, with the people of it, in their accustomed forms and raiments; but at the second, they will all appear before the *Murda* (Messiah), and then will be the day of judgment.

Earl of Chatham.

My grandfather had grey eyes like mine, and yet, by candlelight, from the expression that was in them, one would have thought them black. When he was angry, or speaking very much in earnest, nobody could look him in the face. His memory on things, even of a common nature, and his observations, were striking. On passing a place where he had been ten years before, he would observe that there used to be a tree, or a stone, or a something, that was gone, and on inquiry it always proved to be so, yet he travelled always with four horses at a great rate.

The best picture of him is that at Chevening; he is represented in his robes. The colour and fire in his eyes altogether is very fine. Georgio pleased me, when (on his return from England) he said, "Your face, my lady, is just like

your grandpapa's; for the forehead and the upper part of the nose, and the contour of the countenance, I know are the same."

Europeans.

The people in Europe are all, or, at least, the greater part of them, fools, with their ridiculous grins, their affected ways, and their senseless habits. In all the parties I was in during the time I lived with Mr. Pitt—and they were a great many—out of thousands of people, I hardly saw ten whose conversation interested me. I smiled when they spoke to me, and passed on; but they left no agreeable impressions on my mind.

Mrs. Fitzherbert.

Mrs. Fitzherbert had a beautiful skin; at sixty it was like a child's of six years old; for I knew her well, having passed, when a child, six years in the same house with her; so had Lady —— and her daughters. There are some people who are sweet by nature, and who, even if they are not washed for a fortnight, are free from odour; whilst there are others who, two hours after they have been to a bath, generate a fusty atmosphere about them. Mrs. Fitzherbert had likewise a great deal of tact in concealing the prince's fault. She would say, "Don't send your letter to such a person—he is careless, and will lose it;" or when he was talking

foolish things, she would tell him, "You are drunk to-night; do hold your tongue."*

Genius.

A man of genius is like a fine diamond: what I understand by a fine diamond is one resembling

a large drop of water—smooth and even on every side; so that whichever way you look at it, there is a blaze of light that seems as if it would spread as you gaze at it. However, men of genius have seldom a look that would tell you they are so; for what a heavy-looking man Mr. Fox was!†

* Mary Anne Smythe was the daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq., of Brambridge. She was born in 1756, and married, when nineteen years of age, Edward Weld; secondly (1778) Thomas Fitzherbert. Four years after the death of her second husband, she became acquainted with the Prince of Wales (George IV.), whom she privately married. She died in 1837, aged 81. Her life with the Prince was unhappy. Among other incidents of her matrimonial career, it is recorded that she would never retire to rest till her royal spouse came home. Often, when she heard him and his drunken companions on the staircase, she would conceal herself beneath the sofa, when the Prince would draw his sword jokingly, begin a search, and drag her trembling from her place of concealment. On his marriage with Queen Caroline, she separated from him with an allowance of £10,000 a year. This sum was subsequently reduced to £6,000. She was, however, always treated with respect by the members of the royal family, and her houses in Tilney-street and Brighton were visited by the highest circles in England.

† Charles James Fox, the third son of the first Lord Holland, was born on the 24th of January, 1749. Of this great statesman's life the particulars are too well known to be given here. "The great feature of his life," said Sydney Smith, "was the long and unwearied opposition which he made to the low cunning, the profligate extravagance, the sycophant mediocrity, and the

stupid obstinacy of the English court." "His speeches *in reply*," said Rogers, "were wonderful." He came to maturity early; for when eighteen years of age he was spoken of by Lord Carlisle as one "whose judgment is never wrong"—"whose decision is formed quicker than any man's I ever conversed with." The only mistakes he made were in his own affairs. The following are a few of his conversational remarks:—"Burke," he said, "was a most impracticable person, a most unmanageable colleague; he would never support any measure, however convinced he might be in his heart of its utility, if it had first been proposed by another." On another occasion he said:—"Burke was a d—d wrong-headed fellow, through his whole life jealous and obstinate." Conversing on literary topics, he said:—"If I had a son, I should insist on his frequently writing English verses, whether he had a taste for English poetry or not, because that sort of composition forces one to consider very carefully the exact meaning of words." "Dryden's imitations of Horace are finer than the originals." There is much justice in this: "No one could be an ill-tempered man who wrote so much nonsense as Swift did." His definition of the Greek and Latin historians was: "The Greek historians generally told nothing but truth, while the Latin historians generally told nothing but lies." Speaking of Pitt, he remarked: "I never want a word; but Pitt never wants *the* word." Of Lord Thurlow: "I suppose no one was ever

*Earl Grey.**

I can recollect when I was ten or twelve years old going to Hastings's trial. My garter somehow came off, and was picked up by Lord Grey, then a young man. At this hour, as if it were before me in a picture, I can see his handsome, but very pale face; his broad forehead; his corbeau coat, with cut-steel buttons; his white satin waistcoat and breeches, and the buckles in his shoes. He saw from whom the garter fell, but, observing my confusion, did not wish to increase it, and, with infinite delicacy, gave the garter to the person who sat there to serve tea and coffee.

Tom Paine.

Mr. Pitt used to say that Tom Paine was quite in the right; but then he would add, "What am I to do? If the country is overrun with all these men, full of vice and folly, I cannot exterminate them. It would be very well, to be sure, if every one had sense enough to act as he ought; but as things are,

so wise as Thurlow *looks*—that is impossible." He affirmed, "I learn more from conversation than from all the books I ever read." His test of a good speech was: "Does it read well?" "Yes."

"Then it is not a good speech." This remark is corroborated by Erskine, who, speaking of Burke, said: "Once I was so tired of hearing him in a debate upon the India Bill, that, not liking he should see me leave the House while he was speaking, I crept along under the benches, and got out, and went to the

if I were to encourage Tom Paine's opinions, we should have a bloody revolution, and, after all, matters would return pretty much as they were." But I always asked, "What do these men want? They will destroy what we have got, without giving us anything else in its place. Let them give us something good before they rob us of what we have. As for systems of equality, everybody is not a Tom Paine. Tom Paine was a clever man, and not one of your huggcr-mugger people, who have one day one set of ideas and another set the next, and never know what they mean."

Affectation.

I hate affectations of all sorts. I never could bear those ridiculous women who cannot step over a straw without expecting the man who is walking with them to offer his hand. I always said to the men, when they offered me their hand, "No, no, I have got legs of my own, don't trouble yourselves." Nobody pays so little attention to what are called punctilios as I do;

Isle of Wight. Afterwards, that very speech of his was published, and I found it to be so extremely beautiful, that I actually wore it into pieces by reading it."

Charles, Earl Grey, born March, 1764, a minister whose name is associated with Parliamentary reform, the reduction of taxation, the abolition of slavery, with numberless improvements illustrative of the wisest and most patriotic policy. Died July, 1845.

but if any one piques me on my rank and what is due to me, that's another thing; I can then show them who I am.

*Beau Brummell.**

I should like to see that man again. He was no fool. I recollect his once saying to me in Bond-street, riding with his bridle between his forefinger and thumb, as if he held a pinch of snuff, "Dear creature! who *is* that man

* The name of Beau Brummell has outlived the memory of many deserving men. Born in 1778, this singular person was educated at Eton, and commenced his career in the 10th Light Dragoons. He attracted the attention of the Prince of Wales (George IV.), who invited him to Carlton House, and established him as his intimate friend. That he was tasteful in his choice of waistcoats and studious in the cut of his breeches was recommendation enough to a prince who was too stupid to encourage talent, and too vicious to appreciate virtue. The Beau, despite his impudent tongue and foundationless pretensions, was courted by the great. Ladies of quality considered his presence in their opera-box a very great honour; and noble lords watched him taking his walks abroad with unaffected admiration. The taste of those times would have been well illustrated by the substitution of the tailor's goose for the crown in the national coat of arms, and by the spectacle of two asses fighting for the new symbol of the national sentiment. Brummell died in poverty at Caen. Many droll stories are told of him. Being at a large ball, he asked some one who that ugly man near the chimney-piece might be. "Why, surely you know him? he is the master of the house," was the reply. "How

you were talking to just now?" "Why," I answered, "that is Colonel ——" "Colonel what?" said he, in his peculiar manner, "who ever heard of his father?" So I replied, "And who ever heard of George Brummell's father?" "Ah, Lady Hester," he rejoined, half-seriously, "who indeed ever heard of George Brummell's father, and who would have ever heard of George Brummell himself, if he had been anything

should I know him?" said Brummell; "I was never invited."—One of his friends, curious to know something of a family he had passed a day with in the country, asked what sort of people they were. "Don't ask me," answered Brummell; "you may imagine, when I tell you that I actually found a cobweb in my ——"—In reply to a nobleman of the highest rank, who accused him of inveigling his son into a disreputable gambling transaction, Brummell exclaimed, "Really, I did my best for the young man; I once gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's."—A lady at dinner, observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him if this were his regular habit? He replied: "Yes, madam, I once ate a pea."—He was once met limping in Bond-street. On being asked what was the matter, he replied that he had caught cold in his favourite leg, adding, "I left my carriage yesterday evening on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me in the room with a damp stranger."—Meeting Lady — at Ascot, he entered into conversation with her; on which she expressed her surprise that he should waste his time on so unfashionable an individual, and begged him to think of the risk he ran of being seen. "My dear lady," he replied, "pray don't mention it: there is no one near

but what he is? But you know, my dear Lady Hester, it is my folly that is the making of me. If I did not impudently stare duchesses out of countenance, and nod over my shoulder to a prince, I should be forgotten in a week; and if the world is so silly as to

admire my absurdities, you and I may know better, but what does that signify?"

*Canning.**

The first time he was introduced to Mr. Pitt, a great deal of prosing

us."—On being asked during an unreasonable summer if he had ever seen such a one, he replied, "Yes, last winter."—He gave as a reason for breaking off an engagement to be married, "Why, what could I do, my dear fellow, but cut the connection?" I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage."—The story of "Wales, ring the bell," Brummell always denied; but it is quite true that after his quarrel with the Prince, on meeting his Royal Highness, who was determined to give him the dead cut, Brummell turned to the friend he was walking with, whom the Prince had accosted, and coolly asked, "Who's your fat friend?" Brummell once got hit rather hard. He had won a large sum from Coombe, the alderman and brewer, on which the Beau, pocketing his cash, said, "Thank you, alderman; in future I shall never drink any porter but yours." "I wish, sir," said Coombe, "that every other blackguard in London would tell me the same."—Brummell once borrowed £500 from a gentleman. Some time after the lender pressed for his debt; on which Brummell said he had paid him. "Paid me!" said Mr. —, "when?" "When?" cried Brummell, indignantly, "why, when I was standing at the window at White's, and said as you passed, 'Ah! how do you do, Jemmy!'"—Some one called out to Brummell, "Have you heard the news?" "No." "S., the banker, ran off last night." "Well, what of that?" "Why, I have lost a thousand francs." "Have you," said the beau, "then, my good fellow, take a hint from me, and in future always keep

your banker in advance."—Once, at a dinner party, Brummell helped himself to a wing of a roasted capon stuffed with truffles; on tasting it, he fancied it was tough, and taking it up in his napkin he called to a dog, "Here, *Atons!* try if you can get your teeth through this, for I'll be damned if I can," to the horror of his host and guests.—It was his custom to say to young gentlemen and ladies, "Now that I have noticed you, you may take your place in society without fear of being criticised."—Such are a few of the stories told of Brummell. He died in an almshouse at Caen: his worst enemy would at least have wished him a milder fate. The man had been liberal in his day. Mr. Thomas Raikes tells a story of his being once at Watier's, and seeing Tom Sheridan at the table, risking a few pounds, which he could ill afford to lose, Brummell proposed to go shares in the deal, and in less than ten minutes won £1,500. He then stopped, made a fair division, and giving £750 to Sheridan, said, "There, Tom, go home and give your brats and wife a supper, and never play again."

* The Right Hon. George Canning was born in London in April, 1770, was educated at Eton and Oxford, and entered the House of Commons. His progress in the House was prompt and honourable, and in 1827 he became Prime Minister. Opinionous differ on the question of his political honesty and the excellence of his oratory. "His genius," says Horace Twiss, "was of the largest and finest order." But Sydney Smith said, "When he is jocular he is strong;

had been made beforehand of his talents, and when he was gone, Mr. Pitt asked me what I thought of him. I said I did not like him, for his forehead was bad; he was ill-made about the hips; but his teeth were evenly set, although he rarely showed them. I did not

like his conversation. Mr. Canning heard of this, and some time after, when upon a more familiar footing with me, said, "So, Lady Hester, you don't like me?" "No," said I; "they told me you were handsome, and I don't think so."

when he is serious he is like Samson in a wig: he allows him to be a "diner-out of the highest order," but "call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey." But there can be no doubt of his wit. The "Anti-Jacobin" is full of illustrations of his piquancy as a humorist and his power as a satirist. Among his contributions to this publication—which lasted from November 7, 1797, to July 9, 1798—are "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder," and the Mrs. Brownrigg inscription. The first of these poems will always be popular, because the point is applicable to the experiences of every age; but popularity is not always a proof of excellence, or it is certain that, in spite of the fashion of verse-making which the poem satirizes having long since passed away, the "Loves of the Triangles," which Lord Jeffrey pro-

nounced to be the very perfection of parody, would be the most valued of Canning's *jeux-d'esprit*. He was equally happy in his prose contributions. How excellent is his burlesque of Erskine's style, where "in a strain of agonizing and impressive eloquence" Erskine is made to recapitulate the prominent points of his speech! But the most famous contribution to the "Anti-Jacobin" is that song in "The Rovers" on the University of Gottingen, of which the last stanza is attributed to Pitt. This composition provoked the indignation of the celebrated historian Niebuhr, who was foolish enough to suppose that it was designed to ridicule German literature. The popularity of "Werter" and the dramas of Kotzebue might indeed have justified such an attack, had it been intended. Canning died of a severe cold, caught while attending the funeral of the Duke of York, in 1827.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

1777—1844.

[Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope," and some of the most stirring lyrics in the language, was born 1777. He was educated at Glasgow. After making a tour on the continent, Campbell married and settled in London. He was for some time the editor of the "Metropolitan" and the "New Monthly" magazines. Having resided at Sydenham, he withdrew to Boulogne, where he died in 1844.]

John Murray.

Murray does business well, leave him his own way. In that respect he is the first man of his day. I have met more men of talent under his roof than under any other, except Lord Holland's and Rogers's.

*Dugald Stewart.**

The profound character of Stewart's writings on the "Philosophy of the Human Mind," I feel almost too much for me—it is a continued object of my admiration. His theory of mind is wonderful. He was one of the greatest men Scotland ever produced,

in my estimation. He was one of my best and earliest friends too, whom it is not possible for me to forget. He gave me rules for thinking, and much excellent advice.

Quevedo.†

He scandalized no person, only the "damned," and therefore no living individual could feel his work a satire. His wit (to me so great) must in his own country be deemed inimitable. In the midst of monks, friars, and absolute kings, his boldness equalled his wit.

* The eminent publisher, born 1778, died 1843.

† Born at Edinburgh in 1753, died 1828.

‡ Francisco de Quevedo Villegas, born 1580, at Madrid, died 1645. "He may," says Bouterwek, "without hesitation, be pronounced the most ingenious of all Spanish writers, next to Cervantes. His

writings, taken altogether, in prose and verse, resemble a massive ornament of jewellery, in which the setting of some parts is exquisitely skilful, but that of others extremely rude, and in which false stones and gems of inestimable value are nearly equal in number."—"Hist. of Spanish Literature," pp. 330-1, *Bohn's ed.*

Education.

It is a vestige of barbarism in our language that learning only means, in its common acceptation, a knowledge of the dead languages and mathematics.

*Conversations with Cyrus Redding.**

POPE.—Speaking one day of the various passages of poetry which were pleasing to the ear, Campbell mentioned several couplets of Pope, particularly in the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, that were exceedingly pleasing to his own. He thought the simile borrowed from the well-known story of perpetual lamps found burning in tombs was very happy, applied to love that was without hope.

"Ah, hopeless, lasting flames like those
that burn
To light the dead and warm the un-
fruitful urn."

He even thought it was perfect, and could not be exceeded. The whole epistle he deemed a strong proof of Pope's talent in a department of poetry, for which, unless he had produced this poem, he would never have had credit. The "Rape of the Lock" he praised as unsurpassed of its kind. Conversing about rhyme and its smoothness, he reverted to the well-known couplet of the sound of which Pope was so fond, declaring that it did not strike him

more than many others he could cite from the bard of Twickenham; but there was no reason to be given why such passages should be more pleasing to one ear than another. He observed that there was much shrewdness in Dr. Wolcot's remark, when discriminating between Dryden and Pope,— "Dryden comes into a room like a clown, in a drugged jacket, with a bludgeon in his hand, and in hobnail shoes. Pope enters like a gentleman in full dress, with a bag and sword."

POETICAL IMAGE.—He spoke at one of our desultory conversations of an image which had occurred to him as highly poetical, to the following purport:—"Imagine," said he, "the passengers of a vessel kept below during a gale, that the proceedings on the deck may not be interrupted. Suppose them so close upon a lee shore that all chance of safety has disappeared for the vessel. From the despair of the commander and crew, arising out of the knowledge that nothing can save their lives, their actual state is announced to them, with the departure of all hope, while the rising sun is darting a bright ray in at the cabin windows, against which the sea beats for an entrance, speaking to their hearts, "How many millions this fine morning hail with rapture those brilliant beams which only serve to light us to our destruction."

* Redding's "Life of Campbell."

FOX AND LORD HOLLAND.—

You know Lord Holland (he observed); now Fox was and yet was not like him. In general he very much resembles him, particularly as to person, and in temper also, with that urbane, attaching straightforward openness of character so conspicuous in Lord Holland; but in dress, style of speaking, and in their pleasures the resemblance was not so good. No one could know either without becoming his instant friend; but Lord Holland was the better scholar and student—he had never wantoned in dissipation as Fox had. They were alike in that they never suffered themselves to be discouraged, when there was little hope of seeing their own principles triumphant. I was surprised to see a statesman so meek and so simple in his manners as Fox, having been deeply struck with the accounts of his speeches in the newspapers; I calculated on a very different kind of person, a sort of political Goliath, as Johnson was a literary one. I heard him speak and was delighted. Though Fox did not live to see his principles triumph, who could say if he had not led a vigorous opposition to Pitt's government, how far Pitt might have gone in rendering the government of this country an arbitrary monarchy.

FLAXMAN.—Campbell declared him the first of sculptors for realizing his idea of the Greek antique.

RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—He observed that he looked at such out-

breaks as were caused by individuals like Irving, who made a stir in the religious world, as it was styled, coolly and philosophically. He could not account for the corruptions and changes in the different creeds of faith professed generally in the world. Of all things the essence of a religious belief was immutability of principle, since its end was to place the mind above the changes of sublunary things, upon a fixed object of reliance. All creeds and systems of faith had become so corrupted in time as to bear no resemblance, except in name, to those promulgated by their founders, so far as even to being diametrically opposite to them. In some modern states they bore but a small resemblance in form or principle to the unmistakable meaning of the original mode of worship and the simplicity of its doctrine.

Mrs. Siddons.

R.—“I can never forget the effect she produced on my feelings the first time I saw her.” CAMPBELL.—“And yet you do not think her a wonderful woman. You told Mrs. Campbell that you thought her heavy in society, that she showed no ability, nothing above the common in social intercourse.” R.—“I did say so. The *prestige* of the great actress is connected with her; she is a woman of good bearing, lady-like, imposing from her fine person

and from association, but in society exhibiting plain good sense, nothing more." CAMPBELL.—"That is always the way where people are great by study. She is not flashy enough for you; you want to see her a Madame de Stael." R.—"On the contrary, no one ever struck me, even terrified me, as she did upon the stage. But in society it is different." CAMPBELL.—"I do not think as you do. She is great everywhere. I won't admit a word to her dispraise." MRS. CAMPBELL.—"She is one of his idols." CAMPBELL.—"She wants no worshippers. She can spare one. R. shall not play the iconoclast here." R.—"But your argument is, that the greatest of actresses is equally great everywhere." CAMPBELL.—"I won't admit of her want of excellence in anything. She is an old friend of mine."

Poetry and Philosophy.

A poet is a philosopher. The world won't think so, because his lessons are not delivered according to the conventional ideas of the philosopher's language. The difference is that the poet gives the same lessons over sparkling wine that the dry philosopher gives without even a glass of water to moisten his mouth.

Consolation.

We must look to ourselves for

consolation; not to extraneous assistance.

Byron's Poetry.

It is great—great—it makes him truly great; he has not so much greatness in himself.

The Stuarts.

History tells the truth; and every day that passes proclaims, through the progress of knowledge, that the cause of the Stuarts gets weaker and their name more detestable as we advance in wisdom.

Samuel Rogers.

He is a very extraordinary man. I firmly believe he dislikes men when they become prosperous, because he feels he can no longer do them and his own heart good, by any aid he can tender them.

Glasgow.

Did you ever see Wapping on a drizzling wet spring day? That is just the appearance of Glasgow for three parts of the year.

Napoleon I.

I would die to-morrow for such renown as that of Napoleon.

Original Ideas.

Foscolo has said, rightly enough, that original ideas are few, the modes of putting them are countless; and there, I suppose, lies the novelty.

American Literature.

It will be a long time before the Americans will have a highly-marked literature of their own, if they should ever possess one at all. This is a disadvantage arising out of the early literature of England belonging equally to America. Owing to the language being common to the two nations, the higher writers of the old country must necessarily be the models for the new; there would in consequence be nothing sufficiently marked in American literature, whatever excellence it might attain to, that would give them an original stamp and character unconnected with their fathers, and altogether a novel creation. They might, when the vast transatlantic continent became peopled, in the course of time, and of that decadence which is the lot of all empires, be the transmitters of the literature of England to unborn generations; but America would still be only the medium of the transmission of what has been common to both. America might shine beyond us in science.

Queen Victoria.

I was at Her Majesty's coronation in Westminster Abbey, and she conducted herself so well during the long and fatiguing ceremony that I shed tears many times. On returning home, I resolved, out of pure esteem and veneration, to send her a copy of all my

works. Accordingly, I had them bound up, and went personally with them to Sir Henry Wheatley, who, when he understood my errand, told me that her Majesty made it a rule to decline presents of this kind, as it placed her under obligations which were unpleasant to her. "Say to her Majesty, Sir Henry," I replied, "that there is not a single thing the Queen can touch with her sceptre in any of her dominions which I covet; and I therefore entreat you, in your office, to present them with my devotion as a subject." Sir Henry then promised to comply with my request; but next day they were returned. I hesitated to open the parcel, but on doing so, I found to my inexpressible joy, a note enclosed desiring my autograph on them. Having complied with the wish, I again transmitted the books to her Majesty, and in the course of a day or two received in return this elegant engraving, with her Majesty's autograph, as you see below.

Greece.

How mighty still is the name of that little country! Rome carries no resemblance to what it was in the days of the Cæsars; and, after all, they are still Greek, as they were in the days of Homer, —they have arisen again. They have much of their old spirit, too, according to our friend Pecchio, who says their names are in sound like those that must have come

upon the generations two thousand years ago.

Life.

I am convinced there is no man that knows life well, and remembers all the incidents of his past existence, who would accept it again; we are certainly here to punish precedent sins.

Fox and Canning.

How singular were the deaths of Fox and Canning under the same roof, in the same month of the year, at the same age, just after reaching the premiership!

Edward Irving.

PRINGLE.—“Friend Banim accompanied me to Irving’s on Sunday, and had the pleasure of hearing him fall most bitterly on the papists and the Scarlet Lady.”

CAMPBELL.—“Not very pleasant, nor very dutiful in the children to abuse the mother—the holy Roman Church is the mother of Kirk and Tabernacle. What rebellious brats of children she has! Two great churches, and a hundred sects of dissenters, all railing at her together. It is Milton’s Sin, with her rebellious offspring, calling their mother bad names, not considering how it affects themselves!”

PRINGLE.—“Why, you have not left the Church for the Scarlet Lady, I hope, Mr. Campbell?”

CAMPBELL (laughing).—“I have

not yet publicly renounced it: I once was as orthodox as I ought to have been.”

PRINGLE.—“You have not yet heard Irving. He will make a convert of you. Everybody, high and low, has heard him—all the town runs after him.”

CAMPBELL.—“So they will after any novelty, and get tired. It is strange any person should call such wild outbreaks of distempered brains religion. People do not want their passions inflamed now by religion to set them against oppressors. They want a more sober, rational faith.”

PRINGLE.—“Irving will tell us we must abandon reason altogether to become true believers.”

CAMPBELL.—“In other words, abandon that which makes the only difference between human and animal existence. What made him so much wiser than our old Glasgow clerks, or than we ourselves? It is but assumption. You did not leave Africa to become a disciple of this new apostle of Scotland.”

PRINGLE.—“But he is a wonderfully clever man.”

CAMPBELL.—“He is a novelty. He assumes new airs because the old are time-worn, and the multitude love religious change as well as anything else that shifts the scene.”

PRINGLE.—“I grant he is a novelty in the pulpit in countenance and manner. He has no idea of the good old way, and most people

run after him as they would after a new show; he is a shrewd preacher, who well understands how to make an impression on the minds of his hearers."

CAMPBELL.—"It is half the effect of his look, the other half not the effect of sober preaching. People love abuse from the pulpit as well as elsewhere. He seems a divergence from Christianity towards some crude thing, of which he has himself no specific idea—he plays monkey tricks, and people catch at them."

PRINGLE.—"You have not heard him, Mr. Campbell; but he is very striking."

CAMPBELL.—"Theatrical, I suppose."

PRINGLE.—"I don't know that. He rivets the attention strongly by his personal appearance."

* The specimens left of Campbell's conversation do him scant justice. Of his powers as a talker Lord Lytton has written: "I remember being told by a person who was both a very popular writer and a very brilliant converser, that the great Campbell reminded him of Goldsmith—his conversation was so inferior to his fame. I could not deny it, for I had often met Campbell in general society, and his talk had disappointed me. Three days afterwards, Campbell

CAMPBELL.—"Ay, dresses the character well, as the people say at the theatre."

PRINGLE.—"That we should call a profane comparison in Scotland."

CAMPBELL.—"We are the wrong side of the Tweed now, and have no fear of the kirk-stool. How is his matter—his language? As to his denunciations, we might make them as glibly and with as good right as he."

PRINGLE.—"It seems good; his outbreaks produce their effect on the congregation."

CAMPBELL.—"That they would do the more if they were more still out of the way of common pulpits. I have seen his book; it is all miserable affectation and common-place nonsense, couched in the worst style."*

asked me to come and sup with him *à-la-carte*. I did so. I went at ten o'clock. I stayed till dawn; and all my recollections of the most sparkling talk I ever heard in drawing-rooms afford nothing to equal the riotous affluence of wit, of humour, of fancy, of genius, that the great lyrist poured forth in his wondrous monologue: monologue it was—he had it all to himself."—*Caxtoniana*.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

1778—1830.

[William Hazlitt was born in 1778. He began life as a painter ; but whether from disappointment or indolence, dropped the pencil for the pen, and became a contributor to the magazines. His best-known works are his *Essays*, which were collected under the title of “*The Spirit of the Age*” and “*Table Talk*.” His conversations with Northcote originally appeared in the “*New Monthly Magazine*,” under the title of “*Boswell Redivivus*.” He died 1830.]

Lamb.

Q.—“When I first knew Charles Lamb, I ventured to say something that should pass for wit. ‘Ha ! very well, very well, indeed,’ said he ; ‘Ben Jonson has said worse things’ (I brightened up, but he went stammering on to the end of the sentence), ‘and—and—and *better !*’ A pinch of snuff concluded this compliment, which put an end to my wit for the evening.”

HAZLITT.—“Ay, you are never sure of Lamb till he gets to the end. His jokes would be the sharpest things in the world, but that they are blunted by his good-nature. He wants malice—which is a pity.”

Q.—“But his words appeared at first so——”

HAZLITT.—“Oh, as for that, his sayings are generally like women’s letters, all the pith is in the postscript.”

Shakespeare.

Q.—“I am sorry to hear talk of a monument to Shakespeare. Surely a million copies of his plays, together with all the printing-presses of the kingdom, are sufficient to preserve him from decay.”

HAZLITT.—“It is an absurd proceeding, and is therefore sure to meet with supporters. I wish they would let Shakespeare alone. He is fully able to take care of his own reputation. But people are never satisfied, unless there is the substantial, the tangible. They imagine that fame will fly off like an essence and be lost, unless it be built around with stone or brick. A great square pillar erected to the memory of Shakespeare is (not to speak it profanely) like the graven image of Superior Nature, where all should be ethereal, celestial. *What will Shakespeare gain by the matter ?* If nothing,

why it is only a monument of the national vanity; and it is quite clear that *that* requires no monument at all."

The Old Masters.

Q.—"I think that one might generally express the quality of a painter in a word. Thus we might speak of the *savage* character of Salvator's pictures, and the *amenity* of Claude's, the *suavity* of Correggio's, the *elegance* of Parmegiano, the *bravery* of Rubens——"

HAZLITT.—"Bravery is a good word; it gives an idea of his drawing as well as his colour."

Q.—"The *power* of Michael Angelo, the *splendour* of Titian, the *gorgeousness* of Paul Veronese, the *courtliness* of Vandyke, and so on. But there is one that I can find no word for—I mean Raffaele."

HAZLITT.—"That is because he had several qualities in the highest degree, whereas the others have only one. Perhaps, indeed, Titian deserves a second epithet, for his faces are as *intellectual* as Raffaele's; but he wants the grace, the sweet, soft, natural, yet divine beauty which floats about *the other's heads. Titian's faces have a true, stern, uncompromising look; whereas in Raffaele we have the 'rapt soul soul sitting in the eyes.' They look as if they had seen angels."

Q.—"I once thought Michael Angelo equal to Raffaele, but I

have long given it up. It is nothing but a vulgar superstition."

HAZLITT.—"The painters hold him up, because there is some chance of excelling *him*, while there is none of their equalling Raffaele. His vastness startles you more, but he will not bear the same scrutiny. He has only one part of the art in perfection, and that not the best. Still he is a great man. His mind seems to have gone surging about like the ocean, conquering and (in a degree) obscuring everything. Raffaele is more like a quiet lake in which half the world is reflected."

Q.—"Then you prefer Raffaele to the great Michael?"

HAZLITT.—"Certainly."*

Wordsworth.

I think he stands a better chance than Lord Byron. He has added one original feature to our poetry, which the other has not.

Fame.

Few people make much noise after their deaths who did not do so while they were living. Posterity could not be supposed to rake into the records of past times for the illustrious obscure, and only ratify or annul the lists of great names handed down to them

* From "Reminiscences of William Hazlitt," published many years since in the "New Monthly Magazine."

by the voice of common fame. Few people recover from the neglect or obloquy of their contemporaries. The public will hardly be at the pains to try the same cause twice over, or does not like to reverse its own sentence, at least when on the unfavourable side.

Fuseli and Northcote.

HAZLITT.—“Fuseli was a mere exaggeration of littleness—always swearing and straining for something that was out of his reach.”

Q.—“He certainly possessed humour.”

HAZLITT.—“What you say may be true, but in general he was all sound and fury—a mere explosion of words. Talking with Northcote is like conversing with the dead. You see a little old man (eighty years of age), pale and fragile, with eyes gleaming like the lights that are hung in tombs. He seems little better than a ghost, is almost as insubstantial, and hangs wavering and trembling on the very edge of life. You would think that a breath would blow him away; and yet—my God! what fine things he says! . . . He is the best story-teller I ever knew. He will bring up an old defunct anecdote that has not a jot of merit, and make it quite delightful by dishing it up in his own words; they are quite a *sauce piquante*.”

Raffaële.

Sometimes, when I see a fine Titian or Rembrandt, I feel as if I could have done something of the same kind with the proper pains; but I never have the same feeling with respect to Raffaële. My admiration there is utterly unmixed with emulation or regret. In fact, I see what is before me, but I have no invention.

Expectation.

If an author is only equal to himself, he is always said to fall off. The blow to make the same impression must be doubled, because we are prepared for it. We give him the whole credit of his first successful production, because it was altogether unexpected; but if he does not rise as much above himself in the second instance, as the first was above nothing, we are disappointed, and say he has fallen off, for our feelings are not equally excited.

Love of the Commonplace.

The world seems to have a wonderful propensity to admire the commonplace and traditional. I can only account for this from a reflection of our self-love. We can few of us invent, but most of us can imitate and repeat by rote; and as we think we can get up and ride in the same jog-trot

machine of learning, we affect to look up to this elevation as the post of honour.

Literary Conversation.

I dislike the conversation of learned or literary men. I get nothing from them but what I already know, and hardly that. They pour the same ideas, and phrases, and cant of knowledge out of books into my ears, as apothecaries' apprentices make prescriptions out of the same bottles; but there are no new drugs or simples in their *materia medica*. Go to a Scotch professor, and he bores you to death by an eternal rhapsody about rent and taxes, gold and paper currency, population and capital, and the Teutonic races — all which you have heard a thousand times before; go to a linendraper in the city, without education, but with common sense and shrewdness, and you pick up something new, because nature is inexhaustible, and he sees it from his own point of view, when not cramped and hoodwinked by pedantic prejudices. A person of this character said to me the other day, in speaking of the morals of foreign nations, "It's all a mistake to suppose there can be such a difference, sir; the world are, and must be, moral; for when people grow up, and get married, they teach their children to be *moral*." No man wishes to have them turn

out profligate." I said I had never heard this before; and it seemed to me to be putting society on new rollers.

Rewards of Genius.

How many minds (almost all the great ones) were formed in secrecy and solitude, without knowing they should ever make a figure or not! All they knew was, that they liked what they were about, and gave their whole souls to it. There was Hogarth, there was Correggio; what enabled these artists to gain the perfection in their several ways, which afterwards gained them the attention of the world? Not the premature applause of the bystanders, but the vivid tingling delight with which the one seized upon a grotesque incident or expression, "the rapt soul sitting in the eyes" of the other, as he drew a saint or angel from the skies. If they had been brought forward very early, before they had served this thorough apprenticeship to their art (the opinion of the world apart), it might have damped or made coxcombs of them.

Mrs. Siddons.

Of all the women I have ever seen, or known anything of, Mrs. Siddons struck me as the grandest.

Women.

In general, it may be said that

the faculties of women are of a passive character. They judge by the simple effect upon the feelings, without inquiring into reasons. Men have to act; women have the coolness and advantages of bystanders, and are neither implicated in the theories nor the passions of men. While we are proving a thing to be wrong, they will feel it to be ridiculous. I think they have more of common sense, though less of acquired capacity, than men. They are freer from the absurdity of creeds and dogmas, from the virulence of

party in religion and politics (by which we show our sense and superiority), nor are their heads so much filled with the lumber of learned folios.

Benjamin West.

He (West) once very good-humouredly showed me a Rubens he had, and observed with great *nonchalance*, "What a pity that this man wanted expression!" I imagined Rubens to have looked round his gallery.*

* Colton, the author of "Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words" (a book exquisitely criticised by Lord Byron when he called it "Few Things in Many Words"), devotes the fag-end of a long note to West. "The late Mr. West," says he, "was perfectly free from this *nigra succus loliginis*. This freedom from all envy was not lost upon the discriminating head and benevolent heart of our late sovereign (George III.). Sir William Beachy having just returned from Windsor, where he had enjoyed an interview with his late Majesty, called on West in London. He was out, but he drank tea with Mrs. West, and took an opportunity of informing her how very high Mr. West stood in the good opinion of his sovereign, who had particularly dwelt on Mr. West's entire freedom from jealousy or envy, and who had

remarked to Sir William that in the numerous interviews he had permitted to Mr. West, he had never heard him utter a single word detractory or depreciative of the talents or merits of any one human being whatsoever. Mrs. West, on hearing this, replied with somewhat of plain and sectarian bluntness, 'Go thou and do likewise.' I am not qualified to discuss West, because I know but little of his character and works; but if it be fair to judge from the scattered notices and remarks that have come in my way, I should say that, if Benjamin West was not jealous of his contemporaries or predecessors, it was because he considered himself the very greatest painter that the world had ever produced—too immeasurably superior to the Raffaelles, and Leonardos, and Reynoldses, and Gainsboroughs to be envious of their merits.

THOMAS MOORE.

1779—1852.

[Thomas Moore was born in Aungier-street, Dublin, in 1779. He was educated at a school kept by one White, and subsequently entered the University of Dublin. In 1799 he published by subscription a volume of translations from the Greek of Anacreon. This brought him the acquaintance of the Earl of Moira, who proved his steady friend, and obtained for him in 1803 an appointment in Bermuda. On resigning this post he travelled through the United States, returned to Europe, and published some poems, a bitter criticism on which in the "Edinburgh Review" involved him in a duel with Lord Jeffrey. In 1817 appeared his greatest work, "Lalla Rookh." This was followed by various prose works, the best of which is undoubtedly the "Life of Byron," published in 1830. Moore married in 1811 Bessy Dyke, who proved to him the most loving partner and congenial helpmate that ever poet had. From 1817 to 1830 Moore enjoyed the most brilliant reputation of any author in Europe, Scott, perhaps, excepted; but he lived to witness and lament the decline of his fame, and to hear the critics assign him a place in the second or even the third rank of English poets. He died in 1852.]

Grattan.

Grattan's dying advice to his son was, "Be always ready with the pistol!" He himself never hesitated a moment. At one time there was a kind of conspiracy to fight him out of the world. On some famous question, Corrie was employed purposely to bully him, and made a personal attack of the grossest virulence. Grattan was so ill at the time as to be supported into the House between two friends. He rose to reply;

and first, without alluding to Corrie at all, clearly and entirely overturned every argument he had advanced that bore upon the question. He then paused a moment, and stretching out his arm, as if he would reach across the House, said, "for the assertions the gentleman has been pleased to make with regard to myself, my answer *here* is—they are false! Elsewhere it would be—a blow!" They met, and Grattan shot him through the arm. Corrie proposed another shot, but Grattan said,

"No, let the curs fight it out;" and they were friends ever after. I like the old story of the Irishman, who was challenged by some desperate blackguard. "Fight him!" said he; "I would sooner go to my grave without a fight." Talking of Grattan, is it not wonderful that, with all the agitation in Ireland, we have had no such men since his time? Look at the Irish newspapers. The whole country in convulsion—people's lives, fortunes, and religion at stake, and not a gleam of talent from one year's end to the other. It is natural for sparks to be struck out in a time of violence like this—but Ireland, for all that is worth living for, *is dead*.

Daniel O'Connell, &c.

He is a powerful creature, but his eloquence has done great harm both to England and Ireland. There is nothing so powerful as oratory. The faculty of *thinking on his legs* is a tremendous engine in the hands of any man. There is an undue admiration for this faculty, and a sway permitted to it which was always more dangerous to the country than anything else. Lord A—— is a wonderful instance of what a man may do *without* talking. There is a general confidence in him—a universal belief in his honesty, which serves him instead. Peel is a fine speaker, but admirable as he had been as an Oppositionist, he failed when

he came to lead the House. O'Connell would be irresistible were it not for the two blots on his character—the contributions in Ireland for his support, and his refusal to give satisfaction to the man he is still willing to attack. They may say what they will of duelling; it is the great preserver of the decencies of society. The old school, which made a man responsible for his words, was the better. I must confess I think so. Then, in O'Connell's case, he had not made his vow against duelling when Peel challenged him. He accepted the challenge, and Peel went to Dover on his way to France, where they were to meet; and O'Connell pleaded his wife's illness, and delayed till the law interfered. Some other Irish patriot, about the same time, refused a challenge on account of the illness of his daughter, and one of the Dublin wits made a good epigram on the two:—

"Some men with a horror of slaughter,
Improve on the Scripture command,
And 'honour their'—wife and their
daughter—
That their days may be long in the land."

Ireland's Glory.

The great period of Ireland's glory was between '82 and '98, and it was a time when a man almost lived with a pistol in his hand.

William Lisle Bowles.

His poetry was the first fountain

at which I had drunk the pure freshness of the English language, and learned (however little I might have profited by my learning) of what variety and sweetness the music of English verse is capable. From admiration of the poet, I have been at length promoted into friendship with the man, and I feel it particularly incumbent upon me, from some late allusions, to say that I have found the life and the poetry of my friend to be but echoes to each other; the same sweetness and good feeling pervades and modulates both.

Women's Endurance.

Allowing everything that can be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men was their having less physical sensibility.

Thomas Campbell.

Campbell's lesser poems, his sea odes, &c., bid far more fair, I think, for immortality, than almost any of the lyrics of the present day.

Sir James Mackintosh.

He is the only man that, in abundant stores of knowledge, and in the power of generalizing and bringing his knowledge to bear, gives me an idea of what Burke must have been.

Society.

After all, it is in high life one meets the best society.

Death.

If my mind were but at ease about the comfort of those I left behind, I should leave the world without much regret, having passed a very happy life, and enjoyed (as much, perhaps, as ever man did yet) all that is enjoyable in it; the only single thing I have had to complain of being want of money. I could, therefore, die with the same words that Jortin did,—“I have had enough of everything.”

Music.

My forte is music; and apart from that sensation I am no poet.

Lalla Rookh.

I am at once very imaginative and very matter-of-fact. The matter-of-fact can at once put to flight all the operations of the imagination. It was therefore necessary for me to exclude matter-of-fact and all very striking or attractive objects, and to concentrate all my imagination on the objects I wish to portray. My story lay in the East, and I must imbue and saturate my imagination entirely with eastern ideas and eastern imagery. I must

create, and place, and keep before me a peculiar world, with all its people and characteristics. No place could be more favourable for this than Mayfield, because it had nothing prominent or seducing enough to rush through and force itself into the world which I had evoked, created, and was walking and working in. The result was most complete. Never having been into the East myself, yet every one who *has* been there declares that nothing can be more perfect than my representation of it, its people, and life, in "Lalla Rookh."

Writing.

LUTTRELL.—"Between what one *wouldn't* write and what one *couldn't* 'tis a hard game to play at." MOORE.—"A man must risk the former to attain the latter; and it is the same daring that produced the things we *wouldn't* write, and those we *thought* we *couldn't*."

Sheridan.

On my complimenting Moore (says Sir Robert Heron) on his impartiality in the "Life of Sheridan," he told me he regretted having suppressed many facts, and represented his character much too favourably.

Brevity.

An excellent mot of somebody

to Fontenelle, on the latter saying that he flattered himself he had a good heart, "Yes, my dear Fontenelle, you have as good a heart as can be made out of brains." In talking with Hallam afterwards, I put it to him why it was that this short way of expressing truths did not do with the world, often as it had been tried, even Rochefoucauld being kept alive chiefly by his ill-nature? There was in this one saying to Fontenelle all that I myself had expended many pages on in my "Life of Byron," endeavouring to bring it out clearly, namely, the great difference there is between that sort of sensibility which is lighted up in the heads and imagination of men of genius, and the genuine natural sensibility whose seat is in the heart. Even now, in thus explaining my meaning, how many superfluous words have I made use of.

Fox.

I recollect Tierney once telling me that Pitt looked upon Sheridan as a much abler man than Fox.

Autographs.

Moore one day asked Rogers what he did when people who wanted his autograph requested him to sign a sentence with his name. "Oh, I give them, 'Ill-gotten wealth never

prosper,' or, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners,' or, 'Virtue is its own reward.'" Luttrell broke in, "Then the more shame for you to circulate such delusions. Do not the ill-gotten wealth of — and — prosper? Haven't — and —, whose communications are all evil, the best manners of any one of our acquaintance? Look at our honest, excellent friend —, to whom, you, Rogers, lent ten pounds yesterday. Is virtue its own reward in his case? Or when Pitt spouted Horace and talked of involving himself in his virtue, was he the less eager to be First Lord of the Treasury

We had hardly entered the room when we were set down to a hot supper of roast chickens, salmon, punch, &c., and Sir Walter ate immensely of everything. What a contrast between this and the last time I saw him in London! He had come down to embark for Italy—broken quite down in body and mind. He gave Mrs. Moore a book, and I asked him if he could make it more valuable by writing in it. He thought I meant that he should write some verses, and said, 'Oh, I never write poetry now.' I asked him to write only his own name and hers, and he attempted it, but it was quite illegible."

Sir Walter Scott.

"Scott," Moore said, "was the most manly and natural character in the world. You felt when with him that he was the soul of truth and heartiness. His hospitality was as simple and open as the day, and he lived freely himself, and expected his friends to do so. I remember his giving us whisky at dinner, and Lady Scott met my look of surprise with the assurance that Sir Walter seldom dined without it. He never ate or drank to excess, but he had no system; his constitution was herculean, and he denied himself nothing. I went once to a dinner-party with Sir Thomas Lawrence to meet Scott at another place.

"He was the soul of honesty," said Moore. "When I was on a visit to him, we were coming up from Kelso at sunset, and as there was to be a fine moon, I quoted to him his own rule of 'seeing fair Melrose aright,' and proposed to stay an hour and enjoy it. 'Bah!' said Scott, 'I never saw it by moonlight.' We went, however; and Scott, who seemed to be on the most familiar terms with the cicerone, pointed to an empty niche, and said to him, 'I think by the way that I have a virgin and child that will just do for your niche; I'll send it to you.' 'How happy you have made that man!' said I to him. 'Oh,' said Scott, 'it was always in the way, and Madame S. is constantly grudging it house-room. We're well rid of it.' Any other man

would at least have allowed himself the credit of a kind action."

Scott's "Life of Napoleon."

"I think little of it," said Moore; "but after all it was an embarrassing task, and Scott did what a wise man would do—made as much of his subject as was politic and necessary, and no

more." "It will not live," said some one else; "as much because it is a bad book as because it is the life of an individual." "But *what* an individual!" Moore replied. "Voltaire's 'Life of Charles the Twelfth' was the life of an individual, yet that will live and be read as long as there is a book in the world; and what was he to Napoleon?"

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ROBERT CHARLES MATURIN.

1782—1825.

[This author, well known to the last generation by his sombre, Byronic tragedy of "Bertram," was born at Dublin, 1782, educated at Trinity College, and was ordained curate of St. Peter's. His benevolence ran him into pecuniary difficulties, from which he sought to extricate himself by literature. The production of "Bertram" at Drury Lane induced him to come forward again in a tragedy, called "Manuel," which was condemned. He was the author of several popular novels, and some poems, the best-known of these being "The Universe." Maturin is described as tall and slender, commonly dressed in a tightly-buttoned black coat and light-coloured, stocking-webbed pantaloons. He sang well, and danced well too, when free of the agonies of the gout. It is said that the profits of the representation of "Bertram," and the copyright, exceeded one thousand pounds. Though gloomy, stultent, and verbosc, "Bertram," it must be owned, possesses sufficient beauties to justify the admiration bestowed on it by the contemporaries of Maturin. He died in 1825.]

Thomas Moore.

There is no man of the age labours harder than Moore. He is often a month working out the fag end of an epigram. 'Pon my honour, I would not be such a victim to literature for the reputation of Pope, the greatest man of them all.

Lord Byron.

I never could finish the perusal of any of his long poems. There is something in them excessively at variance with my notions of poetry. He is too fond of the obsolete; but that I do not quarrel with so much as his system of converting it into a kind of modern

antique, by superadding tinsel to gold. It is a sort of mixed mode, neither old nor new, but incessantly hovering between both.

Crabbe.

He is all nature without pomp or parade, and exhibits at times deep pathos and feeling. His characters are certainly homely, and his scenes rather unpoetical; but then he invests his subject with so much genuine tenderness and sweetness, that you care not who are the actors, or in what situations they are placed, but pause to recollect where it was you met with something similar in real life.

Poetasters.

I object to prescribing laws to the republic of letters. It is a free republic, in which every man is entitled to publicity if he chooses it. The effect, unquestionably, of a swarm of minor poets is the creation of a false taste among a certain class; but then that is a class that would otherwise have no taste at all, and it is well to draw their attention to literature by any agency. In the next age, their moral culture will improve, and we shall go on gradually diminishing the contagion.

Tragedy.

A tragedy ought to be natural, it is true; but it ought also to be poetical; pathos may be effective without poetry, but how much more so with it!

Country Dances.

I hate those culinary dances—they breathe the very air of the furnace and scullery, and come upon you with the swing, the fulness, and the coarseness of the region from whence a vitiated taste has redeemed them, for the paradise of the chalked floor and the harp.

Edmund Kean.

Kean is the only poetical actor I ever saw. He has great genius without any apparent effort—conceives promptly—embodies perfectly, and supplies habitually

every hiatus in the action or composition, so as to convert a defect into a beauty. A deaf-man said of Garrick that his “face was a language.” Kean’s eye is more; it is a language thrown into all possible combinations.

Garrick.

Garrick brought the stage to a dangerous point of perfection: he cleared away much absurdity and inconsistency, but left immorality almost uncorrected.

Revival of the Old Drama.

The revival of the old drama has never been fairly tried; if undertaken with spirit and pursued with talent, I cannot suppose it would fail. For instance, contemplate the vast mine of unworked treasures you find in the era of Elizabeth—Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, Massinger, Shirley, Ford—what a bank of dramatic riches! I believe that a little more than a third of Shakespeare’s plays hold possession of the stage, and a similar proportion of the others; there are not more than four of Jonson’s, because our managers have not had courage to reduce their pruriency. What has become of the “Fox,” “Epicene,” “Wit at Several Weapons,” “The Little French Lawyer,” and the rest of that school? They have been banished by imaginary objections or bad adaptations.

Dramatic Improperities.

There are two classes of improprieties in the drama ; first, that which is interwoven with the plot ; second, that which consists in language only. The first, I freely grant, cannot be remedied, because if you remove the pivot upon which the play turns, you effectually destroy its spirit and interest ; it would be easier, according to Swift's notion, to make a new piece than to mend an old one in that way. The second class is quite capable of emendation ; and if the great theatres engaged men of sound judgment to undertake the task, a glorious revolution could be effected—much to our disadvantage, perhaps, who write modern tragedies.

Kemble.

He (Kemble) was in England what Talma was in France, the parent of costume. Formerly they played Brutus in a bob-wig, and Coriolanus in silk stockings ; but Kemble confirmed the change that opinion was gradually working, and in restoring the costume of antiquity completed the scenic illusion of the drama.

Dramatists.

Q.—“ Putting Shakespeare and his immediate followers out of view, whom do you think the best dramatists ? ”

MATURIN.—“ Otway, Lee, and Southern, unquestionably. I speak, perhaps, from an old feeling of attachment, but, nevertheless, from deep conviction. The earliest associations of my mind are with *Pierre* and *Jaffier* on the Rialto at midnight. I still fancy I hear the sullen moan of the waters beneath me, and that I am standing on the lofty bridge beside the glorious conspirators ; I could surrender almost any early impressions in preference. Lee was a man of extraordinary genius ; and, like all such men of genius, he was mad. Southern was a sweet and a natural poet ; he was the Goldsmith of tragedy.

Novel-writing and Play-writing.

There are many qualities in common between the novelist and the dramatist ; but there are others so opposite that their combination is very rarely to be found. The plot of a novelist is diffuse, descriptive, historical, helped out by many circumstantial aids ; he can afford transitions of place and time, and assist his actors in their development of his characters ; he is not circumscribed by any fastidious limitations, and may produce as many personages as he pleases to forward his design. Not so with the dramatist ; he must condense where the other amplifies ; action with him must supply the place of narrative and description ; his characters must

unfold themselves ; they must *do* what the novelist *describes* ; his incidents must be fewer, and more intense ; his plot simple and single ; and he is even restricted in the use of auxiliary helps. They both require a knowledge of human nature, it is true ; but since their modes of painting it are so different, it is likely that the mind that has adapted itself to one has unfitted itself for the other.

Sir Walter Scott.

He has a most powerful genius ; a genius that can adapt itself to the changes of times and feelings with the most extraordinary celerity, and with less than the labour

of ordinary thought, can reform and remodel the literature of the age. He is the greatest writer of his day. He writes, not for England, but for all mankind ; and he has embraced in his infinite vision all modes and systems of men and manners. What he does, he does appropriately ; not seeking to display all the varieties of his mind in any one work, but only that which properly belongs to it. Nothing is out of place ; all is perfect, simple, and real ; and he possesses the magical talent of explaining a whole character by a single word of feeling, and of imparting to the meanest figure in his picture the interest of a principal.

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

1785—1854.

[John Wilson was born at Paisley in 1785. He was a member both of the Universities of Glasgow and Oxford. In 1812 appeared the "Isle of Palms," a poem of great beauty, of which the reputation it brought him was increased by the publication of "The City of the Plague." But his best-known works are those which he contributed to "Blackwood's Magazine," a periodical of which he became the editor shortly after its starting in 1817. In 1820 Wilson was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University, which he held until 1851. About the same time he received a pension from the Crown of £300 a year. Wilson's genius was of the best kind; and his two great contributions to the literature of this nation—the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" and "The Recreations of Christopher North"—will perish only with the language in which they are written. He died in 1854.]

*Conversations with Willis.**

Blackwood.†—He spoke of Blackwood. "Poor Blackwood! here never was a more honest creature or a better friend. I have known him intimately for years, and owe him much, and I could lose no friend that would affect me more nearly. There is

something quite awful in the striking down thus of a familiar companion by your side—the passing away—the death—the end for ever of a man you have been accustomed to meet as surely as the morning or evening, and have grown to consider a portion of your existence almost; to have

* Nathaniel Parker Willis was born on the 20th of January, 1807. He was the author, among other works, of "People I have Met," "Convalescent," "Hurry-graphs," and "Pencilings by the Way." He was also the founder of the "American Monthly Magazine." Dr. Madden describes him as "an extremely agreeable young man (1855—is a man *young* at 48?) in society, somewhat over-dressed, and a little *demonstratif*, but abounding in good spirits, &c. He was observant and communicative, lively and clever in conversation, having the peculiar art of

making himself agreeable to ladies, old as well as young." The reviewers fell foul of his books because of his love of retailing the conversations of those he met. The habit may be vicious to contemporaries, but to posterity it makes the most agreeable of all readings.

† William Blackwood, the founder of the well-known Scotch publishing firm, born 1776, died 1834. The period of his death will be the date of Willis's conversation with Wilson, who would then be fifty-nine years of age.

the share he took in your thoughts thrown back on you—and his aid, and counsel, and company with you no more! His own mind is in a very singular state. He knows he is to die, and he has made every preparation in the most composed and sensible manner, and if the subject is alluded to directly, does not even express a hope of recovery; yet the moment the theme is changed, he talks as if death were as far from him as ever, and looks forward, and mingles himself up in his remarks on the future as if he were to be here to see this and the other thing completed, and share with you the advantage for years to come. What a strange thing it is—this balancing between death and life—standing on the edge of the grave, and turning, first to look into its approaching darkness, and then back upon the familiar and pleasant world yet with a certain downward progress, and no hope of life beyond the day over your head!" I asked if Blackwood was a man of refined literary taste? "Yes," he said, "I would trust his opinion of a book sooner than that of any man I know. He might not publish everything he approved, for it was his business to print only things that would sell; and therefore there are, perhaps, many authors who would complain of him; but if his opinion had been against my own, and it had been my own book, I should believe he was

right, and give up my own judgment. He was a patron of literature, and it owes him much. He is a loss to the world."

Ambrose's. —WILSON. — "We (Lockhart and Wilson) used to sup together with Blackwood, and that was the real origin of the 'Noctes.'" WILLIS. — "At Ambrose's?" WILSON. — "At Ambrose's." WILLIS. — "But is there such a tavern really?" WILSON. — "Oh, certainly. Anybody will show it you. It is a small house; kept in an out-of-the-way corner of the town by Ambrose, who is an excellent fellow in his way, and has had a great influx of custom in consequence of his celebrity in the 'Noctes.' We were there one night very late, and had all been very gay and agreeable. 'What a pity,' said Lockhart, 'that some shorthand writer had not been here to take down the good things that have been said at this supper!' The next day he produced a paper called 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and that was the first. I continued them afterwards."

Wordsworth. — WILSON. — "I lived a long time in that neighbourhood, and knew Wordsworth perhaps as well as any one. Many a day I have walked over the hills with him, and listened to his repetition of his own poetry, which of course filled my mind completely at the time, and perhaps started the poetical vein in me, though I cannot agree with the critics that my poetry is an imita-

tion of Wordsworth's." WILLIS.—"Did Wordsworth repeat any other poetry than his own?" WILSON.—"Never in a single instance, to my knowledge. He is remarkable for the manner in which he is wrapped up in his own poetical life. He thinks of nothing else. Everything ministers to it. He is all and only a poet."

Southey.—"What is Southey's manner of life?" WILSON.—"Walter Scott said of him that he lived too much with women. He is secluded in the country and surrounded by a circle of admiring friends, who glorify every literary project he undertakes, and persuade him, in spite of his natural modesty, that he can do nothing wrong or imperfectly. He has great genius, and is a most estimable man."

Hamilton.—"Hamilton lives on the Lakes too, does he not?" WILSON.—"Yes. How terribly he was annoyed by the review of his book in the 'North American'! Who wrote it?" WILLIS.—"I have not heard positively, but I presume it was Everett. I know nobody else in the country who holds such a pen. He is the American Junius!" WILSON.—"It was excessively clever, but dreadfully severe, and Hamilton was frantic about it. I sent it to him myself, and could scarce have done him a more ungracious office."

America.—WILSON.—"What a strange thing it is that nobody

can write a good book on America. The ridiculous part of it seems to me that men of common sense go there as travellers and fill their books with scenes such as they may see every day within five minutes' walk of their own doors, and call them American. Vulgar people are to be found all over the world, and I will match any scene in Hamilton or Mrs. Trollope any day or night here in Edinburgh. I have always had an idea that I should be the best traveller in America myself. I have been so in the habit of associating with people of every class in my own country, that I am better fitted to draw the proper distinctions, I think, between what is universal over the world or peculiar to America."

Poetry.—I asked if he had written a poem of any length within the last few years. WILSON.—"No, though I am always wishing to do it. Many things interfere with my poetry. In the first place I am obliged to give a lecture once a day for six months, and in the summer it is such a delight to be released, and get away into the country with my girls and boys, that I never put pen to paper till I am driven. Then 'Blackwood' is a great care; and, greater objection still, I have been discouraged in various ways by criticism. It used to gall me to have my poems called imitations of Wordsworth and his school; a thing I could not see

myself, but which was asserted even by those who praised me, and which modesty forbade I should disavow. I really can see no resemblance between the 'Isle of Palms' and anything of Wordsworth's. I *think* I have a style of my own, and as my *ain bairn* I think better of it than other people, and so pride prevents my writing. Until late years, too, I have been the subject of much political abuse, and for that I should not have cared if it were not disagreeable to have children and servants reading it in the morning papers; and a fear of giving them another handle in my poetry was another inducement for not writing."

Newspaper Criticism.—"It requires a strong mind to suffer annoyance at one's lips, and comfort one's self with the praise of a distant and outer circle of public opinion. I had a family growing up of sons and daughters, who felt for me more than I should have felt for myself, and I was annoyed perpetually. Now, these very papers praise me, and I really can hardly believe my eyes when I open them and find the same type

and imprint expressing such different opinions. It is absurd to mind such weathercocks: and, in truth, the only people worth heeding or writing for are the quiet readers in the country, who read for pleasure, and form sober opinions apart from political or personal prejudice. I would give more for the praise of one country clergyman and his family than I would for the momentary admiration of a whole city. People in town require a constant phantasmagoria to keep up even the remembrance of your name. What books and authors, what battles and heroes are forgotten in a day!"

"*Noctes Ambrosianæ.*" — I spoke of the "*Noctes.*" He smiled . . . "Yes, they have been very popular. Many people in Scotland believe them to be transcripts of real scenes, and wonder how a professor of moral philosophy can descend to such carousings; and poor Hogg comes in for his share of abuse, for they never doubt he was there, and said everything that is put down for him." "How does the Shepherd* take it?" "Very good-

* James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born in 1782. He seems rather to have been the butt than the friend of those with whom his name is associated. His vanity, however, was too great to allow him to remark in the jokes cracked at his expense more than met the ear. Hogg was a man of talent, but not of genius. His "*Queen's Wake*"

has many passages of beauty. He excited wonder rather than admiration. It was thought surprising that a man whose occupation was to tend sheep should exhibit in his writings a cultivated mind, and a power of expression and shrewdness of thought such as were not to be met with in many scholars. Of his grossness of behaviour in company

humouredly, with the exception of one or two occasions, when cockney scribblers have visited him in their tours, and tried to flatter him by convincing him he was treated disrespectfully. But five minutes' conversation, and two words of banter restore his good humour, and he is convinced, as he ought to be, that he owes half his reputation to the "Noctes."

Hogg. — Lockhart. — Life of Scott.—"What do you think of Hogg's 'Life of Sir Walter,' which Lockhart has so butchered in 'Fraser'?" WILSON.—"*Did* Lockhart write that?" WILLIS.—"I was assured so in London." WILSON.—"It was a barbarous and unjustifiable attack; and, oddly enough, I said so to Lockhart himself, who was here, and he differed from me entirely. Now you mention it, I think from his manner he *must* have written it."

Lockhart tells a good story. He was invited to Abbotsford; and on entering the room perceived Mrs. Scott, who was an invalid, extended at length on the sofa. The Shepherd, thinking this was the posture enjoined by good breeding, laid himself full length upon an opposite sofa. At dinner, as the wine operated, his vulgarity slowed. He called Mrs. Scott by her Christian name, and behaved altogether in such a fashion, that his host must have wished him back again on the mountains. He died 1835, leaving his widow and family penniless.

* It is rather comical to hear the editor of "Blackwood's Magazine" so expressing himself. Wilson lived in an age when criticism was little better than

WILLIS.—"Will Hogg forgive him?" WILSON.—"Never! never! I do not think he knows yet who has done it, but I hear that he is dreadfully exasperated. Lockhart is quite wrong. To attack an old man, with gray hairs, like the Shepherd, and accuse him so flatly and unnecessarily of lying upon lie—oh, it was not right."* WILLIS.—"Do you think Hogg misrepresented facts wilfully?" WILSON.—"No, oh no. He is perfectly honest, no doubt, and quite revered Sir Walter. He has an unlucky inaccuracy of mind, however; and his own vanity, which is something quite ridiculous, has given a colouring to his conversations with Scott, which put them in a very false light; and Sir Walter, who was the best-natured of men, may have said the things ascribed to him in a variety of moods, such as no one can understand who does not know what a bore Hogg

scurrilous invective; and of all the scurrilous criticisms of that day, the most scurrilous appeared in the magazine edited by Wilson. Read the criticism on George Colman's "Broad Grins." Here was an old man—did Wilson spare him? Did Wilson spare Keats, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, Walter Savage Landor? Dead as the past is, it is impossible to recur to the earlier numbers of "Blackwood" without a glow of indignation and disgust at the coarse, cruel, malignant blackguardisms—criticisms they are not—which were levelled at some of the most distinguished writers and politicians from the secure ambush of that monthly journal.

must sometimes have been at Abbotsford."

*Lockhart.** — WILSON. — "Do you know Lockhart?" WILLIS. — "No, I do not. He is almost the only literary man in London I have not met; and I must say, as the editor of the 'Quarterly,' and the most unfair and unprincipled critic of the day, I have no wish to know him. I never heard him well spoken of. I probably have met a hundred of his acquaintances, but I have not yet seen one who pretended to be his friend." WILSON. — "Yet there is a great deal of good in Lockhart. If he were sitting there opposite you, you would find him the mildest and most unassuming of men, and so he appears in private life always." WILLIS. — "Not always. . . . WILSON. — "Still it is not in his nature. I do believe that it is

merely an unhappy talent he has for sarcasm, with which his heart has nothing to do. When he sits down to review a book, he never thinks of the author or his feelings. He cuts it up with pleasure, because he does it with skill in the way of his profession, as a surgeon dissects a dead body. He would be the first to show the man a real kindness if he stood before him. I have known Lockhart long. He was in Edinburgh a great while, and when he was writing 'Valerius' we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in *three weeks*. I heard it all thus by piecemeal as it went on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing."

* John Gibson Lockhart, born 1793, died 1854. He is remembered only by his *Life of Scott*, and by the contempt of

those whom he had doomed to oblivion—Leigh Hunt amongst the rest.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

1785—1806.

[Henry Kirke White was born at Nottingham in 1785. He was in his early youth placed with a stocking-weaver, but subsequently removed to the office of an attorney, where he very diligently applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge and the mastering of the learned tongues. Through the assistance or influence of Mr. Wilberforce he entered Cambridge, where his unremitting industry broke down his health. He died in 1806. In one sense he was more fortunate than Keats, who was as much his superior as he was superior to Pye or Hayley—he was warmly admired by his contemporaries. Byron sung his death in verses which are, perhaps, more familiar than anything he has written; and Southey collected his performances and published them with a memoir.]

Home Affections.

An interesting essay might be written upon the home-feelings of eminent men. Addison would have written it delightfully. Think of Herbert's visits to his mother at Chelsea* respecting the church he

was desirous of repairing, and the humble hope that at thirty-three she would suffer him to become a disobedient son. It was a consolation to the departing spirit of Donne that in the hour of depression and decay he had

* The story of the love of Herbert for his mother is an idyl. To the Lady Magdalen he certainly owed the preservation of his heart from the corruptions of London, in the dissipations of which he once wished to mingle. She was a woman of the most exalted character; fulfilling her duties with dignity and courage, and exercising over her children a sweet and judicious control. She was sprung from an old race, whose loyalty in every epoch that demanded loyalty was the occasion equally of its renown and impoverishment. Her husband claimed descent from the Earl of Pembroke, made memorable by his actions in the reign of

Edward IV. She was proud of her origin. She might have been proud of her beauty, which, to judge from old Donne's couplet, must have remained long unimpaired:

"No spring nor summer beauty has such
grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face."

Herbert kept his noble mother in view whilst she lived as the guiding star of his life; and nowhere is the pathetic simplicity of his character more conspicuously exhibited than in his letters and his behaviour to her.

been able to nourish and protect her who had watched over his own helplessness. Our future life often takes its colour from the instructions we gather at a mother's knee. The mother of Sir Henry Wotton was his first tutor; so I believe was Sir Philip Sidney's.

Corper.

Corper's verses on the receipt of his mother's picture have always appeared to me some of the most pathetic in the language. With him the love of home was a passion. His severer strains always grate upon my ear. This gentle bird, whose voice of gratitude ascends beautifully to heaven's gate, loses its charm when it takes up the harsh note of satiric song. We soon weary of its croaking around the venerable walls of Westminster, and long to follow it into the pleasant garden and the boughs of the greenwood tree.

Sir Thomas More.

It was a saying of Thomas à Kempis that he had sought for rest in all places, and had found it only in seclusion and among books. *In angulis et in libellis.* Sir Thomas More delighted to return from the tumult of active life to the conversation of his wife and the endearments of his children. His friend Erasmus has left a charming sketch of his house at Chelsea, within the walls of which dwelt his son and wife, his three

daughters and their three husbands, besides grandchildren. The sweet intercourse of such a family combined with other causes to postpone the appearance of the "Utopia."

Family Quarrels.

The frequent dissensions amongst relatives may, I think, often be traced to a want of mutual courtesy and forbearance. It was very wisely remarked by a writer, in our day little known—Dr. Henry King*—that

"it is the common fate
Of greatest duties to evaporate
In silent meaning."

We satisfy our consciences with good intentions, without remembering that of all theories that of affection is the idlest. The most trivial action of our life may be recommended by a spirit of piety and sanctified by its considerate tenderness. There is a wide difference between tact and sensibility—one is of the head, the other of the heart.

A Moral.

I have met with a beautiful little apologue in an Eastern poet which carries with it an affecting moral. Attracted by the fragrance of a clod of earth, he asks, "Art thou the musk?" "No." "Art

* Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chiches-

thou amber?" It replied, "I am but common earth, but the rose grew from me; its beneficent virtue penetrated my nature. Were it not for the rose, I should be but common earth." So it is with us. The heart which never glows with a desire to relieve the sufferings, or cheer the sorrows of a brother or sister, is but common earth; but every pure feeling, every thought of disinterested love, every sentiment of charity, is a rose growing from the bosom, and penetrating our nature with its delicious and healthful perfumes.

Death.

At best our journey is along a rough and dangerous road; but it should cheer us to remember that every evening brings us nearer to our Father's house, which ever stands open to his prodigal and repentant children. The world is a harsh mistress; but consider how soon death fetches us home from school! Every new affliction is, to the sincere Christian, only another friendly blow upon the fetters which bind him to his earthly servitude. Oh! happy hour, when the prison chamber shall brighten to the presence of the angelic minister, and the chains shall fall from our limbs, and the doors open before us. Whom He loveth He chasteneth. The stones must be beaten by the hammer before they are fit for the

to the Supper of the Lamb, though he be summoned by a fierce messenger? Who would not go to heaven with Elijah, "though it were in a whirlwind"? Let us remember these things in the morning. Alas! the night cometh quickly, in which no man shall work. Let not the famine come upon us, not having a single sheaf in the garner; let us not be running about for oil when our lamps should be trimmed and burning.

Consumption.

"There is something even beautiful," he said, "in dying thus [by consumption]; it is the death of a poet. The eye still bright, the heart undismayed, the fancy unclouded. Sickness presents the cup, and hope crowns it with flowers. The dark chamber is cheered by music; the pillow gilded by sunshine. The victim goes down to his grave with a lantern in his hand. But," he continued, "I fear that a severer trial is in store for me." Touching his forehead, "I feel death here."

Sceptical Writers.

He talked of the sceptical writers of the age with great sorrow and indignation. "If God," he said, "demanded of Cain, *where is thy brother?* will He not also inquire of the self-destroyer, *where is thy soul?* The world has no sight

Christian eye, than intellect thus degraded and misapplied. The temple of the Holy Ghost converted into a den of thieves; desecrated by the worship of a false divinity. Learning, alas! has too many sons thus loving darkness rather than light."

Modern Christianity.

How weak is the faith even of the most sincere! Jonas taken from the sea, Lazarus from the grave, Jeremy from his dungeon, Daniel from the lions' den; are not these instances of the divine protection sufficient to inspire us with confidence? But we are still bowed by every wind. Our faith is dead and powerless. Nothing starts into life beneath its embrace.

* "When I consider this, and how many bright and magnificent subjects of the like nature the Holy Scripture affords and proffers, as it were, to poesy, in the wise managing and illustrating whereof the glory of God Almighty might be joined with the singular utility and noblest delight of mankind, it is not without grief and indignation that I behold that divine science employing all her inexhaustible riches of wit and eloquence either in the wicked and beggarly flattery of great persons, or the unmanly idolizing of foolish women, or the wretched affectation of scurril laughter, or at best on the confused antiquated dreams of senseless fables and metamorphoses." So writes Cowley, glowing with a noble in-

Yet the Arm is not shortened, that it cannot save. He who walked in the flames with the Hebrew brethren was also present with Latimer and Ridley. And wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of Jesus Christ, there will He be in the midst of them. Oh, let us trust in Him! and in our darkest and dreariest path walk on with cheerful hope, fearing nothing, since the great Shepherd is always near at hand, with His rod and staff ready to comfort and protect us.

Poetry.

Poetry grows more sweet and beautiful when read by the light of the Star of Bethlehem!*

dignation, forgetting that a large portion of his works is occupied by a series of verses called "The Mistress." Dr. Johnson strikes at his theory with vehement sagacity. "Sacred history has been always read with submissive reverence, and our imagination overawed and controlled. We have been accustomed to acquiesce in the nakedness and simplicity of the authentic narrative, and to repose on its veracity with such humble confidence as suppresses curiosity. We go with the historian as he goes, and stop with him when he stops. All amplification is frivolous and vain; all addition to that which is already sufficient for the purposes of religion seems not only useless, but in some degree profane."

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

1787—1863.

[Richard Whately was born in London in 1787. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1822 was presented to the rectory of Halesworth, in Suffolk. In 1825 he was appointed head of Alban Hall, Oxford, and in 1831 was made Archbishop of Dublin. His industry as a writer was prodigious, and the titles of his works occupy a long list. His character in many respects resembled that of Warburton. He was fearless in his questionings, intolerant of bigotry, impatient of mediocrity, haughty and vehement as a disputant. His wit was great, his generosity munificent, and his hospitality boundless. He died at Dublin, October 8th, 1863.]

Industry.

To get a few flowers one must sow plenty of seed.

Morals and Manners.

While we are taking pains with our morals we are taking pains with that which is the most important ; when about manners, we are attending to the surface instead of the substance. Take care of the digestion and circulation if you would keep them sound. If you would keep the skin clear, take care, not of the skin, but of the digestion and circulation.

The Dry Sticks.

Kindle the dry sticks and the green ones will catch. If you begin by attempting to reform and

to instruct those who need reformation and instruction most, you will often find them unwilling to listen to you. Like green sticks, they will not catch fire. But if you begin with the most teachable and best-disposed, when you have succeeded in improving these, they will be a help to you in improving the others.

Weak Arguments.

Weak arguments are often thrust before my path ; but although they are most unsubstantial, it is not easy to destroy them. There is not a more difficult feat known than to cut through a cushion with a sword.

A Miracle.

An Irish parson of the old

school, in whom a perception of the ludicrous was developed with Rabelaisian breadth of appreciation, was asked by a clodhopper to explain the meaning of a miracle. "Walk on a few paces before me," said his reverence; which, having done, the peasant was surprised to feel in the rear a kick administered with telling energy. "What did you do that for?" exclaimed the man angrily. "Simply to illustrate my meaning," replied the cleric blandly. "If you had not felt me it would have been a

Latitudinarianism.

If Jesus Christ were now on earth, there are many professing Christians who would call him a latitudinarian.

Oratory.

It is a fault carefully to be avoided, to express feeling more vehemently than the audience can go along with the speaker; who would in that case, as Cicero observes, seem like one raving among the sane, or intoxicated amidst the sober. And accordingly, except where from extraneous causes, the audience are already in an excited state, we must carry them forward gradually, and allow time for the fire to kindle. The flash which would brighten a strong flame, would, if applied too soon, extinguish the first faint spark.

Education of Children.

Speak to their reason; you can always make them comprehend what is fit for them to know; my children know nothing they do not understand.

To a Rector.

Well, Mr. —, you are quite stout now; your people don't complain of their pulpit not being well filled.

To a Loquacious Prebendary.

"Pray, sir, why are you like the bell of your own church-steeple?" "Because I am always ready to sound the alarm when the Church is in danger?" "By no means; it is because you have an empty head and a long tongue."

Wishes.

If all our wishes were gratified, most of our pleasures would be destroyed.

The Mind.

Cultivate not only the corn-fields of the mind but the pleasure-grounds also.

Gay Spirits.

Gay spirits are always spoken of as a sign of happiness, though every one knows to the contrary. A cockchafer is never so happy as when a pin is stuck through his

tail ; and a hot floor makes Bruin dance.

Mrs. Whately.

Mrs. Whately, attracted by some goods in a haberdasher's window, went in, and ordered them to be sent home. 'The trader, who was a more surly customer than the most petulant of his patrons, declined to do so. "Sir, I am the archbishop's lady," said Mrs. Whately, much hurt and surprised. "I didn't care if you were his wife," retorted the hero of *counter* irritation.

New Phrenological Test.

Did you hear of the new phrenological test, gentlemen? Take a handful of peas, drop them on the head of the patient; the amount of the man's dishonesty will depend on the number which may remain there. If a large number remain, tell the butler to lock up the plate.

The Bible.

"The book which I hold in my hand," he said, twirling the Bible about in his fingers, "is commonly called the Bible—a name which will do well enough, so long as it is not liable to misapprehension; but although infallible in the original, it has been translated by fallible men, who pretended to no infallibility. The translation, nevertheless, is an excellent one ;

and I am bound to add that the Douay is also an admirable version, which, I trust, I may never hear any one in this place attempt to bring into disrepute; for by attempting to degrade it they only degrade our common Christianity. Having said so much of the two great versions of the Scripture, I may add that these 'Scripture Lessons' (taking up a copy) are, so far as they go, quite as good as either the authorized or the Douay versions." Dr. Henry, who represented the Presbyterian interest, started to his feet, and, with considerable firmness, protested against the spectacle of a Christian Bishop pronouncing a modern compilation to be as good as the Holy Bible. DR. WHATELY.—"I deny it." DR. HENRY.—"Pardon me, I and every person in this room heard your Grace pronounce the 'Scripture Lessons' to be as wholesome and as sound as the original Scriptures themselves." DR. WHATELY.—"I said, *so far as they go.*"

• II

Woman is like the reed, which bends to every breeze, but breaks not in the tempest.

Gambling.

As all gaming implies a desire of profiting at the expense of your neighbour, it involves a breach of the tenth commandment. The

best throw with the dice is to throw them away.

Lord Mulgrave.

A young chaplain had preached a sermon of great length. "Sir," said Lord Mulgrave, bowing to him, "there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before." "O, my lord," said the flattered chaplain, "it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject." "*I heard the clock strike twice.*" said Lord Mulgrave.

Biblical Interpretation.

In a fireside argument on toleration at his own house, Dr. Whately was asked if he would not give some advantage to those who were in the right over those who were in the wrong. WHATELY.—"By all means, but who are they?" Q.—"Of course we are right, and the Romanists wrong." WHATELY.—"I believe that I am right, but I am not infallible. If you were to ask my friend Archbishop Murray if he were in the right, he would doubtless reply with more confidence in the affirmative. Such is the advantage which the Roman Catholics have over us in possessing an infallible guide." Q.—"But we have an infallible guide." WHATELY.—"In what?" Q.—"In the Holy Scriptures." WHATELY.—"I grant that they are infallible; but how are you

infallibly certain that you infallibly appreciate the infallible sense of the Holy Scriptures? Observe how Erasmus, Calvin, Socinius, and a host of other able men, all deduce different meanings from the same passage. Among the German reformers there was a complete recrimination on the grounds of mistranslation and misrepresentation of the Bible. Luther accused Munzer with distorting the word of God; and the same charge was laid at Luther's door by Zwinglius. The translation by Ecolampadius was severely criticised by Beza, whose version was in turn censured by Castalio; and both Beza and Castalio were stigmatized by Molinæus as blundering translators."

Infallibility.

A Protestant controversialist who was victorious in other points but failed in this (*i.e.* in combating this doctrine), was like a chess player, who, after taking several pieces, is checkmated by the scholar's move.

Mankind.

The generality of mankind are as good and wise as—the generality.

Future State.

I see no reason why those who *have been* dearest friends on earth, should not, when admitted to the future happy state, continue to be

so with full knowledge and recollection of their former friendship. If a man is still to continue (as there is every reason to suppose) a social being, and capable of friendship, it seems contrary to all probability that he should cast off or forget his former friends, who are partakers with him of the like exaltation. He will indeed be greatly changed from what he was on earth, and unfitted, perhaps, for friendship with such a being as one of us is *now*; but his friend will have undergone, by supposition, a corresponding change.

God and Mammon.

Many a man who may admit it to be impossible to serve God and Mammon at one and the same time, yet wishes to serve Mammon and God; first, the one as long as he is able, and then the other.

Poetry.

Learning a language from the poets is like studying botany in a garden of double flowers.

Catholic Apostasy.

Many a man renounces the shackles of Papal infallibility, as it were, in a spirit of rivalry, that he may become a Pope to himself.

Test of Aspirants.

The diocese of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare is wide, but there are fields for the exercise of

pastoral activity still wider; and just by way of trying your vocation, will you oblige me by going on the mission, in the first instance, for two years to New Zealand?

Empty Churches and no Churches.

Those who are continually calling attention to the empty or half-empty churches in some parishes, while wholly overlooking the three times as many parishes in which there is a distressing want of church accommodation, seem to proceed in the way that Balak did with Balaam, "Come now, and I will bring thee to another place, where thou shalt see but the uttermost part of them, and *shalt not see them all*; and curse me them from thence."

Clairvoyance.

Whately mentioned to a friend some singular circumstance connected with clairvoyance. The friend expressed incredulity. WHATELY.—"But you have the evidence before you." FRIEND.—"But the evidence may be deceived, and I frankly avow that I am a complete sceptic of everything connected with clairvoyance." WHATELY.—"Do you presume to limit the power of the Almighty?" FRIEND.—"No, but does your Grace go so far as to assert that a miracle has been performed?" WHATELY.—"No miracle at all, only the operation

of a natural law. Remember that Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, was ridiculed by his fellow-physicians and called *circulator*, which is the Latin for quack; and both astronomy and electricity were copiously ridiculed in their time, not only by the author of 'Hudibras' in a satire on the Royal Society, soon after its establishment, but by many others."

Dispositions.

Two people, who are each of an unyielding temper, will not act well together; and people who are *all of them* of a very yielding temper will be likely to resolve on nothing; just as stones without mortar make a loose wall, and mortar alone, no wall. So says the proverb:—

"Hard upon soft makes a bad stone wall,
But soft upon soft makes none at all."

Death.

When men talk of preparing for death, they mean preparing for the next life.

God's Mercy.

Many a one trusts to the mercy of God who has never thought seriously on the conditions of that mercy.

Repentance.

Though it may never be too

late to repent, it is always too late to think of deferring repentance.

Style.

That style which is composed chiefly of the words of French origin, while it is less intelligible to the lowest classes, is characteristic of those who, in cultivation of taste, are below the highest. As in dress, furniture, deportment, &c., so also in language, the dread of vulgarity constantly besetting those who are half-conscious that they are in danger of it, drives them into the opposite extreme of affected finery.

Oral Tradition.

Many defend oral tradition on the ground that we have the Scriptures themselves by tradition. Would they think because they might trust servants to deliver a letter, however long or important, therefore they might trust them to deliver its contents by word of mouth in a message? A footman brings you a letter from a friend, upon whose word you can perfectly rely, giving an account of something that has happened to himself, and the exact account of which you are greatly concerned to know. While you are reading and answering the letter, the footman goes into the kitchen, and there gives your cook an account of the same thing; which, he says, he overheard the upper servants at home

talking over, as related to them by the valet, who said he had it from your friend's son's own lips.

Preaching.

"I hope your Grace will excuse my preaching next Sunday." "Certainly." Sunday came, and the Archbishop said to him "Well, Mr. — what became of you? we expected you to preach to-day?" "Oh, your Grace said you would excuse my preaching to-day." "Exactly, but I did not say I would excuse you *from* preaching."

Too much Décolleté.

"Did you ever see anything so unblushing?" whispered some one to Dr. Whately, nodding towards a lady who showed more bust than decency allowed. "Never since I was weaned," replied Whately.

Drawing an Inference.

"There is nothing," said a dealer speaking of a horse, "which he cannot draw." "Can he draw an inference?" asked Whately.

Roman Catholics.

"I don't think that you Roman Catholics are *entirely* open to the charge brought against you, that

in your public worship you are mere *spectators*, the bulk of the people not understanding the language of your liturgy. Presbyterians are merely *auditors*, it is with perhaps more justice said, having no ritual or prayer-book, listening merely to prayers, improvised at the moment by their minister; whilst Church Protestants alone are *petitioners*, clergy and laity having arranged beforehand precisely what they are about to ask, and the terms (in the vernacular) in which to supplicate it.

Irish Protestantism.

I shall be the last Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.*

'A Curious Compliment.

"Sir, you are one of the first men of the age," said Whately to one whose conceit had offended him. "Oh, my lord!" replied the other, highly delighted; "you do me too much honour." "Not at all," replied Whately, "you were born, I believe, in 1801."

Women.

They never reason, or, if they do, they either draw correct inferences from wrong premises, or wrong inferences from correct premises; and they always poke the fire from the top.

* Referring to the repeal agitation, which, he believed, would end in the

sacrifice of the Protestant Church in Ireland.

[The Editor trusts that no apology will be needful for introducing the subjoined riddles and jokes of the Archbishop. They are, indeed, characteristic of his conversation, since it was his habit to break from his gravest discourse into a pun or conundrum. Many of the best riddles and acrostics in the language are attributed to Whately.]

"What was Joan of Arc made of?" "Joan of Arc was maid of Orleans."

He once startled his listeners by asking, "If the devil lost his tail, where would he go to find a new one?" and, without waiting for others to guess, replied, "To a gin-palace, for bad spirits are retailed there."

"What is the difference between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same, yet there is a very nice distinction." "It lies in this way: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."

A remarkable conundrum of his was—"Why can a man never starve in the Great Desert?" "Because he can eat the sand which is there." "But what brought the sandwiches there?" "Noah sent Ham, and his descendants mustered and bred."

He once asked a roomful of divines why white sheep eat so very much more than black sheep? It was solemnly suggested that black being a warmer colour than white, black sheep could do with less nutriment. Whately gravely shook his head, and answered, "White sheep eat more because there are more of them."

"Talking of letters,—what is the laziest letter in the alphabet?"

"The letter G (lethargy)."

"What is the female of a mail coach?" "A miscarriage."

He once asked, "Why Ireland has the richest capital in the world?" "Because its capital is always Dublin (doubling)."

"Why is the Wicklow Railway the most unmusical line in the world?" "Because it has a Bray, a Dundrum, and a Still-organ."

Why does the operation of hanging kill a man? A physiologist gravely replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh!" cried Whately; "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

"What is the difference between an Irishman and a Scotsman on the top of a mountain in frosty weather?" "One is *cowld* with the *kilt*, and the other is *kilt* with the *cowld*."

LORD BYRON.

1788—1824.

[Lord Byron was born in 1788. His guardian, Lord Carlisle, placed him at Harrow, whence he proceeded to Cambridge. On quitting the University, he published his "Hours of Idleness." Enraged by the criticism on this publication of the "Edinburgh Review," he retorted in the vigorous satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." This poem initiated his fame, which he speedily improved by the publication of the first two cantos of "Childe Harold." In 1815 he married the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel. The union was unfortunate, and they separated soon after the birth of their daughter Ada. His life from this time was spent abroad. In 1823 the cause of freedom among the Greeks attracted his sympathies, and to this cause he dedicated his pen, his fortune, and his life. He died at Missolonghi, 1824, aged 37. The subjoined specimens of his table-talk are selected from his conversations with Medwin, Lady Blessington, Moore, and one or two others.]

Women.

"I have been in love a great number of times, but I always had a low opinion of women.

Scott.

Other authors have written better than he, but no one has written so much and written it all so well. What a rich invention in his delineation of character!

Shakespeare.

After all, Tom,* don't you think Shakespeare was something of a humbug?

* Moore.

Friends.

I am quite sure that many of our worst actions and our worst thoughts are caused by friends. An enemy can never do as much injury or cause as much pain. If he speaks ill of one, it is set down as an exaggeration of malice, and therefore does little harm; but a friend has such an amiable candour that he is sure to do one mischief.

Tacitus.

Tacitus is praised by everybody because he praises nobody.

Riches.

It is a man's duty, morally, to

be rich ; for without riches what is the weight of his good example or precept in the world ? Therefore, put money in thy purse !

Tact.

I consider *tact* the real panacea of life, and have observed that those who most eminently possessed it were remarkable for feeling and sentiment ; while, on the contrary, the persons most deficient in it were obtuse, frivolous, or insensible. To possess *tact* it is necessary to have a fine perception, and to be sensitive ; for how can we know what will pain another without having some criterion in our own feelings by which we can judge of his ?

Friendship and Love.

Friendship may, and often does, grow into love ; but love never subsides into friendship.

Religious and Irreligious Men.

The difference between a religious and an irreligious man is, that the one sacrifices the present to the future, and the other the future to the present.

Immortality.

The belief in the immortality of the soul is the only true panacea for the ills of life.

Advice from Women.

No man dislikes being lectured by a woman, provided she be not his sister, mother, wife, or mistress : first, it implies that she takes an interest in him, and secondly, that she does not think him irreclaimable ; then, there is not that art of superiority in women when they give advice, that men, particularly one's contemporaries, affect ; and even if there was, men think their own superiority so acknowledged, that they listen without humiliation to the *gentler*, I don't say weaker, sex.

Hallam.

Do you know Hallam ? Of course I need not ask you if you have read his "Middle Ages." It is an admirable work, full of research, and does Hallam honour. I know no one capable of having written it except him ; for, admitting that a writer could be found who could bring to the task his knowledge and talents, it would be difficult to find any one who united to these his research, patience, and perspicuity of style. The reflections of Hallam are at once just and profound—his language well chosen and impressive.

Misfortune of Success.

A successful work makes a man a wretch for life. It engenders in him a thirst for notoriety and praise that precludes the possi-

bility of repose ; this spurs him on to attempt others, which are always expected to be superior to the first ; hence arises disappointment, as expectation, being too much excited, is rarely gratified, and in the present day one failure is placed as a counterbalance to fifty successful efforts.

• *Life.*

People complain of the brevity of life ; should they not rather complain of its length, as its enjoyments cease long before the halfway house of life is passed, unless one has the luck to die young, ere the illusions that render existence supportable have faded away, and are replaced by experience, that dull monotony, that ever comes too late ? While youth steers the bark of life, and passion impels her on, experience keeps aloof ; but when youth and passion are fled, and that we no longer require her aid, she comes to reproach us with the past, to disgust us with the present, and to alarm us with the future.

• *Solitude.*

Solitude has but one disadvantage—it is apt to give one too high an opinion of one's self. • In the world we are sure to be often reminded of every known or supposed defect we may have.

• *The World.*

I think ill of the world, but I do

not, as some cynics assert, believe it to be composed of knaves and fools. No, I consider that it is, for the most part, peopled by those who have not talents sufficient to be the first, and yet have one degree too much to be the second.

Happiness.

We buy wisdom with happiness, and who would purchase it at such a price ? To be happy we must forget the past, and think not of the future ; and who that has a soul or mind can do this ? No one ; and this proves that those who have either, know no happiness on this earth. Memory precludes happiness, whatever Rogers may say or write to the contrary, for it borrows from the past, to embitter the present, bringing back to us all the grief that has most wounded, or the happiness that has most charmed us.

Dante.

Dante is a favourite with me ; there are many points in which I resemble him. He was a good *hater* ; witness the truculency with which he has cut up his enemies in the “ *Divina Commedia*.” He was exiled from his home—he never ceased to remind his countrymen of their failings—and his misfortunes were the cause of his poetical fame ; for had he passed his life as a magistrate of Florence, his grand poem never would have

been written. Last, though not least, he separated from his wife.

The Business of Life.

The greatest error a man can commit is to think too seriously of the business of human life. The whole is a cheat—a brilliant deception. To fill up a few hours with business, to smile and sigh half a dozen times, and round off the whole with a slumber—is there anything more than this?

Man.

At eighteen the feelings begin to deaden; at twenty-five the sharpest edge of every sensation is decidedly taken off; and at thirty there is nothing worth living for. The greatest of all living puzzles is to know for what purpose so strange a being as man was created. The most satisfactory definition of the human species is one which I found in a book the other day. It was this: "Man may be considered as a *digestive tube*." But mind, the book was a medical one.

Friendship.

Nothing is more false than the common notion that friendship is dependent on similarity of taste and temper. There is —, one of the few to whom I really feel attached; we agree so little in opinion, that whoever heard our disputes would imagine we were

born to be eternal antagonists instead of friends. Caprice exists as much in friendship as in love. There are hundreds of men, too, whom I dislike without knowing the reason why, though I have often had the dislike removed upon subsequent acquaintance. I am a great physiognomist, and cannot help forming a judgment of a man by his countenance. One half of mankind have no particular expression in the face; and in half the others the expression is dubious; but the remainder have speaking features. Sir Walter Scott had a dubious face; Fox looked like a Dutch burgomaster.

Plagiarism.

I never considered myself interdicted from helping myself to another man's stray ideas. I have Pope to countenance me in this—*solemque quis dicere falsum audeat?* Pope was a great hunter-up of grains of wheat in bushels of chaff. Perhaps I have not been so laborious a searcher, but I have been no more scrupulous than he in making use of whatever fell in my way. Mankind have been writing books so long that an author may be excused for offering no thoughts absolutely new; we must select, and call that invention. A writer at the present day has hardly any other resource than to take the thoughts of others and cast them into new forms of association and contrast. Plagiarism, to be sure,

is branded of old ; but it is never held criminal, except when done in a clumsy way, like stealing among the Spartans. A good thought is often far better expressed at second-hand than at the first utterance. If a rich material has fallen into incompetent hands, it would be the height of injustice to debar a more skilful artisan from taking possession of it and working it up. Commend me to a good pilferer : you may laugh at it as a paradox, but I assure you the most original writers are the greatest thieves.

Religious Belief.

People give themselves a great deal of pains in guessing at my religious belief, if I may judge from the criticisms upon my writings, as well as the anonymous letters sent me : they pretend to discover so many contradictory sentiments in what I have said, as if they expected me to be settled and distinct in a matter which is clear to nobody. Thousands, I dare say, inquire of one another what my religion is, who have never in their lives thought of asking the same question with regard to themselves. Stop the first man you meet, and put him upon his oath, a hundred to one that he never took pains to satisfy himself what things he truly and confidently believed, though his professions may be as distinct and literal as creeds and articles can make them. It

is one thing to believe a doctrine from true and convincing evidence, and another thing to believe it because we tell one another so. I am not in good odour with the professedly pious, yet I am a better Christian than nine-tenths of them. Most people consider me, I suppose, as something between a Pagan and a Pyrrhonist ; but I am one step in advance of the dubitating Greek, for I believe that pleasure is pleasant, and though everything is uncertain, yet something must be true. This, to be sure, is a very comprehensive creed, yet it has the merit of being plain and significant, which can be said of few others.

Novels and Dramas.

"No story ought to be well constructed or probable, in the ordinary sense of the word. If you relate only common events and ascribe actions to such motives only as would produce them in common characters, what materials have you for a romance ? The drama is a picture of life, where the objects represented are real, though the grouping is such as the ordinary business of mankind does not exhibit." "What do you think to be the best-drawn character in English romance ?" "Tom Pipes, by all means."

Madness.

Madness or insanity is much more prevalent than people im-

gine ; indeed, their notions respecting the nature of it are very loose. There are three stages of it, and it goes by three names : eccentricity, and insanity. No one differs a little from the rest of the world in his whims, fancies, or behaviour, is called odd ; one who differs still more is called eccentric ; and when this difference passes a certain bound it is insanity. All men of genius are a little mad.

Intellect.

We talk of man's superiority in the possession of intellect, but the only purpose it serves is to make you wretched.

Civilization.

Civilization seems to have done nothing for human happiness ; no age so civilized as the present, yet at no time has the condition of mankind been so miserable. Nine-tenths of the people you meet will confess they are weary of existence, but who ever heard a savage complain that he was unhappy ? Even in ancient times there seems to have been a deep-founded belief that he was the happiest or the least miserable who had the least to do with life. We apply the stern philosophy to a state of mind the least affected by pleasant or painful emotions : if this be correct, a stick of wood is the most philosophical thing in the world.

Trust in Yourself.

A great deal of our most useful knowledge must be buffeted into us, and that is the chief good you will reap from mixing with society. A great fault in young men is to trust too implicitly to the opinions of others—quite the reverse of what people generally suppose. Trust your own judgment where you have reason to think you possess any, and a man need never be at any loss in settling this point. Never ask any person's advice ; I mean exactly what I say. You may ask another for information, because another may be better informed upon a given matter than you ; but to ask advice is to imply that you have no judgment of your own to rely upon ; and if you lack the judgment requisite for an undertaking, do not attempt it.

The Divine Comedy.

The "Divine Comedy" is a scientific treatise of some theological student, one moment treating of angels, and the next of demons, far the most interesting personages in his drama ; showing that he (Dante) had a better conception of hell than heaven ; in fact, the "Inferno" is the only one of the Trilogy that is read. It is true it might have pleased his contemporaries, and been sung about the streets, 'as were the poems of Homer ; but at the present day, either human nature is very much

changed, or the poem is so obscure, tiresome, and insupportable, that no one can read it for half an hour together without yawning, and going to sleep over it like Malagigi; and the hundred times I have made the attempt to read it, I have lost my labour. If we except the "*Pecchie chi uscino del chiuso*"—the simile "*Come d'autunno si levano le foglie*"—the *Francesca di Rimini*, the words "*colore oscuro*," &c., inscribed on the portals of hell—the death of *Ugolino*—the "*Si volge al' aqua*," &c., and a dozen other passages, what is the rest of this very comic "*Divine Comedy*"? A great poem, you call it?—a great poem, indeed? *That* should have a uniformity of design, a combination of facts, all contributing to the development of the whole. The action should go on increasing in beauty, and power, and interest. Has the "*Divina Commedia*" any of these characteristics? Who can read with patience fourteen thousand lines made up of prayers, dialogues, and questions, without sticking fast in the bogs and quicksands, and losing his way in the thousand turns and windings of the inextricable labyrinths of his three-times-nine circles? And of these fourteen thousand lines, more than two-thirds are, by the confessions of *Fregoni*, *Algarotti*, and *Bettinelli*, defective and bad; and yet, despite of this, the Italians carry their pedantry and national pride to such a length as to set

up *Dante* as the standard of perfection—to consider *Dante* as made for all time, and think, as *Leigh Hunt* and the *Cockneys* do of *Shakespeare*, that the language came to a stand-still with the god of their idolatry, and want to go back to him.

George Colman the Younger.

Of the wits about town, I think that *George Colman* was one of the most agreeable. He was *toujours prêt*, and after two or three glasses of champagne, the quicksilver of his wit mounted to *beau fixé*. *Colman* has a good deal of tact; he feels that convivial hours were meant for enjoyment, and understands society so well, that he never obtrudes any private feeling, except hilarity, into it. His jokes are all good and readable, and flow without effort, like the champagne that often gives birth to them, sparkle after sparkle and brilliant to the last.

Cleverness and Cunning.

Cleverness and cunning are incompatible. I never saw them united. The latter is the resource of the weak, and is only natural to them; children and fools are always cunning, but clever people never.

Wordsworth.

Wordsworth's poetry is strange stuff, and the man's obstinacy in

continuing to write it is amazing. He takes his own individual taste, builds it up into a system, and wonders that the world does not look on and admire. It is nonsense to talk of writing poetry on a system, for some people who pretend to be poets think there is something magical in the name of a system. Poetry is a plain thing, to be understood upon the reading. To write a poem which no one can understand till he is let into the system, is like painting a picture that produces no effect unless we apply the plumb-line and compasses.

. *Angry Writing.*

When any one attacks me, on the spur of the moment I sit down and write all the *méchanceté* that comes into my head ; and as some of these sallies have merit, they amuse me, and are too good to be torn or burned, and so are kept, and see the light long after the feeling that dictated them has subsided.

. *Adversity and Prosperity.*

People wonder that a man is sour who has been feeding on acids all his life. The extremes of adversity and prosperity produce the same effect : they harden the heart and enervate the mind ; they render a person so selfish, that, occupied only with his own pains or pleasures, he ceases to feel for others : hence, as sweets turn to

acids as well as sour, excessive prosperity may produce the same consequences as adversity.

Taste in Beauty.

I flatter myself that my Leila, Zuleika, Gulnare, Medora, and Haidée will always vouch for my taste in beauty : these are the bright creations of my fancy, with rounded forms and delicacy of limbs, nearly so incompatible as to be rarely if ever united. For where, with some rare exceptions, do we see roundness of contour accompanied by lightness, and those fairy hands and feet that are at once the type of beauty and refinement ? I like to shut myself up, close my eyes, and fancy one of the creatures of my imagination, with taper and rose-tipped fingers playing with my hair, touching my cheek, or resting its little snowy dimpled hand on mine. I like to fancy the fairy foot, round and pulpy, but small to diminutiveness, peeping from beneath the drapery that half conceals it, or moving in the mazes of the dance. I detest thin women ; and unfortunately all, or nearly all, plump women have clumsy hands and feet, so that I am obliged to have recourse to imagination for my beauties.

. *Love.*

Like the measles, love is most dangerous when it comes late in life.

Authors.

Let authors do, say, or think what they please, they are never considered as men of fashion in the circles of *haut ton* to which their literary reputations have given them an *entrée*, unless they happen to be of high birth.

Poet.

In spite of all the scribblement I have been guilty of, I am convinced nature never intended me for a poet. I became a rhymcr by force of circumstances : had my course run smoothly through life, I should have been as prosaic as an alderman ; but I had an excitable and stubborn temper, which is a thing not poetical in itself, yet able, when wrought upon by extraordinary causes, to make a man something like a poet. This is what I call becoming a poet artificially. In others the power is not generated thus by accident, but displays itself naturally, and in harmony with the ordinary character and feelings of the possessor.

Marriage.

A man should marry by all means ; yet I am convinced the greater part of marriages are unhappy ; and this is not an opinion that I give as coming from myself ; it is that of a very excellent, agreeable, and sensible lady, who married the man of her choice, and has not encountered ostensibly any extraordinary misfortune, as loss

of health, riches, children, &c. She told me this unreservedly, and I never had any reason to doubt her sincerity. For all this, I am convinced a man cannot be truly happy without a wife. It is a strange state of things we live in : a tendency so natural as that of the union of the sexes ought to lead only to the most harmonious results ; yet the reverse is the fact. There is certainly something radically wrong in the constitution of society—"the times are out of joint." It is strange, too, what little real liberty of choice is exercised by those even who marry according to what is thought their own inclinations. The deceptions which the two sexes play off upon each other bring as many ill-sorted couples into the bonds of Hymen as ever could be done by the arbitrary pairings of a legal match-maker. Many a man thinks he marries by choice who only marries by accident : in this respect men have less the advantage of women than is generally supposed.

England.

No monarchy in Europe has gone through an existence of more than a thousand or twelve hundred years without suffering a radical change ; such a change awaits England in the natural course of things, as all history teaches ; and the particular causes for such a catastrophe are doubly numerous and active there. What

will grow out of it, Heaven only knows ; but the longer it is protracted the more violent and sanguinary will be the operation of it, and the more dubious its result.

True Secret of Government.

As to political honesty, there is no such thing. 'Tis of little consequence what a politician believes ; the important point is how much he can make others believe ; that is the true secret of government.

Ghosts.

— told me that if he should see a ghost, he should doubt about it, since the belief must depend upon a choice of two probabilities ; namely, the ghost or an optical deception ; and an optical deception would be much the more probable of the two. I told — that this might be good reasoning in broad daylight, but I did not believe he would find it answer in the dark ; and I put the question to him, whether he was confident it would keep his hair from rising when in a churchyard, and by the dim light of the moon he should attempt such a syllogistic exorcism face to face with a ghost ?

Dreams.

I made a book of my dreams once that read very strangely, yet it helped me to some ideas that have told well in poetry. No man

can tell from what tags and jags hints may not be picked out.

Perfect Characters.

My greatest dislike is—what do you think ? Most of all, I should dislike to be too good ; I say it seriously, because I think all men mixed characters ; and I believe that to be an agreeable—ay, and a useful man—one should not approach too near the standard of perfection. Now, God knows, all men are bad enough ; but I do think a person should have a few failings to gain him the sympathy and esteem of friends, for I never knew one get the reputation of a pattern character without forfeiting whatever attachment his acquaintance had for him. The thing sounds ridiculous, I know ; and if one were to write about it, he would be considered a banterer ; but wisdom often lurks in strange disguises. Let men make what professions they will, certainly nobody really loves a perfect man—or what passes for a perfect man as the world goes. Now when we do not like a man, we have no particular inclination to follow his example or precept. You may say, reason would teach us to do so ; but it is a fact—and the more is the pity—that the actions of men are not in nine cases out of ten directed by their reason, but are under the control of their passions, their prejudices, and their caprices. So there is

my argument in favour of—what shall I call it?—non-perfection.

. Beauty and Behaviour.

I do not think that a high degree of beauty is necessary to create a strong passion. I remember being desperately in love with a lady who had a freckled face. I was cured of my passion, not by discovering her want of beauty, but because I once saw her stand up on a chair to look over the heads of a crowd; the action appeared so unfeminine that I disliked her from that moment.

Painters.

Painters, from what I have seen of them, are the most dogmatical, opinionated class of men in the world. Any man who has handled a brush thinks himself an infallible judge of anything that was ever drawn upon canvas. I have heard Raphael, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci styled wretched daubers by one who could not draw a man's face without making a horrible caricature.

. Dead!

Dead! God, how much there is in that little word!

Madame de Staël.

Madame de Staël was very eloquent when her imagination warmed (and a very little excited it). Her

powers of imagination were much stronger than her reasoning ones, perhaps owing to their being much more frequently exercised; her language was recondite, but redundant, and though always flowery, and often brilliant, there was an obscurity that left the impression that she did not perfectly understand what she endeavoured to render intelligible to others.

Clever People.

One half of the clever people of the world believe they are hated and persecuted, and the other half imagine they are admired and beloved. Both are wrong, and both false conclusions are produced by vanity, though that vanity is the strongest which believes in the hatred and persecution, as it implies a belief of extraordinary superiority to account for it.

The English.

The English are intended by nature to be good, sober-minded people; and those who live in the country are really admirable. I saw a good deal of English country life, and it is the only favourable impression that remains of our mode of living; but, of London, and *exclusive* society, I retain a fearful recollection. Dissipation has need of wit, talent, and gaiety, to prevent reflection and make the eternal round of frivolous amuse-

ments pass ; and of these there was a terrible lack in the society in which I mixed. The minds of the English are formed of sterner stuff. You may make an *Englishwoman* (indeed nature does this) the best daughter, wife, and mother in the world ; nay, you may make her a heroine ; but nothing can make her a *genuine woman of fashion*.

Poetical Temperament.

There is something, I am convinced, in the poetical temperament that precludes happiness, not only to the person who has it, but to those connected with him.

Shelley.

He was the most amiable, most gentle, and *least* worldly-minded person I ever knew ; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a degree of simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau-ideal* of all that is true, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal, even to the very letter. He had a most brilliant imagination, but a total want of worldly wisdom. I had seen nothing like him, and never shall again, I am certain.

• *Religion.*

When religion supports the sufferer in affliction, and sickness, even unto death, its advantages are so visible, that all must wish to seek such a consolation ; and

when it speaks peace and hope to those who have strayed from its path, it softens feelings that severity must have hardened, and leads back the wanderer to the fold ; but when it clothes itself in anger, denouncing vengeance, or shows itself in the pride of superior righteousness, condemning rather than pitying, all erring brothers, it repels the wavering, and fixes the unrepentant in their sins. Such a religion can make few converts, but may make many dissenters, to its tenets ; for in religion, as in everything else, its utility must be apparent to encourage people to adopt its precepts ; and the utility is never so evident as when we see professors of religion supported by its consolations, and willing to extend those consolations to those who have still more need of them—the misguided and the erring.

Scandal.

Scandal has something so piquant—it is a sort of cayenne to the mind—that I confess I like it, particularly if the objects are one's particular friends.

Thomas Moore.

Moore is very sparkling in a choice or chosen society ; with lord and lady listeners, he shines like a diamond, and thinks that, like that precious stone, his brilliancy should be preserved *pour le beau monde*. Moore has a happy disposition, his

temper is good, and he has a sort of fire-fly imagination, always in movement, and in each evolution displaying new brilliancy. He has not done justice to himself in living so much in society; much of his talents are frittered away in displays to support the character of a "man of wit about town," and Moore was meant for something better.

Society and Genius.

Society and genius are incompatible, and the latter can rarely, if ever, be in close or frequent contact with the former without degenerating: it is otherwise with wit and talent, which are excited and brought into play by the friction of society, which polishes and sharpens both.

Starvation.

Shelley eats no meat, and main-

tains that half the ills of mankind arise from the carnivorous practice; yet I cannot say that I feel more than commonly savage after a beefsteak. I once had a strange desire to know how a man feels when starving to death, and went without food four days in the experiment: my ears rang, and I felt a burning sensation in the throat; but these and a faintness were all the discoveries I made. At one time I lived solely on potatoes, for fear of growing fat; but I have since discovered that *embonpoint* in my case does not depend either on the quality or quantity of the food swallowed. I am fond of a good dinner, and many of my luckiest thoughts have occurred to me while handling—not the pen, but the knife and fork.

*Curran.**

He was the most wonderful

* John Philpot Curran was born in 1750. He was the first wit in an age of wits. In forensic eloquence he surpassed Erskine; in wit he was superior to Luttrell, Jekyll, and George Colman rolled into one. Unhappily, of his wit but few specimens remain; and we are compelled to rest our willing admiration on the testimonies of the most eminent of his contemporaries, from George IV. to Beau Brummell. What remains of his wit is chiefly anecdotic; it is therefore impossible to place among the table-talkers one whose brightest sallies compel the introduction of stories. Here, however, are a few of his *mots* and retorts, which, however, no more

represent his peculiar and admirable genius than a few couplets from Pope would represent the extent of that poet's powers. Speaking of Fox, he said, "I am not sure that Fox disliked humour. Sometimes when the hoyden raillery of my animal spirits has ruffled the plumage of my good manners, when my mirth has turned dancing-master to my veneration, and made it, perhaps, a little too supple, I have sported playfully in the presence of this slumbering lion, and now and then he condescended to dandle the child. He laughed inwardly. It was not easy to say what Fox would call a *mot*, but when said, I thought I saw a smile rippling over the fine Atlantic

person I ever saw. In him was combined an imagination the most

of his countenance." "When I can't talk sense," he used to say, "I talk metaphor." Of Burke he remarked, "His mind was like an over-decorated chapel, filled with gauds and shows, and badly-assorted ornaments." It was hardly to be expected that he should speak well of Burke, who had written to Ireland to tell them "to stop that *madman*—Grattan!" For Curran's admiration of Grattan was sincere: "You would be the greatest man of your age," he told him, "if you would buy a few yards of red tape and tie up your bills and papers." Dr. Johnson he hated. "He was," said he, "a superstitious and brutish bigot, and, with the exception of his Dictionary, has done more injury to the English language than even Gibbon himself." Of Baron Smith: "I always feel, when with Smith, in the situation of poor Friday when he went on his knees to Robinson Crusoe's gun, and prayed it not to go off suddenly and shoot him." Speaking of a friend, "P.," said he, "is an excellent man. I once asked him how he, who was not fond of books or of music, could amuse himself in the country on a wet day, confined within doors as he frequently was; and his account I will give you in his own way. 'Music and books, by Jesus, I have both, and I amuse myself wid um. I have an ould rum of a fiddle, and I raps that till I bodders meself, and then I falls asleep.' 'Well, and when you wake how are you amused?' 'Why, then I takes up a book, I think they call it 'Tom Jones,' and I reads that till I falls asleep again; and it's always new to me, for I forgets it as fast as I reads it.' " Here is a story of which the full effect must have depended upon the mode of its relation: "The wittiest and most richly comprehensive, and, at the same time, most admirably appropriate reply I ever made in my life was to —. It is rather long and somewhat laboured; but if you will bear with me,

I will repeat it all in less than half an hour by a stop-watch. 'My Lord Chief Justice D——,' says — to me one day, with that large plausible eye glittering in that kind of light which reveals to a shrewd observer that he is quite sure he *has you*, 'My Lord Chief Justice D—— is beyond all comparison the wittiest companion I have ever known or heard of.' I looked into —'s eyes, and said, 'HUM!' *It required all his own oil to keep smooth the surface of that face.*" MacNally, the barrister, who was lame, once said to him, "These are not times for a man to lie idle. I am determined to enter the lawyers' corps, and follow the camp." "You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" cried Curran; "tut! tut! renounce the idea. You never can be a disciplinarian." "And why not, Mr. Curran?" "For this reason, the moment you were ordered to march, you would *halt!*" How excellent was his description of the famous Irish comedian Jack Johnstone! "I thought his *Major O'Flaherty*," he said, "an excellent representation of the Irish gentleman, but not of the Irish brogue. Our friend Jack Johnstone does not *give* us the brogue, sir, he *translates* it." "My lord, my lord," cried a witness who was being cross-examined by Curran, "I cannot answer you little gentleman—he's putting me in such a doldrum." "A doldrum!" exclaimed Lord Avonmore, "a doldrum, Mr. Curran! what does he mean by a doldrum?" "Oh, my lord," answered Curran, "it's a very common complaint with persons of this description—it's merely a confusion of the head, arising from a corruption of the heart!" Curran once found his match in the well-known Father O'Leary. "Reverend father," said Curran, "I wish you were Saint Peter." "And why, counsellor, would you wish I were Saint Peter?" "Because, reverend father, in that case you would have the keys of heaven, and

brilliant, and profound, with a flexibility and tenderness that would have justified the observa-

tion applied to —, that he had his heart in his head.

you could let me in." "By my honour and conscience counsellor," said O'Leary, "it would be better for *you* that I had

the keys of the other place, for then I could let you *out*."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

1792—1822.

[This great poet was born at Field Place, in Sussex, in 1792. He studied for a few months at Oxford, and was expelled for the publication of a pamphlet avowing atheism. He was twice married. His first wife, Harriet, proving uncongenial to his tastes, he separated from her. She afterwards drowned herself. His second wife was the daughter of William Godwin. With this lady Shelley passed into Italy, where were written some of his noblest poems. He was drowned on his return from Leghorn in 1822.]

Metaphysics.

Metaphysics is a noble study indeed! if it were possible to make any discoveries there, they would be more valuable than anything the chemists have done, or could do; they would disclose the analysis of mind, and not of matter.

Lovers of Children.

Every true Platonist must be a lover of children, for they are our masters and instructors in philosophy. The mind of a new-born infant, so far from being, as Locke affirms, a sheet of blank paper, is a pocket edition, containing every dialogue—a complete Elzevir Plato, if we can fancy such a pleasant volume; and, moreover, a perfect encyclopædia, comprehending not only all the newest discoveries, but all the still more valuable and wonderful inventions that will be made hereafter.

Good Library.

A good library consists, not of many books, but a few chosen ones. I'll give you my list—catalogue it can't be called:—The Greek Plays, Plato, Lord Bacon's Works, Shakespeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe and Schiller, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, and Machiavelli and Guicciardini,—not forgetting Calderon; and last, yet first, the Bible.

Animal Food.

Not only have considerable sects denied the right altogether (of killing animals), but those among the tender-hearted and imaginative people of antiquity who accounted it lawful to kill and eat, appear to have doubted whether they might take away life merely for the use of man alone. They slew their cattle, not simply for human guests, like the less scrupulous butchers of modern

times, but only as a sacrifice, for the honour and in the name of the Deity ; or, rather, of those subordinate divinities to whom, as they believed, the Supreme Being had assigned the creation and conservation of the visible and material world ; as an incident to these pious offerings they partook of the residue of the victims, of which, without such sanctification and sanction, they would not have presumed to taste. So reverent was the caution of a humane and prudent antiquity !

Politics and Parliament.

A certain nobleman advised me to turn my thoughts towards politics immediately. "You cannot direct your attention that way too early in this country," said the Duke ; "they are the proper career for a young man of ability and of your station in life. That course is the most advantageous because it is a monopoly. A little success in that line goes far, since the number of competitors is limited ; and of those who are admitted to the contest the greater part are altogether devoid of talent, or too indolent to exert themselves ; so many are excluded, that of the few who are permitted to enter it is difficult to find any that are not utterly unfit for the ordinary service of the State. It is not so in the Church ; it is not so at the Bar : there all may offer themselves. The number of rivals

in those professions is far greater, and they are besides of a more formidable kind. In letters your chance of success is still worse. There none can win gold, and all may try to win reputation ; it is a struggle for glory,—the competition is infinite—there are no bounds ;—that is a spacious field indeed, a sea without shores." The Duke talked thus to me many times, and strongly urged me to give myself up to politics without delay ; but he did not persuade me. With how unconquerable an aversion do I shrink from political articles in newspapers and reviews ! I have heard people talk politics by the hour, and how I hated it and them ! I went with my father several times to the House of Commons, and what creatures did I see there ! What faces ! What an expression of countenance ! What wretched beings ! (clasping his hands). Good God ! what men did we meet about the House ! in the lobbies and passages ! and my father was so civil to all of them—to animals that I regarded with unmitigated disgust.

Blackguard Threat.

A friend of mine, an Eton man, told me that his father once invited some corporation to dine at his house, and that he was present. When dinner was over, and the gentlemen nearly drunk, they started up, he said, and swore

they would all kiss his sisters. His father laughed and did not forbid them; and the wretches would have done it; but his sisters heard of the infamous proposal, and ran upstairs, and locked themselves in their bedrooms. I asked him if he would not have knocked them down if they had attempted such an outrage in his presence. It seems to me that a man of spirit ought to have killed them if they had effected their purpose.

Polite Letters.

Polite letters are but vain trifling. The study of languages, not only of the modern tongues but of Latin and Greek also, is merely the study of words and phrases; of the names of things; it matters not how they are called; it is surely far better to investigate things themselves.

Poetical Vehicles.

Doubtless there is no medium for poetry superior to our own. The numerous monosyllables, for which we are indebted to the Saxons, enable us to squeeze into a line more matter than can be included in German, Italian, or French. The Portuguese is, perhaps, an exception, as you found in the vain attempt of putting the octave stanza of the "Lusiada" into our own. I suspect, also, it is the most musical of all languages, in spite of what

Byron says, and the most sonorous, though it does not admit of so many poetical licenses as the Italian, and is poor in rhymes, especially in double rhymes,—at least for serious poetry. "Hudibras" and "Don Juan" prove that for comic there is no want of such. German is indeed a mighty tongue, but harsh and consonantal. German hexameters I cannot, and never could endure. For rendering Greek it is unapproachable, admitting of a coinage of compound words on which we cannot venture—that would be hostile to the spirit of our language if carried to excess.

Southey.

He has fancy, imagination, taste—he is facile and flowing in his versification—most musical, if you will—but he is too smooth and level, he seldom or ever rises with his subject; he will stand criticism as far as words go, but no further; he moves, but does not touch the heart: one reads him with delight once, but never takes him up a second time; besides, his subjects possess no interest that bears upon the times.

Lake Poetry.

There are some people whom all the hellebore in the world cannot cure of their madness. It is singular that England and Italy should have almost simultaneously set about the perversion of their

poetry under the crotchet of a reform. We are certainly indebted to the Lakists for a more simple and natural phraseology ; but the school that has sprung out of it have spawned a set of words, neither Chaucerian nor Spenserian, words such as "glib" and "flush," "whiffing," "perking up," "swirling," "lightsome" and "brightsome," and hundreds of others, which never have been or ought to be English. But the adoption of such a barbarous jargon in translation from the Greek !

Italian and French Letters.

The Italians have carried this affectation of phraseology still farther than the sect at home. The so-called Classicists have taken to fishing in the rancid pool of the thirteenth century, and become so prostituted and enslaved to antiquity as to deem no word admissible in their poems that has not the sanction of Dante or Petrarch ; little regarding the obvious truth, that new images and ideas are continually multiplying, or perceiving that the great objection to the use of the obsolete is, that they render the language entirely different from that of the world and society ; in fact, it might belong to some other planet. But that school will pass away. Of the three rivals, the

French have had more reason for a reformation (though you know I never read French). The mis-termed "Golden Age" of Louis XIV. corrupted their literature. Poetry was mown with the scythe and levelled with the roller, till it became as cold and artificial and monotonous as their ornamental gardening,—a language of set phrases and forms of speech. They quitted Montaigne for Voltaire, and abandoned words that never ought to have been abandoned ; and much praise is due to the Romancists for their revival. Thus the Classicists have been driven out of the field. They owe this to an acquaintance with our writers, and something to the Germans.

Greek and Latin.

Greek is as superior to Latin as German is to French ; and the Augustan age bears the same relation to that of Lucretius as Queen Anne's did to the Elizabethan.

Source of Poetry.

The source of poetry is native and involuntary, but requires severe labour for its development.

*Harriet Westbrook.**

Every one who knows me must

* Harriet Westbrook was Shelley's first wife. He married her in Scotland

in 1811, and questioning the validity of the marriage, underwent the ceremony

know that the partner of my life should be one who can feel poetry and understand philosophy. Harriet is a noble animal, but she can do neither.

*Atheism and Theism.**

However absurd and untenable may be the theory of atheism, he held it to be preferable to that nominal theism, which in fact is real demonism, being a deification of man's worst passions, and the transfer to an imagined fiend of that worship which belongs to an all-loving God. He quoted Plutarch's averment that even atheism is more reverent than superstition, inasmuch as it was better to deny the existence of Saturn as king of heaven, than to admit that fact, maintaining, at the same time, that he was such a monster of unnatural cruelty as to devour his own children as soon as they were born; and in confirmation of the same view he quoted a passage from Lord Bacon, asserting the superiority of reason and natural religion over perverted religion. Any attempt at an impersonation of the Deity, or any conception of

Him otherwise than as the pervading spirit of the whole illimitable universe, he held to be presumptuous; for the finite cannot grasp the infinite. Perhaps he might not have objected to Coleridge's grand definition of the Creator, as a circle whose centre is nowhere, and whose circumference is everywhere. Without asserting the absolute perfectibility of human nature, he had a confident belief in its almost limitless improvability; especially as he was persuaded that evil, an accident, and not an inherent part of our system, might be so materially diminished as to give an incalculable increase to the sum of human happiness. All the present evils of mankind he attributed to those erroneous views of religion in which had originated the countless wars, the national hatreds, the innumerable public and private miseries that make history a revolting record of suffering and crime. Every national creed and form of worship, since the world began, had successively died away and been superseded; experience of the past justifies the same anticipation for the future; the feuds, and

again in 1814. The secret history of this painful affair is given by Mr. Peacock ("Fraser's Magazine," 1860). He affirms that there was no thought of separation between them till Shelley became acquainted with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin. Harriet would not consent to a divorce; and Shelley, finding her resolved, quitted England with Miss Godwin in July, 1814. Mr. Peacock declares

that "Harriet's conduct was, as a wife, as pure, as true, as absolutely faultless as that of any who, for such conduct, are held in most honour." She drowned herself in 1816, and Shelley at once married his second wife.

* From a conversation with Horace Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses."

schisms, and separations in our own established faith are the rents and cracks that predict the approaching downfall of the temple. Now, if mankind, abandoning all those evanescent systems, could be brought universally to adopt that religion of nature, which finding its heavenly revelation in man's own heart, teaches him that the best way to testify his love of the Creator is to love all that he has created;—that religion, whose three-leaved Bible is the earth, and sea, and sky—eternal and immutable Scriptures, written by God himself, which all may read and none can interpolate, there would be a total cessation of the *odium theologicum* which has been such a firebrand to the world, the human race, unchecked in its progress of improvement, would be gradually uplifted into a higher state, and all created beings, living together in harmony as one family, would worship their common Father in the undivided faith of brotherly love and the gratitude of peaceful happiness.

Speculations.

Is not the time of by far the larger proportion of the human species wholly consumed in severe labour? and is not this devotion of our race—of the whole of our race, I may say (for those who, like ourselves, are indulged with an exemption from the hard lot are so few, in comparison with

the rest, that they scarcely deserve to be taken into the account), absolutely necessary to procure subsistence, so that men have no leisure for recreation or the high improvement of the mind? Yet this incessant toil is still inadequate to procure an abundant supply of the common necessities of life; some are doomed actually to want them, and many are compelled to be content with an insufficient provision. We know little of the peculiar nature of those substances which are proper for the nourishment of animals; we are ignorant of the qualities that make them fit for this end. Analysis has advanced so rapidly of late that we may confidently anticipate that we shall soon discover wherein their aptitude really consists; having ascertained the cause, we shall next be able to command it, and to produce at our pleasure the desired effects. It is easy, even in our present state of ignorance, to reduce our ordinary food to carbon, or to lime; a moderate advancement in chemical science will speedily enable us, we may hope, to create, with equal facility, food from substances that appear at present to be as ill adapted to sustain us. What is the cause of the remarkable fertility of some lands, and of the hopeless sterility of others? a spadeful of the most productive soil, does not to the eye differ much from the same quantity taken from the most barren. The real difference is

probably very slight ; by chemical agency the philosopher may work a total change, and may transmute an unfruitful region into a land of exuberant plenty. Water, like the atmospheric air, is compounded of certain gases : in the progress of scientific discovery a simple and sure method of manufacturing the useful fluid, in every situation and in any quantity, may be detected ; the arid deserts of Africa may then be refreshed by a copious supply, and may be transformed at once into rich meadows, and vast fields of maize and rice. The generation of heat is a mystery, but enough of the theory of caloric has already been developed to induce us to acquiesce in the notion that it will hereafter, and perhaps at no very distant period, be possible to produce heat at will, and to warm the most ungenial climates as readily as we now raise the temperature of our apartments to whatever degree we may deem agreeable or salutary. If, however, it be too much to anticipate that we shall ever become sufficiently skilful to command such a prodigious supply of heat, we may expect, without the fear of disappointment, soon to understand its nature and the causes of combustion, so far at least as to provide ourselves cheaply with a fund of heat that will supersede our costly and inconvenient fuel, and will suffice to warm our habitations for culinary purposes and for the various demands of the mechanical

arts. We could not determine, without actual experiment, whether an unknown substance were combustible ; when we shall have thoroughly investigated the properties of fire, it may be that we shall be qualified to communicate to clay, to stones, and to water itself, a chemical recomposition that will render them as inflammable as wood, coals, and oil ; for the difference of structure is minute and invisible, and the power of feeding flame may perhaps be easily added to any substance, or taken away from it. What a comfort would it be to the poor at all times, and especially at this season, if we were capable of solving this problem alone, if we could furnish them with a competent supply of heat ! These speculations may appear wild, and it may seem improbable that they will ever be realized, to persons who have not extended their views of what is practicable by closely watching science in its course onward ; but there are many mysterious powers, many irresistible agents, with the existence and with some of the phenomena of which all are acquainted. What a mighty instrument would electricity be in the hands of him who knew how to wield it, in what manner to direct its omnipotent energies ; and we may command an indefinite quantity of the fluid : by means of electrical kites we may draw down the lightning from heaven ! What a terrible organ

would the supernal shock prove, if we were able to guide it; how many of the secrets of nature would such a stupendous force unlock! The galvanic battery is a new engine; it has been used hitherto to an insignificant extent, yet has it wrought wonders already; what will not an extraordinary combination of troughs, of colossal magnitude, a well-arranged system of hundreds of metallic plates, effect? The balloon has not yet received the perfection of which it is surely capable; the art of navigating the air is in its first and most helpless infancy; the aerial mariner still swims on bladders, and has not mounted even the rude raft: if we weigh this invention, curious as it is, with some of the subjects I have mentioned, it will seem trifling, no doubt—a mere toy, a feather, in comparison with the splendid anticipations of the philosophical chemist; yet it ought not altogether to be condemned. It promises prodigious facilities for locomotion, and will enable us to traverse vast tracts with ease and rapidity, and to explore unknown countries without difficulty. Why are we still so ignorant of the interior of Africa? Why do we not despatch intrepid aéronauts to cross it in every direction, and to survey the whole peninsula in a few weeks? The shadow of the first balloon, which a vertical sun would project precisely underneath it, as it glided silently over that hitherto unknown,

unhappy country, would virtually emancipate every slave, and would annihilate slavery for ever!

*Conversations with T. L. Peacock.**

At the same time he (Shelley) was short of money, and was trying to raise some on his expectations from "Jews and his fellow-Christians," as Lord Byron says. One day as we were walking together on the banks of the Surrey canal, and discoursing of Wordsworth, and quoting some of his verses, Shelley suddenly said to me, "Do you think Wordsworth could have written such poetry if he had ever had dealings with money-lenders?"

Shelley came in with my hat in his hand. He said, "Mary tells me you do not believe that I have had a visit from Williams?" P.—"I told her there were some improbabilities in the narration." S.—"You know Williams of Tremadoc?" P.—"I do." S.—"It was he who was here to-day. He came to tell me of a plot laid by my father and uncle to entrap me and lock me up. He was in great haste and could not stop a minute, and I walked with him to Egham." P.—"What hat did you wear?" S.—"This, to be sure." P.—"I wish you would put it on." He put it on, and it went over his face. P.—"You could not have walked to Egham in that hat."

* Author of "Headlong Hall," &c.

S.—“I snatched it up hastily, and perhaps I kept it in my hand. I certainly walked with Williams to Egham, and he told me what I have said. You are very sceptical.” P.—“If you are certain of what you say, my scepticism cannot affect you certainly.” S.—“It is very hard on a man who has devoted his life to the pursuit of truth, who has made great sacrifices and incurred great sufferings for it, to be treated as a visionary. If I did not know that I saw Williams, how do I know that I see you?” P.—“An idea may have the force of a sensation; but the oftener a sensation is repeated, the greater is the probability of its origin in reality. You saw me yesterday, and will see me to-morrow.” S.—“I can see Williams to-morrow if I please. He told me he was stopping at the Turk’s Head Coffee-house, in the Strand, and should be there two days. I want to convince you that I am not under a delusion. Will you walk with me to London to-morrow to see him?” P.—“I would most willingly do it.” The next morning, after an early breakfast, we set off on our walk to London. We had got halfway down Egham Hill, when he suddenly turned round and said to me, “I do not think we shall find Williams at the Turk’s Head.” P.—“Neither do I.” S.—“You say that because you do not think he has been there; but he mentioned a contingency, under which he might

leave town yesterday, and he has probably done so.” P.—“At any rate, we should know that he has been there.” S.—“I will take other means of convincing you. I will write to him. Suppose we take a walk through the forest.” . . . Some days passed, and I heard no more of the matter. One morning he said to me, “I have some news of Williams; a letter and an enclosure.” P.—“I shall be glad to see the letter.” S.—“I cannot show you the letter. I will show you the enclosure. It is a diamond necklace. I think you know me well enough to be sure I would not throw away my own money on such a thing, and that if I have it, it must have been sent me by some one else. It has been sent me by Williams.” P.—“For what purpose?” S.—“To prove his identity.” P.—“Surely your showing me a diamond necklace will prove nothing but that you have one to show.” S.—“Then I will not show it. If you will not believe me, I must submit to your incredulity.” There the matter ended. I never heard another word of Williams, nor of any other mysterious visitor.

I was walking one day with him in Bisham Wood, when he fell into a gloomy reverie. Suddenly he said to me, still with the same gloomy expression, “There is one thing to which I have decidedly made up my mind. I will take a great glass of ale every night.” I said, laughing,

"A very good resolution, as the result of a melancholy musing."

S.—"Yes; but you do not know why I take it. I shall do it to deaden my feelings; for I see that those who drink ale have none."

The next day he said to me, "You

must have thought me very unreasonable yesterday evening?"

P.—"I did, certainly." S.—"I will tell you what I would not tell any one else. I was thinking of Harriet."

SUPPLEMENTARY ANECDOTES, &c.

[The Editor subjoins in this place fragments of the conversations of those whose recorded table-talk is not sufficiently copious to insert in the form he has adopted with others.]

WYCHERLEY.—Wycherley was in a bookseller's shop at Bath Tunbridge, when Lady Drogheda came in and happened to inquire for the "Plain Dealer." (His play.) A friend of Wycherley's, who stood by him, pushed him towards her, and said, "There's 'the Plain Dealer,' madam, if you want him." Wycherley made his excuses, and Lady Drogheda said, "That she loved plain dealing best." He afterwards visited that lady, and in some time after married her. This proved a great blow to his fortunes. Just before his courtship he was designed for governor to the late Duke of Richmond; and was to have been allowed fifteen hundred pounds a year from the government. His absence from court in the progress of this amour, and his being yet more absent after his marriage for Lady Drogheda was very tedious of him, disgusted his friends so much that he lost all his interest with them. His lady died; you get but little by her; and his tunes were such that he was

thrown into the Fleet, and lay there seven years. It was then that Colonel Brett got his "Plain Dealer" to be acted, and contrived to get the king (James II.) to be there. The colonel attended him thither. The king was mightily pleased with the play, asked who was the author of it, and, upon hearing that it was one of Wycherley's, complained that he had not seen him for so many years, and inquired what was become of him. The colonel improved this opportunity so well that the king gave orders his debts should be discharged out of the privy purse. Wycherley was so weak as to give only an account of five hundred pounds, and so was confined almost half a year, till his father was prevailed on to pay the rest, between two and three hundred pounds more.—*John Dennis.**

POPE AND SWIFT.—Dr. Swift had long conceived a mean opinion of Mr. Pope on account of his

* The famous critic.

jealous, peevish, avaricious temper. The doctor gave Mr. Pope the property of his "Gulliver," which he sold the copy of for £300; and gave up to him in 1727 his share of the copy of the three volumes of their "Miscellanies," which came to £150. The doctor was angry with Mr. Pope for his satire on Mr. Addison, whom the former esteemed as an honest, generous, and friendly man.—*George Faulker to Dr. Birch.*

THE "BEGGAR'S OPERA."—The "Beggars Opera" is a proof how strangely people will differ in opinion about a literary performance. Burke thinks it has no merit.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

RICHARDSON.*—Richardson had little conversation except about his own works, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds said he was always willing to talk.—*Bennet Langton.*

LORD CHESTERFIELD.†—Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputation and make their husbands beat them, without any ob-

ject but to give himself airs; as if anybody could believe a woman could like such a dwarf-baboon.—*George III.*

DR. JOHNSON.—That man is not contented with believing the Bible; but he fairly resolves, I think, to believe nothing but the Bible. Johnson, though so wise a fellow, is more like King David than King Solomon, for he says in his haste, *all men are liars.*—*William Hogarth.‡*

HORACE WALPOLE.—Horace Walpole was an agreeable, lively man; very affected, always aiming at wit, in which he fell very short of his old friend George Selwyn.—*Lord Ossory.*

PETER PINDAR.—When the Duke of Kent was last in America he took a stroll into the country, and entering a neat little cottage saw a pretty girl with a book in her hand. "What books do you read?" asked his royal highness. The girl, with the most artless innocence, replied, "Sir, the Bible, and Peter Pindar."—*Dr. Wolcot.§*

THE HUMAN MIND.—The human mind is a barrel-organ, that

pictures we look at; his prints we read," said Lamb.

§ Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), a libellous satirist, but a shrewd and sound art critic, born 1738, died 1819. Rogers preferred him to Churchill. His humour was certainly genuine, but low and coarse.

* Samuel Richardson, born 1689, died 1761, the well-known author of "Clarissa," "Pamela," &c.

† Lord Chesterfield, born 1694, died 1773.

‡ William Hogarth, the famous painter, born 1697, died 1764. "Other

plays only so many tunes.—*Mrs. Piozzi.**

AN IRISH KING-AT-ARMS.—When the Irish king-at-arms waited on the Bishop of Killaloe to summon him to Parliament, which was a ceremony requiring the formality of the heraldic attire, the bishop's servant, not knowing what to make of his appearance, and not clearly comprehending the title with which his memory was charged, introduced him, saying, "My lord, here is the King of Trumps."—*Bennet Langton.†*

GOLDSMITH.—Soon after Goldsmith had contracted with the booksellers for his "History of England," for which he was to be paid five hundred guineas, he went to Cadell and told him he was in the utmost distress for money, and in imminent danger of being arrested by his butcher or baker. Cadell immediately called a meeting of the proprietors, and prevailed on them to advance him the whole, or a considerable part

of the sum which by the original agreement he was not entitled to till a twelvemonth after the publication of his work. On a day which Mr. Cadell had named for giving this needy author an answer, Goldsmith came, and received the money, under the pretence of immediately satisfying his creditors. Cadell, to discover the truth of his pretext, watched whither he went, and, after following him to Hyde Park Corner, saw him get into a post-chaise in which a woman of the town was waiting for him, and with whom, it afterwards appeared, he went to Bath to dissipate what he had thus fraudulently obtained. — *Cadell, the bookseller, to Sir John Hawkins.‡*

GOLDSMITH.—Goldsmith happened once to stop at an inn on the road, in a parlour of which was a very good portrait, which he coveted, believing it a Vandyke: he therefore called in the mistress of the house, asked her

* Mrs. Piozzi, born 1739, died 1821. She first married Thrale, the brewer, 1763, afterwards a music teacher, named Piozzi, 1784. She was a sprightly, pert woman, witty and indiscreet, the friend of Johnson, and of the most eminent of his contemporaries.

† Bennet Langton was born in 1737, and died 1801. His name is familiar to every reader of "Boswell's Life of Johnson." He was eminent for his knowledge of Greek, and succeeded Johnson as Professor of Ancient Literature in the Royal Academy. Johnson

loved him for his extraction: "Langton, sir," he was wont to say, "has a grant of free warren from Henry II.; and Cardinal Stephen Langton, in King John's reign, was of this family."

‡ Thomas Cadell, a well-known publisher, died in 1802. Sir John Hawkins was born in 1719. He was the author of a Life of Johnson and a History of Music. He was little liked by his acquaintance. He is represented as a dull and solemn prig. He died in 1789.

if she set any value on that old-fashioned picture, and, finding that she was wholly a stranger to its worth, he told her it bore a very great resemblance to *his aunt* Salisbury, and that, if she would sell it cheap, he would buy it. A bargain was struck, a price infinitely below the value was paid. Goldsmith took the picture away with him, and had the satisfaction to find, that by this scandalous trick he had indeed procured a genuine and a very saleable painting of Vandyke's.—*Ibid.*

HENRY FIELDING.—Henry Fielding, hearing from a friend that a third person was very much dejected, asked the cause. "Because," said his friend, "he is deeply in debt." "Is that all?" replied the facetious Harry; "you surprise me that he should mind it. How happy should I be could I find means to get £500 deeper in debt than I am."—*Related to Miss Harveys* by Mr. Evans.*

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.—Sir Isaac Newton, though he scarce ever spoke ill of any man, could hardly avoid showing his contempt for your virtuoso collectors and antiquarians. Speaking of Lord Pembroke once, he said, "Let him have but a stone doll and he is satisfied. I can't imagine the utility of such studies; all their

pursuits are below nature."—*Fr. Chute.†*

SWIFT.—Doctor Swift gave Mr. Coote, a gentleman of very good character and fortune, a letter of recommendation to Mr. Pope, couched in the following terms:—"Dear Pope,—Though the little fellow that brings this be a justice of peace and a member of our Irish House of Commons, yet he may not be altogether unworthy of your acquaintance."—*Mr. Jones, of Wexford.‡*

BLANK VERSE.—Mr. Addison was not a good-natured man, and very jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company with Phillips§, and the poems of "Blenheim" and the "Campaign" being talked of, he made it his business to run down blank verse. Phillips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock, nor even then could do it in his own defence. It was at Jacob Tonsen's; and a gentleman in company ended the dispute by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by? Jacob immediately named "Paradise Lost."—*Dr. Lough, who had it from the gentleman who was present.*

DR. PARR.—It was most unfortunate for a man so full of learning and information as Dr. Parr, that he could not easily com-

* Sir John Hawkins's daughter. Her memoirs appeared in 1824.

† From Spence.

‡ Hawkins's Memoirs.

§ John Phillips, author of "The Splendid Shilling," &c.

municate his knowledge ; for when he spoke nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote, nobody could read his handwriting.—*Lord Holland.*

JUDGE PAGE.—Sir Francis Page, a judge well known in his time, conceiving that his name was meant to fill up the blank in :—

"Slander or poison dread from Delia's
rage,
Hard words or hanging if your judge
be — :"

sent his clerk to Mr. Pope, to complain of the insult. Pope told the young man that the blank might be supplied by many monosyllables, other than the judge's name. "But, sir," said the clerk, "the judge says that no other word will make sense of the passage." "So then it seems," says Pope, "your master is not only a judge, but a poet : as that is the case, the odds are against me. Give my respects to the judge, and tell him I will not contend with one that has the advantage of me, and he may fill up the blank as he pleases."—*Dr. Ridley.*

CRESCIMBINI.* — Crescimbinini was continually inquiring, for twenty-eight years together, into the subject he has written upon (the "History of Italian Poetry"), and was much the chief man in

Italy for that sort of knowledge. His being a member of the Arcadi, and being acquainted with all the poets in Italy of his time, must have given him great lights for all the latter part of it. He had at first a very huddled method, but that is in a great measure remedied by the edition printed at Venice in 1730.—*Stosch.**

PRINTING.—I wonder how they came not to find out printing sooner. (We had just been speaking of the manner in which the Emperors of Rome impressed their names with seals or stamps on their grants and letters.) This method was so common that the very shepherds impressed theirs on their sheep and cattle. It was, in fact, a sort of printing, and it would have been as easy to impress a whole line as two words, and a page as a whole line. Had they gone but these two steps farther it would have been just what the Chinese printing is now.—*Ibid.*

ADDISON.—Mr. Addison stayed above a year at Blois. He would rise as early as between two and three in the height of summer, and lie abed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative whilst here, and often thoughtful ; sometimes so lost in thought that I have

* Crescimbinini was born in 1663, and died in 1728. He was one of the founders of the Arcadian Academy. I

find no mention of this author in Sismondi.

† From Spence.

come into his room and stayed five minutes there before he has known anything of it. He had his masters generally at supper with him, kept very little company besides, and had no amour whilst here that I know of; and I think I should have known it if he had had any.—*Abbé Phillipeaux of Blois.*

LE SAGE.—Monsieur Le Sage writes for bread. He has published "*Gusman d'Alfarache*," and always keeps to Spanish scenes. "Has he ever been in that country?" "Yes, I think he has. He is a very worthy, good man, and cheerful, though so extremely deaf; and even gay in company by the help of a *cornet*.*—*Abbé Colvil, of Tours.*

THOMSON AND MALLET.†—Thomson ‡ and Mallet were both educated at the University of Edinburgh. Thomson came up to town without any certain view. Mallet got him into a nobleman's family as tutor: he did not like that affair; left it in about three-quarters of a year, and came down to Mallet at Twysford. There he wrote single winter pieces: they at last thought it might make a poem. It was at first refused by

the printer; but received by another. Mallet wrote the dedication to the Speaker. Dodlington sent his services to Thomson by Dr. Young, and desired to see him. That was thought hint enough for another dedication to him; and this was his first introduction to that acquaintance. They make him promises; but he has nothing substantial as yet. Thomson's father was a Presbyterian parson.—*Mallet.*

• SHAVING.—Upon some lady complaining of the sufferings of women, Dr. Arbuthnot said, "Yes, the ladies suffer greatly in some particulars, but there is not one of you that undergo the torture of being shaved three times a week."—*Ibid.*

• VOLTAIRE.—Monsieur de Voltaire says, "that the English plays are like the English puddings: nobody has any taste for them but themselves."—*Fanshawe.*

POPE'S "ODYSSEY."—Lang did the eighth or tenth book of the "Odyssey," and Mr. Pope gave him a twenty-guinea medal for it.—*Wilson, of Balliol College.*

FARQUHAR.—Farquhar died

* The great author of "*Gil Blas*" and "*Le Diable Boiteux*" was born in 1668, and died in 1747. It is much to be regretted that Spence did not take more notes of this extraordinary man's conversations. The brief specimen left us, exhibits a humour very unusual in Frenchmen.

† Told by Mallet to Spence. David Mallet was born in 1700, died 1765. The Duchess of Marlborough left him £500 to write the life of her husband. He had previously written a life of Bacon, of which it was said that he had forgotten his hero was a philosopher.

‡ The author of "*The Seasons*."

young. He improved in each play. His last was the best. Had he lived he would probably have made a very good writer that way.—*Oldisworth*.*

BOOK OF JOB.—The Book of Job is, perhaps, the first dramatic piece that ever was written. It is evidently a tragedy, and the design of it is to show *cur malis bone, et bonis male*! Taken with that single precaution, it is very easily understood all through. The performance is very well for a young man.—*Bishop Hare*.*

COWLEY.—What a run had Cowley's verses for about thirty years! the editions are innumerable. There has been no edition now for this long time. He is no master of versification.—*Harc*.*

POPULAR POETS.—There are but three poets who have any constant great run of popularity now, — Pope, Prior, and Addison.—*Ibid*.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—The first volume of "Robinson Crusoe" was very popular; the proprietors cleared above a thousand pounds by it, and though the second sold off about two editions, yet the booksellers would have given two hundred pounds that it had never

been printed: the first would have been so much more saleable without it.—*Ibid*.

FATHER KIRCHER.†—Some wicked wag had a stone engraved with rude unintelligible characters, corroded with vinegar, and buried at Rome. At a proper interval of time he took care to have the place dug on some pretended occasion by several workmen; and when the stone was found it was carried in triumph to the Pope. Kircher was sent for, who examined it, and said he might in time discover the meaning of the hieroglyphical characters upon it. In the sequel he wrote a whole volume upon it, and explained it notably. The Pope was let into the whole secret, and poor Kircher sufficiently ridiculed. The Jesuits endeavoured to buy up the whole impression of the book, but some of them had got abroad, and are sometimes even now to be met with.—*Mr. Gibbs*.*

LORD BLANDFORD.—The Marquis of Blandford was not overwise. He was subject to great fits of laughter at the veriest trifles. Once, upon Mr. Richardson flipping a piece of bread into a blind fiddler's face, it held him in an excessive fit for half an hour; which

* From Spence.

† Kircher was a learned Jesuit, born in 1601, died 1680. This anecdote would go to prove him a quack in letters; but the *Œdipus Ægyptiacus*, and his work on the Egyptian language, must disprove such an hypothesis. The

object of the first-mentioned work, which consisted of six huge folios, was to explain the Egyptian hieroglyphs "by the application of a sublimity of mysticism." There is an excellent account of him in Gliddon's "Ancient Egypt."

returned whenever the thing was only mentioned afterwards.—*Richardson.*

GIL BLAS.—They have made my *Hidalgo* a lord in the English translation of "Gil Blas," and a burgomaster in the Dutch. I verily believe that people are much alike in all countries; one can't paint one without painting a thousand.—*Monsieur Le Sage, at Paris.*

GRATITUDE.—I thank God I don't wish for any one thing that I could not pray for aloud.—*Ibid.*

THE ENGLISH.—Surely the people of England are the most unhappy people on the face of the earth,—with liberty, property, and three meals a day.—*Ibid.*

HOLLAND.—Holland would be a good country to live in—if you could only change the four elements and the people.—*Ibid.*

DR. YOUNG'S SATIRES.—A little after Dr. Young had published his "Universal Passion," the Duke of Wharton made him a present of two thousand pounds for it. When a friend of the Duke's, who was surprised at the largeness of the present, cried out on hearing it: "What! two thousand pounds for a poem!" The Duke smiled, and said, "It was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for it was fairly worth four thousand."—*Rawlinson.*

DR. YOUNG.—When that doctor was deeply engaged in writing one of his tragedies, that nobleman

(Wharton) made him a very different kind of present. He procured a human skull, fixed a candle in it, and gave it to the doctor as the most proper lamp to write tragedy by.—*Ibid.**

ST. PAUL'S.—The side oratories at St. Paul's were added to Sir Christopher Wren's original design by order of the Duke of York, who was willing to have them ready for the Popish service when there should be occasion. It narrowed the building, and broke in very much upon the beauty of the design. Sir Christopher insisted so strongly on the prejudice they would be of, that he actually shed some tears in speaking of it; but it was all in vain. The Duke absolutely insisted on their being inserted, and he was obliged to comply.—*Harding.*

A SERMON.—A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended. "Yes," said a gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was told to the preacher; he resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract what he had said. "I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words, but in *this* instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon; I find I was wrong; for, on returning home,

* From Spence.

and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it there."—*Harding*.

CARTOUCHE.—The celebrated highwayman Cartouche, once, when in great danger of being apprehended, saved himself by taking the dress of a woman; his pretty face and carnation complexion suited the character, and he offered himself to the *tourière* or portress of the abbey of "Notre Dame de Bon Secours," in Paris, as a servant of the house. The abbess, who was of the house of Rohan-Chabot, happening to want a servant, and prepossessed by the decency of the pretended damsel, was duped, and a month passed without any discovery, when her new servant, who had done the business of the place remarkably well, desiring an interview with the abbess, told her she must quit her, thanked her for her treatment of her, and expressing herself desirous of making some return, added, "that however strange it might appear, she took a particular interest in the fate of Cartouche, the famous highwayman, who had lately been in jeopardy, but was now safe." Saying this, she laid on the table a letter, which she desired the abbess not to open till she was gone. She went away, and the

abbess, regarding lightly what she had heard, and suddenly called away, thought not of the letter till the evening, when seeing it, she opened it, and found it a safe-conduct, signed by Cartouche, for all the house of Rohan-Chabot.*—*Count Jarnac*.†

♣ A WAGER.—Two gentlemen were walking together in Paris. "I will engage," said one to the other, "to give the man before us a good kicking, and yet he shall not be angry." He did as he had undertaken to do; the man turned round and looked astonished. "I beg your pardon," said the *kicker*, "I took you for the Duke of Tremouille." The duke was very handsome, and the kicked man very plain. He was gratified by the mistake under which he believed he had suffered, shook himself, smiled, bowed, and went on his way.—*Ibid*.

ON SLOW.—The Speaker Onslow, hearing a gentleman who lived in habits of intimacy with Garrick, describe his powers on the stage, replied to him by expressing his regret that the gravity of the situation he held did not permit him to enjoy the pleasure of seeing him act. "But surely," continued he, "when you are with him at Hampton, you might pre-

* Cartouche was executed in 1721.

† A descendant of the celebrated Seigneur de Jarnac, who was killed in 1568. Count Jarnac settled in England

about the year 1806, with a small pension from the English Government, in requital of his services at the siege of Valenciennes.

vail on him to come over to Ember Court and dine with me, and then, perhaps, as you say he is a good-natured man, he could oblige me with a specimen of one of his characters." The friend undertook the negotiation, and Garrick readily acceded. Onslow was profuse in his acknowledgments; and, after dinner, Garrick, giving him his choice of what he should recite, the dagger-scene in Macbeth was fixed on; and Onslow might have been thought gratified, had he not in the middle of it turned round to his friend, and in a low voice said, "Were you at the last turnpike meeting?"—*Mr. Clarke to Miss Hawkins.*

GRATTAN.—When the question of the Irish Union was before the House of Commons, there was a great deal of coquettish affectation on the part of Mr. Grattan, who strongly opposed it. He was ill: he was out of town; and members were obliged to continue speaking to give messengers time to get to him, and to bring his replies. At last, about midnight, he made his appearance, brought in, and in all the grimace of an imitator of Lord Chatham. He was allowed to speak from his seat, and he began by pointing out his extreme unfitness for any exertion. "Here I am," said he; "but my time will now be very short. I am,

probably for the last time on this floor." An Irish member, on the other side of him, muttered, "It is well for you that it is not the floor, that would slip from under your feet."—*Ibid.*

RICHARD CROMWELL.*—My father, Lord Hardwicke, was in the Court of Chancery when Lord Cowper was hearing a cause in which Richard Cromwell had some concern. The counsel made very free and unhandsome use of his name, which, offending the good feeling of the Chancellor, who knew that Cromwell must be in court, and at that time a very old man, he looked around and said, "Is Mr. Cromwell in court?" On his being pointed out to him in the crowd, he very benignly said, "Mr. Cromwell, I fear you are very incommodiously placed where you are: pray come and take a seat on the bench by me." Of course, no more hard speeches were uttered against him. Bulstrode Whitelocke, then at the bar, said to Mr. Yorke, "This day so many years ago, I saw my father carry the great seal before that man through Westminster Hall."—*Hon. Charles Yorke.*

HORSES.—It is a fact that in one of the King of Prussia's wars, when our heavy cavalry were sent out with docked tails, the horses

* Richard Cromwell, third son of the Protector, was born in 1626, and on the death of his father declared Lord Pro-

tector by the Council in 1658, but resigned after a few months. He died in 1712.

died in great numbers by the stinging of insects, while the German horses, who had their full tails, and could lash the insects off, were uninjured. It is on this principle that more is demanded for a horse sent to grass with a short tail than with a longer one, because it is found that his irritation makes him do more harm to the pasture.—*Mr. Clarke, by Miss Hawkins.*

A FAT MAN.—Mr. B., of E—— Street, a most remarkably large, corpulent, powerful man, being at Bath, and wanting to get to town, tried for a place in the mail a short time before it set off. Being told that it was full, he still determined to get admission, and opening the door, which no one near him ventured to oppose, he got in. When the other passengers came, the ostler reported that a gentleman was in the coach; he was requested to come out, but having drawn up the blind, he remained quiet. Hearing, however, a consultation on the means of making him alight, and a proposal to “pull him out,” he let down the blind, and laying his enormous hand on the edge of the door, he asked, “Who would dare to pull *him* out?” drew up the blind again, and waiting some time, fell asleep. About one in the morning he awoke, and going to call out to know whereabouts he was in his journey, he perceived what was the fact, that to end the altercation with him,

the horses had been put to another coach, and that he had spent the night at an inn-door at Bath, where he had taken possession of the carriage.—*Ibid.*

A STUPID LAD.—A clergyman in Lincolnshire was requested by the master of a charity school to lecture a stupid lad, whom he could not make learn the letters of the alphabet. After remonstrating with him some time, and blaming him with proper severity, the lad replied, “I does know ‘em, measter, by their *faars*, but I doesn’t know ‘em by their *neams*.” — *Ibid.*

HUMPHREY PARSONS.—When Humphrey Parsons, the great porter-brewer, was Lord Mayor, he drove in his state coach six of his finest dray horses. In the procession, a man, acquainted with their training, was disposed to make the mob laugh, by showing what they would do at a word. In drawing butts out of a cellar, it is the draymen’s custom to make the horses clear their heels from the butt as it rises by *separating*, and for this purposes he calls out, “Sides all.” The man, therefore, called in this manner to the horses in the procession; they obeyed, and were everywhere but where they ought to have been.—*Ibid.*

TRAFFIC.—To settle what toll would be necessary for the projected bridge at Vauxhall, Mr. Dodd, the engineer, set men to

count the passengers on that of Blackfriars. He made them put peas in one pocket, and drop one for every hundred into the other pocket. One day produced upwards of 70,000; but on the average of several days, 40,000.—*Mr. Clarke, by Miss Hawkins.*

ALDERMAN GILL.—When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event. He wrote to this effect: "I am desirous to inform the Court of Aldermen Mr. Alderman Gill died last night, by order of Mrs. Gill." *Ibid.*

GEORGE III.—When our good King George III. was first in ill health, and Dr. Baillie attended him, his Majesty, recollecting him, told him he would give him some Scotch music, and accordingly played to him on the pianoforte, provided for his amusement, the air of the Jacobite song, "Over the water to Charley."—*Miss Hawkins.*

BLAIR OF BLAIR.—A stranger travelling in Scotland was invited to the table of the family of Blair of Blair; and not at all acquainted with the usages of Scotland, he asked a young lady of the name and family, "Have you been long here?" The anger of Blair of Blair, in being thus, to his feelings, insulted on his own ground, was original. He wrote to the West Indies, "The fellow had the impudence to ask if we had been long here?"—*Ibid.*

LORD THURLOW.—When Lord Thurlow was Chancellor, he was, at the commencement of the long vacation, quitting the court without taking the usual leave of the bar. A young counsel perceiving this, when they were all standing up in expectation, said, "He might at least have said, Damn ye!" Thurlow certainly heard it, and returned to make his bow.—*Ibid.*

SIR THOMAS ROBINSON.—Henry Fielding said of Sir Thomas Robinson, that such was the prepossession of the world against him, that were he to live an age, and spend all that time in good actions, he never could obtain a character for virtue.—*Sir John Hawkins.*

SIR JOSEPH JEKYLL.—Sir Joseph Jekyll at his death bequeathed his immense fortune to the sinking fund: a bequest so little esteemed, that when his next of kin, on his plea of dotage in the testator, applied for it, the parliament granted it all to him.—*Ibid.*

SIR JOHN BLUNT.—Sir John Blunt having assumed armorial bearings, without paying the due fees, the heralds vindicated their rights by waylaying him as he passed the Herald's College in his carriage, and with a brush and colour defacing the arms painted on the panel.—*Ibid.*

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.—When Dr. Garth had been for a good while in a bad state of health, he sent one day for a physician with whom

he was particularly intimate, and conjured him by their friendship, and by everything that was most sacred (if there was anything more sacred), to tell him sincerely whether he thought he should be ever able to get rid of his illness or not. His friend thus conjured told him "that he thought he might struggle on with it, perhaps for some years; but that he much feared he could never get the better of it entirely."

Dr. Garth thanked him for dealing so fairly with him, turned the discourse to other things, and talked very cheerfully all the rest of the time he stayed with him. As soon as he was gone, he called for his servant, said he was a good deal out of order, and would go to bed. He then sent him for a surgeon to bleed him. Soon after he sent for a second surgeon, by a different servant, and was bled in the other arm. He then said he wanted rest, and when everybody had quitted the room, he took off the bandages and lay down with the design of bleeding to death. His loss of blood made him faint away, and stopped the bleeding; he afterwards sunk into a sound sleep, slept all the night, waked in the morning without his usual pains, and said, "If it would continue so, he could be content to live on." In his last illness he did not use any remedies, but let his distemper take its course. He was the most agreeable companion I ever knew.—*Mr. Townley of Townley, in Lancashire (who had*

this account from Garth himself).

DEAN LOCKIER.—A great man (Dean Lockier) would not for several years keep any animal about him. He was afraid it would take up too much of his love. He had formerly kept a dog fourteen years, and was ashamed to say how much he was grieved for the loss of it.—*Dr. Clarke.* •

BISHOP KEN.—Bishop Ken went to Rome with Dr. Walton. Part of his design was to inquire into the Romish religion, and if he found it sound, to profess it and continue at Rome. He returned about 1675, after six years' stay abroad. In King James's reign, upon his complimenting him for some passages in his writings for their nearness of opinions, he told the King what little reason he had to do so; that he had been once inclined to *his* religion, but that the New Testament and his journey to Rome had quite cured him.—*Mr. Chyene.*

PLAYERS.—I do not see why the profession of a player should be despised; for the great and ultimate end of all the employments of mankind is to produce amusement. Garrick produces more amusement than anybody.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

WINE.—At first the taste of wine was disagreeable to me; but I brought myself to drink it that I

might be like other people. The pleasure of drinking wine is so connected with the pleasing your company, that altogether there is something of social goodness in it.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

COMPANY.—When people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable, because, though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring: and colouring is of much effect in everything else as well as in painting.—*Ibid.*

CHARACTER.—The real character of a man is found out by his amusements.—*Ibid.*

WOMEN.—“The women now begin to make a figure in everything. Though I remember when I first came into the world, it was thought but a poor compliment to say a person did a thing like a lady.” “Ay, Sir Joshua, but like Molière’s physician, *nous avons changé tout cela.*” “Very true, Dr. Burney; but I remember the time—and so I dare say do you—when it was thought a slight, if not a sneer, to speak anything of a lady’s performance. It was only in mockery to talk of painting like a lady, singing like a lady, playing like a lady.”—*Ibid.*

TASTE AND UNDERSTANDING.—

I take the altitude of a man’s taste by his stories and his wit, and of his understanding by the remarks which he repeats; being always sure that he must be a weak man who quotes common things with an emphasis as if they were oracles.—*Ibid.*

GOLDSMITH.—There is no man whose company is more liked.—*Ibid.*

POPE.—He was about four feet six inches high; very humpbacked and deformed. He wore a black coat, and, according to the fashion of that time, had a little sword. He had a large and very fine eye, and a long, handsome nose; his mouth had those peculiar marks which are always found in the mouths of deformed persons, and the muscles which run across the cheek were so strongly marked, that they seemed like small cords.—*Ibid.*

WORK.—Those who are determined to excel must go to their work, whether willing or unwilling, morning, noon, and night, and they will find it to be no play, but, on the contrary, very hard labour.—*Ibid.*

COLOURING.—There is not a man on earth who has the least notion of colouring; we all of us have it equally to seek for and find out, as at present it is totally lost to the art.—*Ibid.*

HIS PICTURES.—Lovers have acknowledged to me, after having

seen my portraits of their mistresses, that the originals have appeared even still more lovely to them than before, by their excellences being so distinctly portrayed.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

DANCING.—All the gestures of children are graceful; the reign of distortion and unnatural attitude begins in the dancing-school.—*Ibid.*

GAINSBOROUGH.—Gainsborough is certainly now the first landscape painter in Europe.—*Ibid.*

PAINTING.—All we can now achieve will appear like children's work in comparison with what will be done.—*Ibid.*

GOLDSMITH.—One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr. Burke were walking to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the hotels in Leicester-square. "Observe Goldsmith," said Mr. Burke to O'Moore, "and mark what passes between him and me by-and-by at Sir Joshua's." They passed on, and arrived before Gold-

smith, who came soon after, and Mr. Burke affected to receive him very coldly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr. Burke to tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak; but after a good deal of pressing said, "That he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square." Goldsmith with great earnestness protested he was unconscious of what was meant. "Why," said Burke, "did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those *painted Jezebels*, while a man of your talent passed by unnoticed?" Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, "Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?" "Nay," replied Burke, "if you had not said so, how should I have known it?" "That's true," answered Goldsmith, with great humility, "I am very sorry—it was very foolish. *I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.*"—*Colonel O'Moore, by J. W. Croker.**

* John Wilson Croker was born in 1780, and died in 1857. The following curious account of him appeared in "The Liberal" for 1823:—

"Some years ago, a periodical paper

was published in London, under the title of 'The Pic-Nic.' It was got up under the auspices of a Mr. Fulke Greville, and several writers of that day contributed to it, among whom were

/ JEREMY BENTHAM. — I am a selfish man—as selfish as any man can be; but in me somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence.—*Jeremy Bentham*.*

I never told a lie. I never in my remembrance did what I knew to be a dishonest thing.—*Ibid*.

I am so much an animal, *mei generis*, that people must bear from me what they would not bear from others.—*Ibid*.

Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. Dubois, Mr. Prince Hoare, Mr. Cumberland, and others. On some dispute arising between the proprietor and the gentlemen contributors on the subject of an advance in the remuneration for articles, Mr. Fulke Greville grew heroic, and said, 'I have got a young fellow just come from Ireland who will undertake to do the whole, verse and prose, politics and scandal, for two guineas a week; and if you will come and sup with me to-morrow night you shall see him, and judge whether I am not right in closing with him.' Accordingly, they met the next evening, and the WRITER OF ALL WORK was introduced. He began to make a display of his native ignorance and impudence on all subjects immediately, and no one else had occasion to say anything. When he was gone, Mr. Cumberland exclaimed, 'A talking potato, by God!' The talking potato was Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty. Our adventurer shortly, however, returned to his own country, and passing accidentally through a town where they were in want of a ministerial candidate at an election, the gentleman of modest assurance offered himself, and succeeded. 'They wanted a jack-pudding,' said the father of the hopeful youth, 'and so they chose my son.' The case of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke

JAMES MILL.—His willingness to do good to others depended too much on the power of making the good done to them subservient to good done to himself. His creed of politics results less from love of the many than from hatred of the few. It is too much under the influence of social and dis social affection.—*Ibid*.†

TÉLÉMAQUE. — That romance may be regarded as the foundation-stone of my whole character

soon after came on, and Mr. Croker, who is a dabbler in dirt, and an adept in love-letters, rose from the affair Secretary to the Admiralty, and the very 'rose and expectancy of the fair State.'"

Mr. Croker undoubtedly deserved this sort of thing, and worse; for no man was less tender of the sensibilities of others than he. But in reading the above it must not be forgotten that Croker was a bigoted Tory, and a writer for the "Quarterly Review," and that it is a Radical who tells the story. Croker's name is chiefly kept alive by his edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson," of which it may justly be said, that it is as useful a contribution to the history of literature as this century has produced.

* Jeremy Bentham was born in London in 1748. At the age of twenty he was called to the bar. His works are numerous; but his language is prolix, rugged, and obscure. His vanity was great. Such was his belief in his posthumous fame, that he once remarked he would like to return to the earth at the end of six or seven centuries, to witness the effect of his writings, by that time, on the world. He died 1832.

† James Mill, the historian of British India, was born 1774, and died 1836.

the starting-post from whence my career of life commenced. The first dawning in my mind of the principle of *utility* may, I think, be traced to it.—*Jeremy Bentham*.

BLACKSTONE.*—Blackstone was a formal, precise, and affected lecturer, just what you would expect from the character of his writings, cold, reserved, and wary, exhibiting a frigid pride. But his lectures were popular, though the subject did not excite a wide-spread interest, and his attendants were not more than from thirty to fifty. Blackstone was succeeded by Dr. Beavor, who read lectures on Roman Law, which were laughed at, and failed in drawing such audiences as Blackstone drew.—*Ibid*.

THE BAR.—I went to the Bar as the bear to the stake. I went astray this way and that way. The region of chemistry among other foreign fields was one in which I wandered. I was, indeed, grossly ignorant. Instead of pursuing any sound studies or reading any modern books of law, I was sent to read old trash of the seventeenth century, and looked *up* to the huge mountain of law in despair. I can now look *down* upon it, from the heights of utility.—*Ibid*.

LAWYER.—In Homer, Menelaus is asked whether he was a pirate

or a robber. To suppose that a man had advanced himself by *force* was not taken amiss. In these days it is no reproach to ask, "Are you a lawyer?" That is to say, "Have you advanced yourself by fraud?"—*Ibid*.

DR. JOHNSON.—A vamped-up of the commonplaces of morality.—*Ibid*.

DR. PRIESTLEY.†—Dr. Priestley was no favourite of mine. I thought him cold and assuming.—*Ibid*.

WILKES.—I hated him for his opposition to the king.—*Ibid*.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—The American colonies really said nothing to justify their revolution. They thought not of *utility*, and *use* was against them. Now utility was the sole ground of defence. What a state the human race was in in those days! I was not sufficiently advanced in the study of government to show the true ground of opposition.—*Ibid*.

ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.—With judicious and impartial minds, the English constitution stands, perhaps, at no great distance from the summit of perfection.—*Ibid*.

LOVE OF ANIMALS.—Wilson and Romilly had the same taste. Romilly kept a noble puss before he came into great business. Our

* Sir William Blackstone, died 1780.

† Joseph Priestley, born 1733, author of "Lectures in General History," "Hart-

leian Theory of the Human Mind," "Principles of Oratory," &c.; died 1804.

love for pussies, our mutual respect for animals, was a bond of union. I love everything that has four legs; so did George Wilson. We were fond of mice and fond of cats; but it was difficult to reconcile the two affections. The *mouses* used to run up his back, and eat the powder and pomatum from his hair. They used also to run up my knees when I went to see him. I remember they did so to Lord Glenbervie, who thought it odd.—*Jeremy Bentham.*

¹ A DINNER PARTY.—I should like to invite a Yankee and a negro, a lord and a beggar to my table.—*Ibid.*

NOBLEMEN.—Those who live with them, and by describing their doings, and looking at their titles, pretend to know what they are, know only what they say. I who might have lived with them, and would not live with them, and who neither know nor care what they say, know (and without living with them) what they think.—*Ibid.*

PRIESTS.—Once upon a time, in Westminster Hall, a man, whose object it was to be lured to give false testimony, used (says a current story) to make known his purpose by walking to, and fro with a straw in his shoe. In every established church, the sacerdotal habit of a priest is the straw in his shoe.—*Ibid.*

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—There

was a great talk about painting, and about *his* painting; but I knew nothing about painting, and cared nothing about him. His “Una” I remember sitting in a queer posture and without a chair.—*Ibid.*

LIBERTY OF TASTE.—Liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, liberty of opinion at large—all these are in one place or another established. The last that remains to be established, and which yet in its whole extent is scarcely so much as advocated, is liberty of taste.—*Ibid.*

SELF-ESTIMATE.—I have done nothing, but I could do something. I am of some value. There are materials in me if anybody would but find them out. I feel like a cat or a dog which is used to be beaten by everybody it meets.—*Ibid.*

LORD ERSKINE.—I saw a letter written by Erskine when he was in the army—it complained of insufficient pay. That letter was characterized by something different from common writing, though it had many defects, of which he afterwards got rid. I met Erskine sometimes at Dr. Burton's. He was so shabbily dressed as to be quite remarkable. He was astonished when I told him I did not mean to practise. I remember his calling on me, and not finding me at home, he wrote his name with chalk on my door.—*Ibid.*

LIST OF SOME OF THE WORKS WHICH HAVE BEEN USED FOR "THE BOOK OF TABLE-TALK."

- Michelet's Life of Luther.
 Jonson's Conversations with Drummond
 of Hawthornden.
 Spence's Anecdotes (S. W. Singer's
 Edition, 1820).
 The Lounger's Common-place Book
 (1805).
 Walpoliana (2nd Edition).
 Horace Walpole's Correspondence
 (Bohn's Edition).
 Boswell's Life of Johnson (Croker's
 Edition).
 Northcote's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds
 (1813).
 Life of William Wilberforce.
 Willis's Pencilings by the Way.
 Coleridge's Table-Talk.
 Irving's Life of Goldsmith.
 Prior's Life of Goldsmith.
 Lady Blessington's Conversations with
 Lord Byron.
 Memoirs of the Life, Writings, Opin-
 ions, and Times of the Right Hon.
 Lord Byron.
 Moore's Life of Byron.
 Medwin's Life of Shelley.
 Mrs. Piozzi's Autobiography, edited by
 A. Hayward.
 Warton's Essay on Pope.
 Prior's Life of Edmund Malone.
 Memoirs of M. de Voltaire, by Dom
 Chaudon (1786).
 Biographia Britannica, vols. i., ii., iii.,
 iv., v. (1747-60).
 Selden's Table-Talk.
 Life of Bishop Hurd.
 Dr. Campbell's Diary.
 Hazlitt's Conversations with Northcote.
 Parriana (2 vols. (1828).
 Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe.
 Moore's Diary and Letters, edited by
 Lord J. Russell.
 Fitzpatrick's Life of Whately.
 Redding's Life of Campbell.
 Lockhart's Life of Sir W. Scott.
 Chorley's Memoirs and Correspondence
 of Felicia Hemans.
 Thomas Raikes's Journal.
 Hardy's Life of Lord Charlemont.
 Moore's Life of Sheridan.
 Memoir of Mr. Sheridan (1840).
 Jesse's Life of Brummell.
 Charles Robert Leslie's Autobiographical
 Recollections.
 Autobiography of Haydon.
 Autobiography of John Galt.
 Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,
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